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## ROBERTS'S VOYAGES AND EXCURSIONS IN THE INTERIOR OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Narrative of Voyages and Excursions on the East Coast and in the Interior of Central America; describing a Journey up the River San Juan, and passage across the Lake of Nicaragua to the City of Leon; pointing out the advantages of a direct Commercial Intercourse with the Natives. By Orlando W. Roberts, many Years a Resident Trader. Edinburgh, 1827. 12mo.

THE name of Central America appears to belong to that part of the northern continent, which lies to the south of Mexico, including Guatemala and the countries of the Isthmus of Darien, and extending to Columbia. The project of forming a communication through the Isthmus, and thus connecting the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, which has lately been entertained for the second time in this country, has thrown a new interest upon a land already sufficiently remarkable for its natural productions. Having been since the conquest of the Spaniards strictly guarded by its jealous rulers from the curiosity of interlopers and traders, in spite of its proximity to our West India colonies, the utmost ignorance has prevailed respecting both its geographical and statistical condition. The independence of Guatemala, and the general success of the patriots in these quarters, has contributed not only to create much speculation concerning South American countries, but has likewise produced several publications concerning them. So little light has nevertheless been thrown upon the Isthmus itself, and the immediately adjoining territories, that the project above mentioned was entertained in a gross ignorance of the real circumstances and difficulties on which its execution would depend. The navigator who has written this little volume is well acquainted with the Atlantic side of the Isthmus; and being arrested for a patriot and spy by the Spanish Authorities, was carried a prisoner from the bay of Niconderagua, on the eastern coast of the Continent, to the city of Leon, within a few leagues of the Pacific. The route by which he was conducted by the river San Juan across the lake of Niconderagua, and by the coast of the lake of Leon, being that which has been

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considered as affording by far the fewest obstacles to the formation of a canal, enables him to give valuable information on the subject. His narrative has other attractions. It is to be lamented that men who follow an adventurous and wandering life—who are accustomed to enterprise, and prefer danger to repose, are naturally indisposed to sit down with a pen in hand to retrace their course. It would be well if they would follow the example of Mr. Roberts, who has proved himself qualified to do justice to his opportunities. His little volume is not merely a pleasant and attractive book of adventure, but likewise replete with much sound information respecting the geography, natural history, and commercial advantages of the places he has visited.

In the year 1816, Mr. Roberts left Jamaica the commander of a brig, with an assorted cargo of no great value, for the purpose of trading with the *free* tribes on the east-coast, between the Gulph of Darien and the Bay of Honduras: at the end of nine weeks he returned, after a most successful voyage. The Indians on the coast are peculiarly friendly to the English, and very willing to exchange the commodities of the country with the traders who visit them. For the various articles composing the cargo of the brig—such as tin and iron pots, coarse manufactured goods, cutlasses, adzes, and beads, Mr. Roberts returned with a cargo of tortoiseshell, sarsaparilla, and other valuable productions in which these countries abound. Subsequent circumstances induced him to reside among those tribes for upwards of seven years, during which time he collected the information he has now given to the world. The people with whom he mixed, consisting chiefly of pure Indians, and offspring of Indians and negroes called Samboes, are not only on the whole an amiable and inoffensive people; but moreover of more importance in this part of the world than is usually supposed. The Independents have hitherto acted respecting them with an indifference which shows a mistaken view of their force; and it is proper that other nations should be better informed. Of the uprightness and honesty of the pure Indians, Mr. Roberts gives many honourable instances; and a greater proof of the mildness of their dispositions, and the urbanity of their manners, cannot be given than in his retirement among some of the tribes of the Valientes, some way inland from the Musquito shore, alone and unattended, as an invalid, for the recovery of his health. The station he fixed upon for this purpose is situated on the banks of the river Chrico Mola, where he established himself partly as a trader ready to barter goods, and partly as a patient: both his objects were effectually answered. The inhabitants and Indians in the interior came to his hut loaded with sarsaparilla; and were contented to take anything in exchange; so that in less than six weeks he had collected upwards of five thousand pound weight of this article; while at the same time the river was as clear as crystal, in which he bathed every morning, the air pure and salubrious, the woods abounding with game, and his rambles leading into beautiful districts, untrod by any other foot than that of the wild hog, or a wandering Indian. \*An anecdote, related by the navigator, affords a curious proof of the infrequency of the intruder's footstep into the wild borders upon the settlement where he had pitched his tent:—

“ On my return from one of these excursions the chief man of the settle-

ment, named by the traders Jasper Hall, told me, that some of the women had discovered the track of an extraordinary animal, which had filled them with much apprehension; and that none of the hunters could make out, from their description, what it was; the women insisting that it could only be "Devil's track." The story excited my curiosity; and not doubting but that it might prove to be that of some large animal, probably unknown in Europe, I persuaded him to make up a hunting party and go in search of it. Jasper, myself, and other three men, provided with provisions and other materials to enable us to remain a night or two in the woods if necessary, set out at day-break—well armed—and having three of the women with us to serve as guides. After proceeding more than four hours by an unusual route, we came to a deep ravine, which we ascended nearly a mile to a place where the tract had become visible. Here old Jasper burst out into a loud laugh, calling out, "Hai Robert! him devil tract found,"—and on investigation it proved to be the marks of a pair of coarse hobb-nailed shoes, which I had worn on one of my long excursions. We had approached the ravine by a different path than that by which I had penetrated, and I was amused to find that I had come so far in search of my own footsteps."—pp. 61, 62.

During the progress of these discoveries they had seen several kinds of game, but not a shot had been fired, for fear of alarming the wild animal they sought. Now as the women had brought plantains and cassava, which is as much as to say bread and cheese, and since game abounded, it was determined to remain two or three days in the woods. A few huts were hastily constructed, and the women being left to cover them with the leaf of the wild plantain, the men proceeded until they fell in with the peccary, or wild hogs: discovering about a hundred of them, twenty were quickly shot, and then *barbecued*. As this mode of cookery may not be familiar to our readers, we shall quote Mr. Roberts's description of it, as well as his minute account of the animal itself:—

"We killed about twenty; and the noise of our firearms having brought the women to our assistance, all hands were soon busily employed in cutting out the gland on the back of the animal, and dividing the carcase, into quarters, for the purpose of being *barbecued*. This operation is performed by erecting a low frame, or grating of wood, upon which the meat is laid, and covered with leaves; a fire is lighted underneath, and the flesh is in this manner not only smoked, but sometimes half roasted, before it is considered sufficiently cured. It will keep good during several weeks.

"The ears of the peccary are short, pointed, and erect; the eyes are sunk deep in the head, the neck is short and thick, the bristles are nearly as large as those of the hedgehog,—longest on the neck and back; it is of a hoary black colour, annulate with white, having a collar, from the shoulders to the breast, of dusky white;—in size, and colour, it something resembles the hog of China; it has no tail,—on the back there is a glandulous opening, from which constantly distils a thin fetid liquor. If the animal is killed in the evening, this part carefully cut out, and the liquor instantly washed away, the flesh is agreeable food. They grunt with a strong harsh sound; and, when vexed, make a most disagreeable noise with their tusks, which are scarcely conspicuous when their mouth is shut. They will sometimes turn, with fury, on their assailant, whose best refuge, in that case, is to climb upon a tree, and then, if he has good dogs, to keep them in play—he may kill them at pleasure so long as his ammunition lasts. They principally feed on fruits, seeds, and roots; and sometimes do much mischief in the plantain and cassava walks."—pp. 62, 63.

The expedition was then continued until the party ascended a



mountain, when the author was rewarded for his pains by a clear view of both seas.

"In the afternoon we succeeded in gaining the summit of the mountain, where I was well repaid for the great fatigue and trouble of ascending. It did not terminate in any peak or cone, nor had it the particular appearance of volcanic origin, but was rather the continuation of a chain, or ridge of mountains, which rose higher than any of those in the immediate neighbourhood.

"About five hundred yards across its summit, the descent, towards the Pacific, commences rather abruptly, and is more precipitous than on the side by which we ascended. Mountains still higher appeared to the eastward in the direction of Panama and Chagre. To the north-west, an immense and continued unbroken chain of mountains presented themselves as far as the eye could reach; and, here and there, various high, isolated peaks, having the appearance of volcanoes, sprung up from the chain. *I had a clear and distinct view of both seas*; many of the islands in the Boco del Toro and Chiriqui Lagoons on the Atlantic side, were distinctly seen, but I could not perceive Quibo, nor any of the islands on the Pacific, which I thought would, if correctly laid down in the charts, have been visible. The immense forests of stately trees which vegetate on the sides of all rivers in this country, and clothe most of the mountains to their very summits, effectually prevented our tracing the course of these rivers; nevertheless, the country, from the spot on which we obtained this delightful view, presented the map of an immense mountain forest, drawn on Nature's grandest scale."—pp. 64, 65.

The Valientes are a brave people, as their name would import, and are the most civilized of the tribes who inhabit this part of terra firma. Among other customs the practice of duelling prevails, which is, perhaps, the ground upon which they are esteemed for their sense of honour:—

"When a Valiente Indian considers himself affronted, or injured, by one of his own tribe, he deliberately sharpens his moscheat, or cutlass; and, taking a friend with him, goes to the house of his adversary, whom he challenges to fair combat. The challenge is frequently accepted on the spot, fair play is allowed, and the duel never ends until one, or sometimes both, are killed or disabled.

"They display considerable dexterity in the use of the cutlass, both in attack and defence; and it is rare to find a Valiente without the mark of deep cuts on his body, and particularly about the head. If the challenged party puts off the decision of the quarrel to a future day, it is generally made up by the intervention of friends. Being "called out" by one of these slashing gentlemen, I insisted upon substituting rifle guns, a proposal which he declared "English fashion, no good!" and, by the interference of friends, we settled our dispute without bloodshed. Few of them can use firearms with effect, but they are very expert with the bow and arrow, and are good and dexterous spear-men."—pp. 70, 71.

The notion they entertain respecting the interference of a Supreme Being in sublunary affairs, seems bounded by terming any extraordinary event a "God business." An accident which befel Mr. Roberts in bathing, affords an example of the exercise of this limited piety:—

"In one of my excursions above the great falls, the Indians inadvertently allowed the canoe to drift so near to a tremendous precipice, that they had no chance of paddling her out of danger. They instantly leapt overboard and swam ashore. Being so completely taken by surprise, I saw no chance of safety but by keeping in the canoe, which went over the fall and was dashed in pieces. When I recovered my recollection, I found myself in the water,

by the side of a small island, a little distance beneath the fall, grasping firmly some bushes that overhung the river. Some Indians on the other side of the river, who had not seen the accident, conveyed me down to my own house. Feeling sick from the shock I had received, I lay down to recover myself. In the mean time my companions in the canoe had gone home and reported my death, in confirmation of which they pointed out the splinters of the canoe floating past the settlement. I had scarcely been an hour in my hammock when old Jasper, and other head-men, came to my house, lamenting my death, and proposing to take an account of my effects, that they might be taken care of for my relations, or creditors. Nothing could equal their astonishment when I sat up, and asked them what they were about to do? 'By Robert!' a favourite exclamation of the old chief, 'you no drown!' then he added, with a certain degree of reverential awe, 'this is God business, Robert! only God business!!'—p. 72.

The summit of ambition in a native of these coasts, is to be "true English gentleman fashion" in all respects. Getting heartily drunk is not considered any violation of this character; but when the women intoxicate themselves, with a pipe of wine washed on the Mosquito shore, it was considered a severe reproach on the part of their husbands, who had done the same thing—that for women to be in liquor was "no true English lady fashion." Mr. Roberts thus describes their mode of living: it forms a favourable contrast with the laborious pilgrimage of the poor subjects of states more advanced in the arts of life:—

"The mode of living of the Valientes; is upon the whole comfortable. Nature has supplied them abundantly with the necessaries of life: their plantations are managed with very little labour, and their woods contain abundance of game: their rivers abound in the finest fish, and their lagoons are plentifully furnished with the richest turtle, and other food for their support. Anciently the common covering of these Indians was made of a sort of tree bark, prepared by being some time soaked in running water, and afterwards beaten with a smooth heavy club into a consistency resembling shamoy leather. This was formed into a square piece, six or seven feet long, and about five feet wide, with a hole cut in the centre to admit the head. Now, however, they are dressed with greater decency; many of them put on even a complete European suit; and I have seen their traders and head men even well dressed, or, in their own words, 'true English gentleman fashion,' and followed by numbers of their less fortunate countrymen, who had some favour to ask, or were desirous of paying their court to the great man, who in the mean time was, perhaps, strutting about with a silk umbrella over his head, to protect him from the sun.

"The wet season is not, with them, considered an unhealthy period; on the contrary, it is one of rest and enjoyment, during which they form parties for drinking weak preparations of cocoa, of which they take immense quantities. Their method of preparing it is extremely simple, it being merely bruised, or crushed between two stones, and ground to a consistence of paste, diluted with warm water; and in this state passed round to the company in calabashes, containing each about a quart: some Indians drink eight or ten quarts at a sitting, which induces a state of sleepy insensibility. At these meetings, it is a favourite amusement to tell long stories, or make harangues, in a singing monotonous tone of voice, to which all listen without interrupting the speaker, however improbable the story may be. I have frequently, in my turn, endeavoured to give them an account of some remarkable occurrence of my life, or some idea of European power and attainments: however incomprehensible and impossible some of these things must have appeared to ignorant Indians, they never offered the least interruption. When a story was ended, some of the elders would perhaps consider a few minutes,

and after looking round, to collect as it were the opinions of the company, would gravely say, 'lie Robert, lie,'—to which I would answer, 'no lie, all true, English fashion; but *now*,' I would add, 'I am going to tell you a lie story,'—when they would, with the greatest good nature, gather round, to hear 'Robert tell story.'—pp. 76, 77.

After the recovery of his health, Mr. Roberts does not remain stationary, but fitting out small vessels prosecutes several short trading voynges along the coast, apparently much to his advantage. While at Cartago the country is visited with an earthquake.

"The city of Cartago is the capital of the province of Costa Rica; its estimated population, in 1823, was thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and sixteen souls; but, about two years after that period, it was nearly destroyed by a tremendous earthquake, which shook the whole Isthmus of Darien. On the night that this event took place, I was in an Indian house at Monkey Point, and had an opportunity of witnessing its effect on that part of the coast. About the middle of the night in question, I found the frame of the wicker bedstead on which I slept, shaken with very great violence; supposing that it was either my companion (one of the traders), or some of my Indian friends who wished to frighten, or awaken me suddenly, I rather angrily demanded, whether they meant to shake me to pieces? In a few seconds, however, the screams of the women, and the cries of the men in the adjoining huts, together with the rolling motion of the earth, which was twisting the hut in all directions, put an end to my suspense. I instantly ran out of the place to the open air; and, though scarcely able to keep upon my feet from the rolling and trembling motions of the earth, I observed such a scene as will never to the last hour of my existence be erased from my memory. The ground under our feet seemed to heave convulsively, as if ready and open to swallow us, producing a low terrific sound; the trees, within a short distance of the huts, were so violently shaken from their upright position, that their branches were crashing, and their trunks grinding against each other, with a groaning sound; the domestic fowls, the parrots, macaws, pigeons, and other birds, were flying about and against each other, in amazement, screaming in their loudest and harshest tones: the shrieks of the monkeys, and the howlings of the beasts of the forest, which seemed as if approaching near us for protection, were mingled with the cries of the terrified Indians, and their domestic animals, every living creature seeming to be overwhelmed with dismay. Although I had often contended with hurricanes, and storms at sea, I was utterly confounded by this unnatural scene, and it was some moments before I could rally my faculties sufficiently to think what should be done for my own preservation:—considering that the greatest danger would be in the event of the sea rising so high as to sweep the beach, I hastily roused my stupified companion; and, hurrying to our small vessel, got her shoved off from the shore,—considering that she, at all events, would likely keep afloat; and we awaited the result with fear and trembling. The shocks gradually became less violent, and towards day-break had entirely subsided. No lives were lost here, or at the other Indian settlements in the neighbourhood, but the ground appeared rent in various places, the sand on the beach was either raised in ridges, or depressed in furrows; a place, which in the evening had been a small lagoon, or pond, in which several canoes were floating, was now become quite dry; most of the huts were violently cracked and twisted, and the effects of the earthquake were everywhere visible. The Mosquito men, who were at this season on the coast, were so terrified and overwhelmed with superstitious dread, that they abandoned the turtle fishery, and returned home before the season was half finished."—pp. 91, 92.

The only persons in the neighbourhood not frightened by this event, were a trader, and some of his Indian friends, who were so

intoxicated at the time it happened, that until next morning they were not aware that any extraordinary occurrence had taken place. They had a confused recollection that a puncheon of rum, which was in the hut, could not be kept from rolling on the floor; but whether some person was trying to steal it from them, or it was endeavouring to run away of its own accord, they could not at the time determine.

Along the shore on which our navigator traded in his canoes, turtle is caught in great abundance. The wasteful extravagance with which the precious flesh of this delectable creature is thrown away, and even its eggs destroyed by thousands, would sorely excite the wrath of the gourmand. For the benefit of those who know the flavour of turtle better than its natural history, we shall quote Mr. Roberts's anecdotes of it, and the account of the mode of spearing it.

"From Matina, in proceeding along the shore, we meet with the two rivers Vasquez and Azuelos; and to the northward of these the Boca de la Portuga, or Turtle Bight:—at this place hundreds of the finest turtles are killed annually, merely for the sake of their manteca, or fat, which is melted into oil, and used by the Indians, and others on the Mosquito Shore, as a substitute for butter. Most of the fishermen on their return from the southwards towards home, stop at this place for the purpose of procuring this oil, and turtles' eggs, which latter are dried in the sun to preserve them—and in this way many thousands of turtle are annually destroyed or prevented from coming to maturity.

"During the months of April, May, June, and July, the green turtle comes from various kays, and places a great many leagues distant, to several parts of the Mosquito Shore, especially to the sandy beaches in the vicinity of Turtle Bogue, to deposit their eggs. At this season the sea is covered with what the fishermen call thimbles—a small blubber fish, in shape not unlike a tailor's thimble; these, and a peculiar sort of grass growing at the bottom of the sea, is their principal food. It is to be observed that the turtle have large lungs, and cannot go deeper in the water than five or six fathoms, being obliged to come frequently to the surface, for the purpose of *blowing*, as all fish do that have lungs. The male and female remain together about nine days, during which time the female feeds, and keeps in good condition; but when they separate, the male is totally exhausted, worthless, and unfit for use as food. Sometime after this season the female crawls up the sandy beaches, and prepares to lay her eggs; she makes a circle in the sand until it is fully prepared—she then digs a hole, about two feet deep, in which she deposits from sixty to eighty, covers them up, and goes off, generally before day-break; about the fifteenth night afterwards she returns, and deposits a similar number, near the same spot. The young turtle come out of the shell in about thirty-two days, and immediately make their way into the sea. Both the hawksbill and loggerhead turtle keep the same season; but if a trunk turtle, a species of immense size, and exceedingly fat, is found dead on the beach, neither of them will lay their eggs within a mile of the place, for which reason that kind is never molested.

"The handle of the spear with which the Indians *strike* the turtle, is made of very hard wood; the head is a triangular-shaped piece of notched iron, with a sharp point; a piece of iron is joined to this which slips into a groove at the top of the spear handle, and has a line attached to it which runs through eyes fixed, for that purpose, to the shaft of the spear to which a float is fastened. The Indians, when near enough to strike the turtle, raises the spear above his shoulder, and throws it in such a manner that it takes a circular direction in the air, and lights, with its point downward, on the back of the animal, penetrating through the shell, and the point becoming detached from the handle, remains firmly fastened in the creature's body; the float now shows on the surface of the water which way the turtle has gone;

and he is easily hunted up, and secured, by means of the line, which has remained attached to the spear head."—pp. 93—95.

"The inhabitants of this part of the coast are careful to preserve the hawksbill turtle, as much as they possibly can. They never destroy its eggs, and have a singular, but cruel, method of taking the shell from its back, without killing the animal, as is done by the other tribes. They collect a quantity of dry grass, or leaves, with which they cover the creature's back, and then setting the stuff on fire, the heat causes the shell on the back to separate at the joints. A large knife is then insinuated horizontally, and the pieces are gradually lifted from the back, care being taken, not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off, till the heat has fully prepared it for separation.

"The turtle is held down by an Indian during this cruel operation, and afterwards suffered to escape; but great numbers of them, reduced to this hapless state, fall a prey to the numerous sharks on the coast. There have been many instances, however, of turtle being afterwards caught, which had undergone the process, and the shell, subsequently formed, has, instead of thirteen pieces, the usual number, been in one piece only."—p. 46.

Another singular inhabitant of these waters is the manatee, which is as yet unknown to our tables. The account of the lean streaked with fat, and the anti-scorfulous effects of a diet upon it, will surely provoke some alderman connected with the West Indies to procure a trough of them for private consumption.

"Many of the fishermen, Indians and others, on their return from the southern fishing grounds, call in this neighbourhood, for the purpose of taking manatees, which are very plenty in the river, and in a creek at the upper end of the harbour. Hundreds of these fishermen remain to cure the meat, on the low sandy point, at the entrance of the harbour, without being molested by the Spaniards. This singular creature may be considered the connecting link between quadrupeds and fishes; it retains the fore-feet, or rather hands, of the former, with the tail of the latter—spreading out in a horizontal direction like a large fan. Beneath the skin, which is uncommonly hard and thick, there is a deep layer of very sweet fat. The meat, in its thickest parts, has the singular property of being streaked throughout with alternate layers of fat and lean, being most excellent food. Persons subject to be afflicted with scorbutic or scrofulous complaints, find speedy relief; by using it freely, their blood is said to become purified, and the virulence of the complaint is thrown to the surface of the body, and quickly disappears. The manatee is extremely acute in its sense of hearing, and immerses itself in the water on the slightest noise; it feeds on long shoots of tender grass growing on the banks of the rivers, and will rise nearly two-thirds of its length out of the water to reach its food; it is found only in the most solitary and least frequented creeks and rivers; the male and female are generally together: their common length is from eight to twelve feet, and it weighs from five to eight hundred pounds weight: some of them are however much larger, weighing from twelve even to fifteen hundred weight. The Indians generally steal upon them early in the morning when they are feeding, and kill them with a harpoon; but if the least noise is made in approaching, they immediately sink, and escape."—pp. 97, 98.

One of the articles of commerce, which is an object with traders on these coasts, is the vanilla, which is probably better known in the artificial goût it gives to chocolate, or to ice, than in its natural state: Mr. Roberts gives a description of the plant, and its preparation for use:—

"The country from San Juan River to this point abounds in vanilla\* of

\* *Vanilla aromatica* (*Epidendrum vanilla* of Linn.)

the finest quality. This plant climbs with ease to the top of the highest tree. At a distance the leaves slightly resemble those of the vine; the flowers are of a white colour, intermixed with red and yellow; when these fall off, they are quickly succeeded by the pods, growing in bunches not unlike the plantain, and generally of the thickness of a child's finger. The pods are green at first, grow yellow, and finally brown; the method used to preserve the fruit, is to gather it when yellow, before the pods begin to open or burst:—it is then laid in small heaps for the space of three or four days to ferment. The fruit is afterwards spread in the sun to dry; and when about half dried, flattened with the hand, and rubbed over with cocoa, palm, or other oil:—it is once more exposed to the sun, to be fully dried, rubbed over with oil a second time, put in small parcels, and closely covered over with the dried leaves of the plantain or Indian reed. Care is taken not to allow the pods to remain upon the stalks too long before they are pulled, as, in that case, they transude a black fragrant balsam, which carries off both the smell and delicate flavour for which alone they are valued. The vanilla plant is also found on most parts of the Mosquito Shore, and in the neighbourhood of Breco del Rero and Chiriqui Lagoons; it requires heat, moisture, and shade, to bring it to perfection, and when used in that state it gives a most delicious flavour to coffee, chocolate, &c., forming an important article of commerce, especially among the Spaniards."—pp. 99, 100.

An English settlement, as is well known, once existed on the Mosquito shore, which was afterwards abandoned by our government: when the English superintendant was reluctantly withdrawn, he left behind him the mixed race of negroes and Creoles that had formed the population of his settlement. In proceeding up the coast to the north, Mr. Roberts visited the remains of the infant colony, and bitterly regrets that a district which affords such striking local advantages, should have been deserted on any trifling consideration. His account of a detachment of the descendants of the settlers is curious.

"There are few settlements of Mosquito Indians, and Samboes, at Kirkaville and Rigmans Bank, on the borders of the Lagoon; but the principal settlement, is at a place, about six miles to the southward of the entrance, and being composed of people similar to those at Bluefields, it may also be considered an English settlement. The people are principally Creoles, Mulattoes, and Samboes, from Jamaica, San Andres, and the Corn Islands; many of them have married Indian women, and every thing considered, they live in a very comfortable manner. Their place of residence, consisting of thirty or forty houses, is called English Bank, and faces the shore of the Lagoon. The population may be about one hundred and fifty or two hundred souls, living in very neat compact houses of one story high, the sides for the most part made of clay, beaten down hard into a framework of lath and hardwood posts, and roofed with a durable species of palm leaf. The Jamaica traders have established two stores for the sale of goods among them, and there is also one supplied from the United States; the agents in charge of these stores constantly reside at English Bank, and are visited by different tribes of Indians, and by Mosquito-men, from all parts of the coast; bringing tortoise-shell, gum copal, caoutchouc, &c.; skins, paddles, canoes, and various articles to barter for duck, check, cutlass blades, and other goods adapted for the Indian trade. The inhabitants employ themselves in turtleing during the season, and in raising provisions, hunting, and fishing, during the remainder of the year. They maintain a friendly correspondence with the regular Indians; are, in general, fair and honourable in their dealings with them, and with each other, and are truly hospitable to those Europeans, or other strangers, who happen to come amongst them. They are, however, without any religious instruction, and I have again to lament that no missionary has hitherto visited this part of the coast; where, although he might, at first, meet with a little occasional opposition from the visiting

traders, he would ultimately do much good; and I may venture, at all events, to affirm, that he would not meet with that discouragement, which has lately been experienced by his brethren in the more civilized colonies of Barbadoes and Demerara.

"I never knew an instance of a marriage being celebrated among them, according to the prescribed forms of the English, or of any other church; these engagements are mere tacit agreements, which are sometimes, although rarely, broken by mutual consent. The children here, and at Bluefields, are in general baptised by the captains of trading vessels from Jamaica; who on their annual return to the coast, perform this ceremony with any thing but reverence, on all who have been born during their absence; and many of them are indebted to these men for more than baptism. In proof of this, I could enumerate more than a dozen of acknowledged children, of only two of these captains, who seem to have adopted, without scruple, the Indian idea of polygamy in its fullest extent. By this licentious and immoral conduct, they have, however, so identified themselves with the natives, and with some of the principal people on the coast, as to obtain a sort of monopoly in the sale of goods, which it would be difficult for any stranger, not possessed of an intimate knowledge of the Indian character, to shake; they have also so insinuated themselves into the good graces of the leading men, that their arrival on the coast is hailed with joy by all classes, as the season of festivity, revelry, christening, and licentiousness. Funerals are however conducted with decency and comparative propriety; Mr. Ellis, or one of the agents of the traders, with the old men of the place, generally give their attendance on these solemn occasions. Notwithstanding that they live in this free manner without fixed laws or religious restraint, they, in absence of the traders, maintain an order and regularity, that would not lose by comparison, with any of the small provincial towns in England. In cases of dispute, a reference to the arbitration of some of the elders, or to their general friend, Mr. Ellis, decides the matter at once. Mr. Ellis has done much good both among the mixed residents and the Indians; and has on many occasions given the strongest proofs of a most kind, and benevolent disposition. In common with every person who has visited the settlement, or resided in its vicinity, I have experienced his attentions; and have much pleasure in thus acknowledging the great personal obligations which he thereby conferred upon me."

—p. 108—111.

These expeditions were at length closed, by the arrival of the parties, for whom Mr. Roberts appears to have been left as a kind of agent. Apparently not well pleased with his activity, and alarmed at the interest he had succeeded in creating for himself with the natives, their treatment of him produced a rupture, and Mr. Roberts proceeded northward to make new connexions. This trade is, in a manner, monopolized by those who are acquainted with it; and by Mr. Roberts's account, its great lucrativeness causes any interloper to be received with extreme jealousy. At this time, the king of the Mosquito shore, George Frederick, a sovereign of large territory and some power, who succeeded his father George, reigned over the nation of Samboes, who are the most powerful of the tribes in this quarter: George Frederick had received a British education at Jamaica, where he was crowned and anointed king, by the Rev. Joseph Armstrong. The West Indian idea of the accomplishments of a king, seems to be limited, for they had taught this sovereign no other branch of learning than that of "making drunk come soon." His majesty was, however, a pleasant and good-humoured toper; and his subjects, well aware that he would give away every thing he had when he was intoxicated, took care that he should never be sober. In Mr. Roberts' progress, he fell in with the

king, and the prostitution of the regal title, and the caricature of sovereign graces, render the anecdotes of him very ludicrous.

"Early in the morning I was awakened by the noise of the drum; the natives were in a state of bustle and activity, preparing for the drinking match, and the reception of the king. He arrived in a large canoe, with ten people, escorted by the same number in two smaller ones. At the landing-place he was met by Admiral Earnce and General Blyatt, with some of the chief men of the neighbouring settlements; the two former dressed in uniforms, with gold epaulettes. There was little form or ceremony used in their reception of the king; a shake of the hand, and 'how do you do, king,' in English, being the only salutation from all classes. Briefly inquiring my motives for coming to see him, he invited me to go with him to the Cape, and I could then at leisure judge how far he could second my views, and how he was situated with his people, amongst whom, four years ago, on his return from Jamaica, where he was educated, he found himself quite a stranger.

"He was a young man, about twenty-four years of age, of a bright copper-colour, with long curly hair hanging in ringlets down the sides of his face; his hands and feet small, a dark expressive eye, and very white teeth. He was an active and handsome figure, with the appearance of greater agility than strength. In other respects I found him, on further acquaintance, wild as the deer on his native savannahs.

"During the day, Indians arrived from various parts of the coast and interior. At the meeting, which took place in the king's house, various matters relative to the government of the neighbouring settlements, disputes, and other public business, was discussed; and I observed that the king left every thing to the discretion of Earnce, Blyatt, and a few others. In fact, he seemed to take little interest or trouble, further than to sanction the resolutions passed, so that they might be promulgated as 'the king's own order.' Such is the expression; and that order is invariably obeyed, and carried into effect. During the time the council was sitting, no women were admitted; a few only were afterwards permitted to enter, during the drinking match, to take care of their husbands, when reduced to a state of insensibility by intoxication."—pp. 132, 133.

When the council was finished, the more important business of getting drunk remained behind: it was, however, quickly attended to in due form.

"The discussions in the king's house being ended, the feasting began. Two men were stationed by the side of the canoe, who filled the mishlaw drink into calabashes, which were then carried to the company by boys. As the men became exhilarated, they began to dance in imitation of country dances and Scotch reels, learned from the former English settlers; but they soon became too much intoxicated to preserve order. Every one, including the king and his select friends, at the admiral's house, gave way without restraint to the pleasures of drinking; and during the evening, the king's uncle, Andrew, chief man at Duckwarra, arrived, bringing one of his majesty's favourite wives. This chief was a short stout man, of unmixed Indian blood, very lively and quick in his motions, disguising under an appearance of levity, much cunning and shrewdness; he spoke tolerably good English, and soon, by his ridiculous stories regarding the Jamaica traders, and by his satirical and witty remarks upon some of the old Mosquito men present, kept the company in a roar of laughter. The king observed to me, in the course of the evening, that I must not be surprised to see him act in the manner he was doing; as it was his wish, by indulging the natives, to induce them to adopt gradually, and by degrees, the English customs and mode of living; and he requested me to observe how far he had succeeded, pointing out to me that all present had thrown aside the *pulpera*, the common



Indian dress, and wore jackets and trowsers, with good hats. Some of them had coats, with other articles to correspond; and, as I have often repeated, they prided themselves upon being 'true English gentleman fashion.'—pp. 133, 134.

His majesty farther condescended to join Mr. Roberts, and others, in a dance, which so delighted his subjects, that they insisted on an encore:—

"Blyatt had orders to keep the party in the king's house from interrupting us, but our music being full as noisy as theirs, and the secret of the women's arrival having transpired, our house was soon surrounded by a crowd, who pressed so much, that it became insufferably warm; and we were obliged to stop the dance: at which circumstance, many of the Indians expressed such disappointment, that the king good-naturedly proposed to renew the dance in the open air. The other party joining us with their music, we were soon all jumbled together, king, admiral, general, Mosquitomen and women, in one mass of confusion and revelry, from which those who were capable of reflecting were soon glad to escape."—p. 135.

The ladies retire from table before the gentlemen, as is the case in England: we presume for the same reason; it is stated in the following extract, as well as the conclusion of the feast:—

"Before the chiefs became totally intoxicated, they ordered the women home to their houses, to prevent their being unable to take care of their husbands. The drinking was carried on with great perseverance during the night, by old and young. The drums were beat and muskets fired, some of them loaded with powder to the very muzzle, until nearly all the assembly were in a state of beastly drunkenness, and taken care of by the women, who were occasionally called upon for that purpose. At intervals, however, as the men recovered, they found their way back to their favourite mishlaw, and renewed the debauch. All the next day was consumed in drinking; and it was not until the day following that the liquors were reduced to the very dregs of the cassava and maize, which even then was taken from the bottom of the vessels, and being squeezed through the fingers by handfuls into the calabashes, was passed to those who were still craving for more of the precious beverage. By the third night the whole liquors were consumed, and the Indians began to retire to their respective homes, many complaining, with great reason, that 'their heads were all spoiled.' It is however to their credit, that during the whole of this debauch I did not perceive the slightest quarrel."—pp. 135, 136.

Either Mr. Roberts's dancing or his conversation so far ingratiated him with the king, that he begged to employ his diplomatic talents as his ambassador to a discontented and half-independent chief, whom his majesty wished to conciliate. The presence of this person, called Governor Clementi, must have been imposing. He is a pure Indian:—

"The governor did not come out to receive us; he was sitting in the house, dressed in state, and rose to welcome Blyatt and myself, but took no notice of those who accompanied us. The appearance and demeanour of this old chief struck me very forcibly, and impressed upon my mind that I had before me a true descendant and representative of the ancient Indian caziques. He was a tall stout man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with an Indian countenance, peculiarly expressive of thoughtful dignity; I could not help thinking that he looked as if he felt degraded by the yoke of the Mosquito-men—that he had been born to command, and still felt conscious, like 'old Crozimbo,' that he was 'not the least among his countrymen.' He was dressed in an old Spanish uniform, of blue cloth with red collar and facings, decorated with a great profusion of tarnished gold lace; an old embroidered white satin vest, ornamented with spangles, and having large pocket holes with flaps; a pair of old white kerseymere breeches; white

cotton stockings; shoes with silver buckles; and a large gold-headed cane, similar to those used by the superior corregidores and alcaldes of the South American provinces—completed his dress.

“These clothes, which were of the most ancient cut, had descended to him from his unfortunate brother; and altogether the dignified appearance and manners of this old chief, contrasted strongly with the coarse brutality of the Mosquito-men, and impressed upon my mind that the domination of the Samboes had materially retarded the prosperity of the genuine Indians.”—pp. 140, 141.

After visiting the king in his capital, and taking other measures with a view to his mercantile success, such as contracting for the tortoise shells of the next season with particular tribes, he returns southward. Entering Niconderagua bay in the night, he finds in the morning that he has anchored in the vicinity of two Spanish vessels of war: the commander of these vessels orders his arrest as a spy in the Patriot service, and abundance of evidence is quickly found among the sailors to convict him of the fact. One swore to having seen him on board the vessel he was upon, and alleged that he cut down his breeches to look into his pockets for silver; one said he was a prize-master, and another that he was a sail-maker; all swore positively, however, and poor Mr. Roberts was taken to the castle ramparts to be shot. He was seated on a barrel, and the governor of the fort took a chair at a convenient distance. When an officer approached to tie the handkerchief over his face, Mr. Roberts insisted upon seeing the execution: and as the man persevered in attempting to bind on the handkerchief, and Mr. Roberts as steadily resisted by turning his face to and fro, an altercation ensued, during which the splashing of oars was heard, and an officer was landed to supersede the governor. His successor, unwilling to complete the execution, forwarded the prisoner into the interior, where some person might be found to read his papers, and examine the nature of the political pamphlets which, as they conceived, he carried in his vessel for the purpose of exciting all good Spanish subjects to insurrection. Mr. Roberts was forwarded from town to fort and from fort to town, until the governor of the city of Leon, who understood English, perceived an alibi from the prisoner's papers, and that the combustible pamphlets were nothing else than twenty New Testaments, which a missionary had requested Mr. Roberts to distribute.

Mr. Roberts had no reason to complain of his treatment in the course of this forced journey; indeed the nature of the charge against him, that of being an Independent, appears to have conciliated a people ripe for the insurrection which has since broken out. The political sentiments of the people may be judged of from the singular indications of kindness manifested to Mr. Roberts in his dungeon at Grenada:—

“My cell was intolerably hot, but having undergone much fatigue during the day, I soon forgot my sorrows, and slept until aroused by the beating of the *reveille*, and the noise of the soldiers hurrying to the parade at daybreak next morning. In a few minutes the bustle was over; a passing soldier threw me a bundle of cigars, and kindly brought me some fire to light one; he expressed much compassion for my situation, and, giving a cautious glance to each side, told me, ‘los patriotes’ were ‘muy bueno’; and vented some execrations against the present government. About eight o'clock the soldiers returned, and my door was crowded by people whose curiosity was

excited by the report that an Englishman, employed at San Juan by the Patriots as an agent and spy, had arrived. Many of them evinced a kindly feeling in my favour, who evidently dared not express themselves in other language than that of pity and regret for my present situation. Others there were who cursed me as an insurgent, a spy, a pirate, and a heretic—but these were few in number compared with others, who never retired from the grating without throwing something into the cell, so that in the course of the morning the floor was covered over with cakes, gingerbread, cheese, chocolate, cigars, and not a few quartos, medios, reals, dollars, and other coins. In this whimsical situation I found myself placed, like a wild beast in a cage, unable, if ever so much inclined, to withdraw for one moment from observation. I had this consolation, however, that nearly all my visitors seemed to consider themselves bound to pay something for the sight, or contribute towards my support. Many of them, who were evidently afraid of being observed by those attached to the existing government, hastily threw money into the cell and withdrew; almost every one who peeped in had a cigar in his mouth, and the smoke and heat became so intolerable that I found myself in danger of suffocation, which obliged me to beg a few minutes' respite, that fresh air might be admitted. When the smoke began to disperse, I set myself to collect the various articles which had been thrown into my cell; and was agreeably surprised to find that the contributions in cash amounted to twenty-seven dollars, besides sweetmeats, chocolate, cheese, gingerbread, cigars, &c. sufficient for several weeks' consumption."—pp. 202—204.

We cannot follow Mr. Roberts in his subsequent fortunes, neither can we combine into any condensed form the various topics of information which he derived from his journey to Leon, and his leisurely return to the coast. We recommend all those fond of sympathising with the accidents of a seafaring life, and more particularly those who are anxious to enlarge their knowledge of the countries lately raised to the rank of nations, to the book itself.

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#### FRENCH CHARITY SCHOOLS.

UNDER this head it was our intention to have given an article entitled French National Schools; a few Sibylline leaves having fallen within our reach, casting some glimpses of light on rather a dark subject, viz. the state of which we, in our ignorance and simplicity, might understand by the term French National System of Education; since schools of a similar nature and constitution are so defined in our country, each diffusing, as from a central point, information and instruction like the concentric circles undulating from the spot whence stone has fallen upon the smooth surface of the waters. But we regret to add, that the term national, if intended to convey an idea of encouragement or approbation from government, must be entirely obliterated, for in liberal expanded systems of education for the lower orders the higher powers share not and delight not. We would moreover premise, that our readers must by no means expect a full or perfect account quoad the effect or extent of the French systems, such as they are; for although we have reason to believe that our researches, aided and directed by no despicable guidance, penetrated somewhat deeply into the recesses of the subject, such is the difficulty in Paris of procuring minute and satisfactory information on any required point, that we should never deem its depths or ramifications to have been completely fathomed, unless, gifted with the surveillance of the police itself, we had explored our way through the intricate

mazes of the French capital. The truth of this remark will, we are sure, be admitted by every person who has, like ourselves, journeyed from fauxbourg to fauxbourg with a laudable and insatiable curiosity for collecting wherewith to satisfy the longings of an appetite hungering after some favourite pursuit. We need scarcely remind such persons that Paris is not like London. With us, where every public or private institution forms a fair subject of examination and discussion, into the merits of which, as members of a free country, we have a presumptive right to inquire indefinitely, few events of the slightest notoriety or interest are unknown, and every scheme for good or evil is as rapidly disseminated for public investigation as if proclaimed from Charing-cross by the trumpet of a royal herald. But, in Paris, owing to the character of its government, men and manners assume a very different form; and what is not (under peculiar circumstances) powerfully forced into public notice, such as the museums, Louvre, libraries, and a few other institutions, where a freedom of admission is allowed, which we wish were the case in some similar institutions in this country, stands little chance of attracting attention beyond the immediate limits of its direct effect on the verge of its physical or moral position.—We have deemed these preliminary observations necessary as an apology, should our information appear defective, or fall short of what might be reasonably expected upon a subject so accessible to all on this side the British channel.

A Parisian visitor in London has himself alone to blame if he fails to acquire information sufficient to gratify his most sanguine expectations: let him but step into Messrs. Hatchard's or Rivington's, and he will be directed to almost every charitable institution of note in the metropolis, and ascertain the character of each. Alas, we went many a weary and unavailing round through the shops of Parisian booksellers: in vain we addressed such of the clergy as chance threw in our way: the dealers in literature, and superintendants of morals, were alike silent or ignorant. All we can therefore say, in favour of what we have to describe, is simply this, that we were indebted to an enlightened and intelligent resident in Paris, (to whom the moral wants and necessities of the teeming population of that corrupt city were well known, and for whose amelioration his wealth and energies were liberally expended,) for a list of the best of those schools founded upon our improved system of education, and known in Paris by the title of "*Les Ecoles d'Enseignement Mutuel*;" and further, that in introducing our readers to those establishments, we shall, with the addition of such casual remarks as struck us in our progress, and such details as personal inspection enables us to afford, give those who wish to visit them an opportunity of forming a tolerable opinion of what might be fairly expected should the enlightening hand of time bear them up amidst existing difficulties, and systematic opposition of princes or priests, who would simultaneously crush the uprising of an æra in their country from which the most salutary results might be expected. But before we proceed, we feel constrained to notice a piece of information which may not a little surprise those who have hitherto supposed that to Bell and Lancaster, jointly or individually, Europe is indebted for the introduction of those systems with which their names are usually associated. Not so: our inventive neighbour according

to custom, from the steam-engine to the kâleidoscope, assume priority in the discovery by half a century; for thus we find their claims announced at the head of a "*Courte Notice*" on the subject of national education:—"Vers l'an 1747, Herbart inventa la Méthode d'Enseignement Mutuel, et il l'appliqua à une Ecole de 300 Elèves confiés à ses soins, dans l'Hôspice de la Pitié, à Paris;" and for its introduction into England we are further informed that we are altogether indebted to M. Gaultier, who founded a school in London in 1792 or 1793, about ten years before the similar establishments of Lancaster and Bell were heard of. Not being over anxious again to call upon the stage of controversy this long-ago hotly-contested question, we shall leave the verdict of priority of right in the hands of better judges than ourselves, and forthwith enter upon our more immediate subject.

Of these *soi disant* national schools we visited seven, viz.

#### FOR BOYS.

1. M. Badareau's, rue St. Jean de Beauvois.
2. M. de Verlcourt's, à la Tralle aux Draps.
3. M. Boulet's, rue St. Ambroise.
4. M. Moyencourt's, rue de Seine.

#### FOR GIRLS.

5. Mme. Guignon's, rue de le Tonnellerie.
6. Mlle. Le Lievre's, enclos St. Jean de Lateran.
7. Mlle. Lucherre's, rue de Pont de Lodi.

The first of these, that of M. Badareau, is established in a fine old chapel or convent, a dilapidated remnant of the Revolution, containing a space of about 170 square yards, being exclusive of a recess at the end 50 feet long by 30 wide. The usual number of scholars on the books varied from 300 to 350. The present muster amounted to about 320, dressed in a simple clean uniform composed of blue smock-fröcks with a neat belt round the middle. The area was fitted up, as in our Lancasterian schools with benches, leaving a sufficient space for free communication in every direction. The weekly course of instruction is nearly similar throughout the year. The forenoon of each day is taken up with a certain portion of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the afternoon of each day catechisms and various religious exercises are introduced; in addition to which, in the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, drawing is taught; on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings a certain time is exclusively devoted to singing; which, it should be observed, formed also part of their regular exercise, particularly at the commencement and conclusion of the school-hours. On Saturday, before dismissal, thirteen very excellent simple rules, of a moral and religious tendency, are repeated by the classes, that all might have them thoroughly imprinted on the memory.

We are prepared to hear, in the above enumeration of elementary lessons, some surprise at the admission of music and drawing; but we doubt whether any person, however strong may be his prejudice or objections, could witness the effect without giving his entire and unqualified sanction to what might have been heretofore considered as superfluous innovations. The drawing consists chiefly in giving steadiness to the hand and accuracy to the eye, by a judicious selection of out-

lines and simple figures applicable to almost every mechanical profession. Thus the master, or the monitor by his order, directs a class in an audible voice to describe a square, a circle, or a triangle, the copy of which, if necessary, he draws in chalk, and exhibits on a large black board. These are again ordered to be divided, sub-divided, or doubled at pleasure, so as to form uniform, and often not inelegant, patterns; and as these figures are to be described without rule, compass, or any other mechanical aid, it is obvious that accuracy and truth must result, as was manifested in the neatness and clearness of touch in several architectural outlines by children from seven to nine years of age, equally gratifying and surprising. The introduction of vocal music, we think, still less deserving of animadversion; for whatever may be the objections urged against drawing on the grounds of inexpediency, we cannot consider singing in any other light than an useful, or at all events, an innocent appendage to popular education. In the first place it tends incalculably to enliven the dull monotony and wearisome routine of many a poor scholar's daily task. In our national schools we have witnessed, with any thing but feelings of satisfaction, class after class going through the clock-work business, inflicted without reference to age, sex, temper, or disposition, according to the letter and tittle of Dr. Bell's instructions—issued like the laws of the Medes and Persians, never to be broken or interrupted by the inflexible superintendents of our national establishments. There may be, nay, we are free to admit, that there actually is a much more lively flow of blood in a Parisian child's veins, than is discoverable in the juvenile inmates of Baldwin's-gardens; but we feel quite confident that much of the pleasant cheerful vivacity we beheld in the school of M. Badareau was attributable to his judicious introduction of vocal music. It was beautiful, we may add affecting, to witness the merry animated countenances of his 300 children now bursting forth in one simultaneous chorus, in another moment softening down to little more than a murmur, gay or grave as the air or song were changed; while the classes marched in quick or slow time in single or double file round the room, or deployed in sections to take their appointed places, M. Badareau elevated in the midst of them, regulating the whole like a master-spirit by the tap of a wand on the bench whereon he stood, each class saluting respectfully as it passed its chief. We observed one little fellow dart from his rank for the purpose of pouring water for the favourite cat from a tall jug which puss had been in vain attempting to reach, and having performed his benevolent mission, rejoined his comrades with an arch and complacent look, falling again instantly into the step, and taking up the note of the hymn they were chanting. M. Badareau is certainly a very superior character—his manner, though simple and unpretending, is decisive, his words few and to the point: he seems to have infused his own zeal and energy into every department. The monitors evidently took a pride in the discipline and arrangement of their classes; every movement was made with the utmost quickness and precision, and every order executed with a smartness, reminding us of the service of a ship of war, without its severity; and, as a final proof of the perfection of this school, established in the very St. Giles's of Paris, not an idle whisper was heard; and silence, we need scarcely add, must, by all who pretend

to any practical knowledge of schools, be admitted as the surest test of a master's superiority and fitness for his situation. The expences are defrayed by the city of Paris; and M. Chablot, of whom we shall speak hereafter, attends at the distribution of prizes, notwithstanding the infirmities of age, rendered still more acute by frequent attacks of gout.

M. Verlcourt's school, little if at all inferior to M. Badareau's, comes next under observation. It is held in a large room, forming part of the Halle aux Draps, divided longitudinally into two compartments, in one of which the scholars dine: the other, in length about 60 feet and 30 wide, fitted up nearly in the style of M. Badareau's, with benches, &c. being appropriated to instruction, and calculated for the accommodation of about 400 children, though the average attendance seldom exceeds 350. The course of education appeared rather of a higher cast than that adopted in the school of St. Jean de Lateran, for history was superadded; in a work of no great merit, however, overloaded with the worst part of M. Feinagle's complicated system of artificial memory.\* The arrangements for the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are as follows:—

## MORNING.

- 9 to 10½ Writing.  
10½ to 11 Dictation.  
11½ to 12 History.  
12 to 1 Recreation.

## EVENING.

- 1 to 1½ Catechisms and Prayers.  
1½ to 2½ Arithmetic and Reading.  
2½ to 3½ Music and Writing.  
3½ to 4 Music and Reading.

On the Tuesdays and Saturdays as follows:—

## MORNING.

- 9 to 10½ Writing.  
10½ to 11½ Arithmetic (classes sitting).  
11½ to 12 Ditto (classes standing).  
12 to 1 Recreation.

## EVENING.

- 1 to 2 Reading and Grammar.  
2 to 2½ Spelling.  
2½ to 3 Drawing and Writing.  
3 to 4 Drawing and Reading.

The singing in this school having been but recently introduced, though very tolerable, was by no means equal to that at M. Badareau's; but as an hour on three days in the week was exclusively devoted to it,† no doubt an equal proficiency will soon be attained. The drawing in this school was in many instances excellent; and, as in the preceding case, the monitors (who have access to a small library selected for their use) manifested much zeal and attention in the performance of their duties. Having been rather minute in our details respecting two of these schools for boys, it will be unnecessary to particularise those of M. Boulet and M. Moyencourt, which are conducted much on the same plan. The number of scholars varies. In the school of the latter there were about 200 present. Of the girl schools, we are inclined to give Madame Guignon's the preference, being calculated for a greater number than the others, viz. about 500. The room, a finely arched and well aired apartment, about 70 feet long and 35 wide, like that of M. Verlcourt's, is connected with the

\* *Tableau Historiques des Peuples Modernes Europeens*, par Mlle. L. de St. Ouen. Paris, rue Haute-Feuille, No. 18, 1825.

† A selection of hymns, with airs, has been prepared by Mr. B. Wilhem, rue St. Dennis, pres le Boulevard, No. 374, where they may be procured. Also, *Musique des Cantiques à l'Usage des Infans*, par M. Amoros.

Halle aux Draps, and was appropriated to its present use by the worthy prefect of the department. The greater part of the girls' time is very properly devoted to needle-work, and other similar occupations, not however that mental and moral instruction is by any means deficient, certain days in the week being set apart for reading, writing, and arithmetic; the latter was taught in an apparently plain treatise, by Mornval, rue Galaude, No. 65. It would appear that the education of females is not so much an object of parental solicitude in France as in England; for although this school was, as we have remarked, calculated for the reception of 500, the full number has never been completed, and not above 300 were actually present. While, on the other hand, in the boy schools, so numerous are the applications, that candidates are often two months on the list before a vacancy occurs. Of the merits of Madame Guignon, it would be impossible to speak too highly. Deeply impressed with the importance of her trust, nothing on her part is spared to promote its success; and there is too much reason to fear that a valuable life will sooner or later fall a sacrifice to anxiety and over exertion. Having "put her hand to the plough," she looks not back, but has now for ten years devoted herself, in season and out of season, amidst evil report and good report, to her appointed work—at one moment anticipating success and patronage; at another trembling for the very existence of her establishment, according to the prevailing opinions, caprices, or prejudices, of the high and mighty who rule the land. If we mistake not, her hour is not far distant; and in that hour verily she shall meet with her reward.

In the establishment of Mademoiselle Le Lievre, calculated for 280, we found about 230. Here mental improvement seemed to be rather more the order of the day than at Madame Guignon's. The daily routine was nearly similar throughout the week; the scholars assembling about nine, when prayers were read; after which the classes were taught either reading, writing, or arithmetic, till twelve. In the afternoon catechistical instruction commenced; after which working was continued till four. Drawing was not taught; and singing, as yet, formed no part of the regular school exercises; but we were, however, given to understand, that the latter was to be introduced in a short time. Mademoiselle Le Lievre was unwell on the morning of our visit; but her place was admirably filled by a lively, interesting, and most intelligent little girl, of 11 years old, who not only kept the school in perfect order, but answered every question with a naïveté and quickness worthy of a veteran mistress. We hope that such a chance to visit Mademoiselle Le Lievre's school, may still find on the list of her scholars her young mistress, Jaque Emile. Under the superintendence of Mademoiselle Luchere we found about 160 present, out of a compliment of about 180. Here, as in the preceding case, neither drawing nor music had yet been introduced; but the latter, and we believe the former, formed part of an improved plan then under consideration. Mademoiselle Luchere was assisted by her niece, an interesting young woman, under whose joint auspices the school seemed to be flourishing, and as a proof of the respect and estimation in which they were held, many parents who had removed to a distance, as far even as the fauxbourg St. Antoine, still continued to send their



children. This was the eighth year of its establishment, during the first three of which it had been conducted by nuns. We shall conclude our notice of these schools by a few general remarks. They are supported chiefly from two sources, thus:—The establishments of M. Badarcrau, M. Verlcourt, and Mademoiselle Luchere, are indebted to M. Le Comte de Chabrol, conseiller d'état, and préfet de departement de la Seine. We have recorded the name and designation of this meritorious character at full length, as one worthy to be known and respected by all who can appreciate the value of an individual to whom not only Paris, but his country at large, are so much indebted; for exclusive of these schools, others near his country residence, (near Auvergne, we believe,) have been either founded by his liberality, or supported by his authority. Long may he live to exert his influence in upholding these good works! fearful as we are, that on his life depends the welfare, if not the existence of plans by which the lower orders of France may reap the benefit of an education vitally religious, and rationally instructive. That he is duly estimated by those who know him, we could give ample and gratifying evidence. We could speak of eyes glistening when his name was mentioned; and fervent prayers offered for his health and welfare. The expenses of these three are, as we have said, defrayed by the city of Paris; whereas those of M. Boulet, Madame Guignon, Mademoiselle Le Lievre, and we believe M. Moyencourt's, are supported by the Philanthropic Institution. Of the influence and funds of this institution we regret that it is not in our power to speak; but the good effects of its operations were so frequently visible in our path, that we should be grateful to any more fortunate visitor who could make its proceedings and history known to the British public. The expenses of these schools vary according to circumstances; but the following data may be sufficient for the purpose of estimating the cost of French and English education. The sum appropriated to M. Badarcrau's establishment is 2400 francs; of which he receives, as his salary, 1200, exclusive of 300 more for lodging; leaving 900 for actual outgoings on account of the scholars. M. Verlcourt's school commenced in March, 1822; his salary and lodging-money being similar to M. Badarcrau's:—

The expenses in 1823 was 4000 francs.

Ditto . . . . . 1824	3450 ditto.	} Expenses per { 6f. 40c. head being { 8f. 25c.
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Ditto . . . . . 1825	3300 ditto.
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Ditto . . . . . 1826	it was expected to be less.
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Madame Guignon was allowed as salary 1000 francs per annum, out of which she was to provide the senior monitors, or, as we should call them, permanent assistants. She has, however, a further allowance of 300 francs for lodging, with the privilege of teaching a certain number of children, not admitted on the charitable foundation. The average expense per annum for each scholar was about six francs. Mademoiselle Luchere's appointments were nearly similar.

The moral character and state of religious instruction in these schools, next demands our attention. It should be premised, that the masters, mistresses, and teachers, in all we visited, were Catholics, and with a vast majority the scholars were of the same persuasion. They are, however, open to professors of all religions whatsoever; con-

sequently there were several Protestants, and even some Jews. In fact no questions are asked, nothing more being required than strict obedience to the existing regulations. Of their proficiency in Scriptural knowledge we endeavoured as much as possible to form an opinion, by omitting no opportunity of examining classes or individuals out of hearing of the masters or mistresses; and in common candour we are bound to say, that they appeared by no means inferior to the higher classes of our national schools. It may be urged, that there is in the French character a greater portion of inherent vivacity, or species of mental latent heat, ready for action whenever excited: but granting this, we know not why the prevailing obesity so visible in John Bull's children, should be thrust forth as a counterbalancing virtue of peculiar value. The quickness and intuitive comprehension of the former, was strikingly displayed during a long examination on John xix. of a class consisting of about 20 children, in M. Verlcourt's school. Our interrogatory system, it should be observed, is little, if ever, practised by French teachers; consequently a series of questions put by perfect strangers, and those strangers foreigners, with imperfect accent, might naturally have placed the young catechumens in some difficulty. But so far from this, no sooner had we expressed our wish and intention, than every little figure bent forward with eagerness, and every ear and eye were on the alert; all gratified with the novelty, and ready to give, not always perhaps the exact answer, but invariably a rational and intelligent one, to questions directly or indirectly arising from the subject. We hope too that we shall stand acquitted of any very underhand dealing, if we honestly confess, that availing ourselves of M. Verlcourt's absence for a short time, we took occasion to sound this rising generation of Catholics, and elicit their practical as well as theoretical religious views: the result of which was, that the difference between the pure and spiritual fruits of our own creed and theirs, when administered by sober-minded teachers, appeared to consist vastly more in name than in reality. There was no inference drawn from any doctrinal point which did not, in their view, enforce a vital and influential religion.

We touched upon the grand doctrine of image worship; but the minds of these idolaters, as they are so often charitably termed by the ultra-orthodox of our own church, revolted at the idea of its leading them to bow the knee to the figured representation of Deity in any other light than as a mark of respect, and medium of offering real homage, to Deity itself. We will give one instance of an immediate, though incorrect answer, as a specimen of readiness and comprehension. The question was—what sanctified them? the true answer to which ought of course to have been—the Holy Spirit. In an instant, however, one replied, “*Mais monsieur, c'est le sacrement penitence.*” How so?—why, continued the respondent, because if we repent we shall be saved, and therefore must be sanctified. We doubt (without entering deeply into the accuracy of the answer) if on the whole a more logical answer could have been made by many a wiser and better informed Protestant; and we could not help surmising that if this juvenile divine goes through life with this practical application of his catholic version of a scriptural doctrine, he will not at its close be very far distant from the desired goal sought by all of

every creed. The books we chiefly observed in use, exclusive of the Scriptures, and those already noticed, were *Catechismo Historique*, by Abbé Floury, Lyons, 1816—sur l'histoire sainte et la doctrine Chretienne—and a Bible Society's reading book (we forget the exact title). We wish it were in our power to speak more favourably of the good effect and real interest manifested by the generality of the people and parents for whose benefit these schools were instituted, but we fear our remarks must on this very important point be somewhat unsatisfactory. True it is, as we have stated in the case of Made-moiselle Luctere's school, instances are on record of parents manifesting gratitude and partiality for those who have watched over their children; and true it is, that the applications, as in the case of M. Badreanu's school, far exceeded the powers of accommodation; but still it must be confessed that the mass of the parental population of the lower orders is by no means sufficiently alive to the advantages and importance of education; and more decidedly must we add, with still greater reluctance, that to the benefits of moral and religious instruction they appear awfully indifferent.

Some of these benevolent and right-minded superintendents above-mentioned have attempted Sunday schools, but without success; the average number of attendants scarcely amounting to more than five, or at most ten per cent. of the weekly school list; and in too many cases it was obvious that the earnest application for admittance, whether for the week or the Sunday, was founded more on the wish of parents to have children taken off their hands for a given time, than from any laudable and well-founded desire to see them trained up in the way they should go, either as good citizens or pious Christians. Not so, however, is the visible effect on the scholars themselves; and here it is, in observing symptoms of life, we encourage hope; and cordially agree with some previous visitor who had recorded his opinion in the words, "*Cette école donne des grandes espérances.*" For although their parents may disregard the benefits, the children, we have no hesitation in saying, are fully alive to the obvious advantages, and in a state of rapid improvement. The answer of all, without a single exception, and we spoke to many, were most satisfactory. They seemed thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the institutions, in all their details and bearings. Did he like drawing? was a question put to Auguste Dournelle, a little fellow under ten years of age, and chief monitor, who was sent to show us the way to a distant part of the town, and whose whole conversation was a series of eulogium on his master and his school. "Oh que oui," was his answer—he delighted in it; besides, it would be so useful to him in his trade as a mechanic, his father being a watch-maker. In a word, we took our leave of these establishments, with a conviction that if national education were beneficial in England, it would be doubly so in France. In our country, the habits of the lower orders, associated with, and indebted as they more or less are, to the higher classes; living moreover under the influence of sound, salutary, and impartial laws, must, if we may use the expression, be always at a premium. There is a line, a sort of par, below which they can in few instances, to any extent, descend: but not so our vivacious neighbours; they are far more the creatures of accidental circumstances; and untune but

one string in their characters and usual habits, and what discord follows. Under a press of sail, they scud rapidly, merrily, and thoughtlessly, over the waters of life; and as long as the surface is smooth, a deficiency of ballast is not perceptible. But increase the breeze, or ruffle the wave, and woe be to those who sail in company. They have the "matériel"—they want but the "morale" to render them all that might be desired in society. Infuse sound religious principles, and we cannot conceive more attractive creatures. With a natural ease and liveliness of manner, living to enjoy life, anxious to please—infuse but spiritual mindedness—impress God in his holiness and purity within their hearts, and where could we look for human beings nearer to our beau idéal of perfection. But, alas, this is but a picture to be drawn in imagination. Influenced by causes to which the people themselves are not privy, we fear permanent amendment by the beautiful machinery of national and liberal education can never be their lot. We have hinted that the number of these schools is few, their support limited, and their progress impeded. We have some hesitation in giving utterance to all we know, and all we have heard and seen, on this subject; but whatever may be made obvious to the most casual observer, can neither be mystery nor breach of confidence. We hesitate not therefore to state, that the system of national education, in our sense of the word, does not bask in the sunshine of royal favour; and we strongly suspect, from signs by no means equivocal, that the feelings of the Bourbons in France, respecting a rational and liberal improvement of the people, are little more exalted and expanded than those of their beloved cousin Ferdinand, in Spain. On looking over the books recording the names of visitors, few and far between are those of titled aristocracy; one indeed we saw noted down, and heard with pleasure, though not with surprise, that she took a warm and lively interest—it was, Stäel de Broglie—a daughter worthy of a mother who well knew the necessity and advantages "des institutions libres pour développer l'intelligence et la sagesse du peuple;\*" and who, in the innocent looks of childhood, saw the value of engrafting pure and undefiled religion, "et semble (she observes†) que le créateur tiennne encore l'enfant par la main, et l'aide à marcher doucement sur les nuages de la vie." One other name of note, and we were told not an unfrequent visitor, met our eye in the same book, a worthy associate, though neither titled nor seeking for titles, though well known and valued by all who look to higher things than the fading glories of a lower world—it was that of William Allen. A royal duchess had indeed once visited the girl school in the Halle aux Draps; but we have reason to believe that her attention was chiefly turned to the vestiges of antiquity yet remaining; at all events, those who were present will remember that neither school nor scholars excited much interest or curiosity; the few words she condescended to utter being addressed to her ladies in waiting. But in this dearth of royal and noble patrons, surely it will be said amongst the holy profession of the priesthood, plentiful as they are, there must be a superabundance. Gentle reader—this, in the simplicity of our hearts, was our own conclusion. But to the question put in every school—

\* Stäel de l'Allemagne, vol. i. p. 184.

† Ditto, vol. i. p. 170.

Do the clergy take an interest; and are they frequent visitors? the answer was almost invariably the same—"Rarement, plutot jamais!" And yet of the scholars in one of the girl schools, and we have no doubt the remark is equally applicable to all, the parochial examiner had confessed to the mistress, that her scholars were better prepared for "lieur premiere communion" than any other children in his district.\* This is in itself a proof, if proof were wanting, that no heterodox innovations are introduced in the mode of inculcating the national creed, and speaks volumes, which an illiberal spirit of bigotry can alone refuse to read. We have alluded to their singing; and as a proof that in this department nothing very obnoxious to church or king can be apprehended, we shall take the liberty of transcribing three little songs, or hymns, from an approved selection:—

## I. RELIGIOUS.

"C'est Dieu qui fit le monde, et la terre, et les cieux;  
C'est lui qui nous a faite, nous sommes sous ses yeux;  
C'est lui qui chaque jour, soutient notre existence;  
Comment payer ces dons? par la reconnaissance.  
Créateur des humains, des mondes, et des cieux,  
Que son nom soit benî, qu'il le soit en tous cieux.  
C'est lui qui chaque jour," &c. &c. &c.

## II. MORALE.

"Ne nous laissons jamais aller à la paresse,  
Faisons tous nos devoirs avec la même ardeur,  
Le degout suit toujours l'indolente mollesse,  
La peine surmontée augmente le bon heur.  
Aimons tous nos rivaux, et que la jalousie  
Ne vient point aggrir nos sentimens contre eux,  
Mieux faire est le seul but d'un enfant courageux  
L'ignorant lâche et vain seul cprouve l'envie.  
Ne nous laissons jamais," &c. &c. &c.

The third we select for its loyalty; the sentiments it contains being calculated, we conceive, (on the supposition that all Bourbons consider themselves as "sages,") to satisfy the most voracious advocate for royal adulation:—

"Un Roi sage, un Roi juste, est un Dieu sur la terre!  
Il sembla à son empire enchaîner les mortels  
Effroi de l'oppression—des foibles il est le père;  
Ses sujets dans leurs cœurs lui adressent du autel."

Having thus given a brief sketch of the schools which fell under our observation, it may be naturally asked, what progress the system is making in the departments and country in general? and we lament to say, that our anxiety to procure information on this point, was by no means rewarded with success; and we are inclined to suspect, that from no sources could very accurate answers have been given to our inquiries. The "comte notice" we have alluded to, indeed, roundly asserts, that "la France courpte au moins 1500 écoles:" adding, "et même le pape a donné son approbation aux nouvelles écoles

\* The "premiere communion" is a ceremony corresponding to our rite of confirmation, previous to which the young persons attend the parochial clergy for examination.

etablies dans les états de l'Eglise!!" To this remark it will be perceived three notes of admiration are annexed, which, considering the writer to be a Catholic, is a tolerably unequivocal sign of the estimation in which the infallible head of his church is held, as an emancipator of the mind from the fetters of ignorance. We fear, however, that not the half of that number are in mere nominal existence. We heard indeed, that at one time there were 1100 on the list, but at present not above 150 remained, and considerable apprehensions were entertained that even this miserable remnant was in a state of rapid diminution, in consequence of direct or indirect opposition from high and orthodox powers, who threw the whole weight of their patronage to the support of a class of schools known by the title of *Les Ecoles des Frères*, respecting which we would, in conclusion, say a few words.

As might have been expected, during the tumultuous periods of the Revolution, education, particularly if associated with religious instruction, was in great measure neglected, in consequence of that disordered state of society which unfitted the mind for any system of sound and rational principles; and the incessant warfare in which the French were subsequently engaged, precluded due attention to the more sober subject of mental improvement. At the restoration of the Bourbons, therefore, many parishes were, and had been for years, without any public worship, and ignorance had increased in an incalculable degree. This deficiency ought not, however, in fairness, to be laid altogether to the charge of Buonaparte, who was too well experienced in the science of men and manners not to be fully sensible of the truth of the old adage, that learning is a grand step to civilization, that it "*enollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*" Accordingly on his return from Elba, he lost no time in making several regulations concerning national education; and aware of the good effects that were beginning to show themselves in this country, he forthwith adopted the systems of Bell and Lancaster, of whose names he always spoke in terms of unqualified praise. Here then we may detect the secret source of dislike manifested by those who succeeded to a throne which he was compelled to abdicate. The systems were hated, because introduced and sanctioned by Napoleon; and, as an antidote, the institutions we are about to notice under the title of *Les Ecoles des Frères*, were established and placed under the superintendence of masters selected from the various ecclesiastical ranks of the Catholic Church, who have the exclusive management of the whole,—at least such appeared the plan as far as we could ascertain from the limited information we were able to collect respecting the numbers, regulations, and other minor details connected with their internal economy; for whether from jealousy, real ignorance, indifference, or stupidity, the several members of the clerical profession to whom we applied were so vague and desultory in their statements, that it was nearly impossible to distinguish truth from error. As far, however, as we could collect, it appeared that in every *arrondissement*, or parish, one or more of these schools was established; but so little are they known to the public, or rather so slight is the interest taken in them, that within a few doors even, our inquiries were often fruitless; and in no case were the masters we found in one, able (pos-

sibly they might be unwilling,) to direct us to another, which of course considerably added to the difficulty of detecting the holes and corners in which they were located. We shall proceed to give an account of two, as samples.

The first it was our good fortune to discover was at no great distance from M. Badareau's: our final direction was to a small court, which gave no other token of popular education than a clack of tongues from a room above, while in the yard below a young man in clerical costume was lounging over a window-sill, laughing and gossiping with some carpenters at work within. To him we addressed ourselves; and finding, as we suspected, that he was the master, requested permission to visit his school. Nothing could be more acquiescent and civil than his manner in the first instance, and up we went among his uproarious flock, consisting of about 60 rude and unmannerly lads, who, however, on his clapping his hands smartly together, rose and bowed. Thus far all was satisfactory: but here our commendation must of necessity cease, for no sooner were they re-seated, than the previously existing spirit of insubordination was with difficulty suppressed. Some were lolling over the tables, others were squabbling, some were cracking nuts, while others amused themselves with making grimaces and quizzing the master when his back was turned, or his visitors, doubtless in revenge towards the latter for so unwelcome an intrusion. A few dogs-eared books,

Soil'd, tatter'd, worn, and thrown in various heaps,  
were the only visible signs of the purpose for which they were there and then assembled, in a place where ignorance and dirt seemed to reign undisturbed. This *soi disant* seat of sound learning reminding us strongly of Crabbe's Village—

Where one there was, that small regard to rule  
Or study paid, yet still was deemed a school.

We requested to know whether any modern improvements were introduced in the mode of teaching, and were assured that no innovations whatever were admitted; that the plan now pursued was essentially similar to that of their forefathers, which, added our informant, must be allowed to be a great advantage we have over all new-fangled systems,—that whereas they have much to learn, we have nothing,—for to whatever school a “frère” may chance to be appointed, he finds himself an experienced teacher, and altogether at home in his business,—quite “*tu fait, et comme s'il étoit chez lui*—!” The logical inferences from this reasoning were too conclusive to admit of our suggesting the possibility of any inaccuracy in the syllogism.

Our next visit was to another in or near the street of St. Jean de Lateralan, where we found about 50 or 60 out of 70, the number on the list. The teachers were certainly not, as in the preceding case, babblers with the lower world, but grave, pale-faced, sedate personages, savouring rather of lack than superfluity of speech. On making our bow, and requesting to see the interior, we were not exactly refused admittance, but our reception was by no means cordial—our persons keenly examined with scrutinizing eyes—and cautious well-weighed answers returned to such questions as we ventured to ask. Under such circumstances we had no available means of judging very accurately of the progress or proficiency of the neophytes under their charge; but in

reply to a query as to the quantum of religious instruction daily instilled, the classes were ordered to stand up, when, with half-closed eyes, a sort of catechism, or compendium of faith, was gabbled over in chorus, with a nasal twang and such rapidity, that we were utterly unable to distinguish a word.—So much for specimens of the metropolitan schools; of which that there may be some on a better footing we have no reason to doubt: but we do doubt much whether, notwithstanding the patronage they receive from those in power, the numbers attending are at all proportioned to those admitted in the schools of “*enseignement mutuel*,” counteracted and discouraged as they are by a narrow and illiberal policy.

Of the provincial establishments of the holy brotherhood we cannot, from ocular demonstration, express ourselves more satisfactorily; but report has spoken favourably of some, particularly one at Bordeaux, which we were unfortunately unable to visit, as the vacation had just commenced.\* We regretted this the more, as from the high and distinguished character of the archbishop, there was every reason to suppose a better system, with more enlarged views and liberal feelings, might have been adopted by the subordinate agents.† In some of the country parishes too, where the resident priests are in many instances most exemplary in their conduct and indefatigable in the discharge of their parochial duties, it is impossible but that schools of this description must, under their surveillance, be conducted in a manner calculated to produce considerable benefit amongst their uninstructed flocks.

We took much pains to ascertain whether, or to what extent, the Scriptures were introduced by “*Les Frères*,” and, as usual, heard the most contradictory evidence. At the school of St. Jean de Lateran we were positively assured that the Old and New Testaments were in constant use, but we looked for either in vain; and a boy who had spent three years in one of these seminaries, declared most decidedly that they were not; and there was no apparent reason for his wishing to conceal the truth. At Havre, again, the teachers of an “*Ecole des Frères*” were equally positive as to the fact of admitting the New Testament; but, after considerable cross-examination on one part, and evasion on theirs, a book, which in the first instance they had denominated “*l’Evangile*,” was produced, and proved to be merely a small tract, containing some extracts and inferences drawn from certain passages in the Scriptures. On our intimating that this was not the New Testament, they excused themselves by saying, that as it contained portions of the Gospels, it was in sum and substance one and the same. From the very low estimation in which these schools are held by nearly all who know anything of them, we suspect that too much of what we have been constrained to say from our own experience, must apply to a considerable portion of the remainder. The very name, indeed, by which they are almost universally known, “*les*

\* It is situated in a small square, near the rue Pichadey, close to l’Eglise de St. Michel.

† We cannot omit this opportunity of giving the following anecdote of this truly apostolic and tolerant Catholic. A short time ago, an ecclesiastic in his presence, when speaking of Protestants, styled them “*nos frères égarés*.” “*Arrêtons, mon ami*,” said the archbishop, “*disons plutôt nos frères séparés, non par égarés*.”



*Ecoles des Frères ignorants*," is in itself decisive of public opinion. In fact we never, save from a few of the ecclesiastical order, heard them alluded to but in terms of unmixed contempt. One additional reason may possibly be assigned for this, (exclusive of the wretched progress made by the scholars, and scanty portion of instruction imparted,) namely, a general suspicion that they were founded by and are under the influence of Jesuits,—a class, we are happy to say, held in utter detestation and abhorrence by the country at large. We shall not easily forget the look of surprise and peculiar tone of a very amiable and truly pious Catholic on hearing that Jesuits were not uncommon in our country: "Comment donc est il possible, vous avez donc des Jesuites en Angleterre!" as if, on the free soil of Britain, such beings had neither right nor title to tread. That the influence of this insidious party is indeed fearfully great on the continent, cannot we apprehend admit of doubt; and it is equally certain that at no very distant time, if not controlled and counteracted by that more liberal and tolerant spirit which is hourly increasing, it will undermine the noble and hitherto persevering efforts of those enlightened men, who, knowing that knowledge and freedom are naturally linked together, have been anxiously endeavouring to scatter amongst the people the seeds of the former, that rising generations may hereafter enjoy for ever the fruits of the latter.

A. Y.

## LADY MORGAN'S O'BRIENS AND O'FLAHERTYS.

The O'Briens and O'Flahertys, a National Tale. By Lady Morgan. In four vols. London, Colburn, post 8vo.

"IN again presenting an Irish novel," says Lady Morgan, "to the public, I hope I am not doing a *foolish* thing: and yet I feel, that as far as my own interests are concerned, I am not doing a *wise* one. To *live* in Ireland and to *write* for it, is to live and write *poignard sur gorge*; for there is no country where it is less possible to be useful with impunity, or where the penalty of patriotism is levied with a more tyrannous exaction. Called, however, to the ground by the *sarcasms* of enemies and by the *counsels* of friends, I venture forth once more with something less perhaps of intrepidity than when I 'fleshed my maiden sword' under the banners of the Wild Irish Girl, but in the full force of that true female quality, over which time holds no jurisdiction."

Such is the rhetorical cant which this veteran authoress prefixes to her new work; in admiring the undoubted talents of Lady Morgan, we have always lamented the large mixture of alloy which has rendered the perusal of her works, to us a mingled task of pleasure and pain. A little plain honesty is so becoming to an author of merit, and especially a female one, that we are surprised that a person of Lady Morgan's tact, and with her desire to please, has never yet made the discovery. Why should Lady Morgan pretend, that the writing of novels, to which she owes all her consideration in the world, is an undertaking of such gratuitous risk, such unheard-of hardihood, and only to be gone to "in the full force of perseverance." She would

have us believe, that her interests are injured by the publication of a novel: her correspondence with Mr. Colburn would tell a different tale, and put to flight all this balance of nonsense between *sarcasms* and *counsels*. Away with artifice and affectation—away with pretence and pomposity—away with half learning, and a full measure of conceit—then her ladyship would not only be one of the cleverest writers of Ireland, but one of the most agreeable and useful: as it is, the cause she espouses would fare better with her enmity than her friendship.

The O'Briens and O'Flahertys have put us in no good humour with the authoress; those manifestations of talent which in her former works frequently occurred to blunt the edge of her folly and pretension are here more rare, while her extravagance and conceit are scarcely ever off the scene. In our account of it we shall freely note both the objects that have excited our bile, and those indications of the writer's genuine talents which have smoothed the brow of offended criticism.

Several letters prefixed to the regular opening of the novel serve as an introduction; they pass between a count O'Flaherty, a favourite at the court of Louis XV.; an abbé of the same name, formerly resident in the same country, but now voluntarily banished to a wide spread cure in the isles of Arran and on the mountains of Connemara; and one Terence O'Brien, the descendant of the kings of this district, and a black letter attorney of the town of St. Grellan, who brings his erudite researches into the legal history of his country to bear upon the titles of various property in his neighbourhood, of which, ultimately, he proves himself to be the legitimate heir. This correspondence, which is a strange mixture of a dull but elaborate imitation of the phraseology of Irish conveyancers, of equally laboured attempts at the lightness and supposed frivolity of a French courtier, and of pleasant and able sketches of manners and character, is intended to give a view of the subjects of the novel in their embryo state: the intervening period between this and the full developement of them in the body of the work is left to the imagination of the reader. The character of Terence O'Brien, the attorney spoken of, the father of the hero, and the legal claimant of the title of Lord Arranmore, is conceived with a shrewdness and discrimination which we shall never refuse to acknowledge in the authoress. Allowing for some exuberance of phrase, the inward and outward character of this man are ably drawn and contrasted:—

“The descendant of the supreme monarchs of Ireland, was on the contrary chained by a concatenation of evils, to the stake of disqualifying persecution; dragging his historical name through the mire of sordid poverty and debasing dependence, and predestined before his birth to inevitable degradation. With a spirit doubtless as brave, energies as active, and feelings as vehement, as the most high minded of his forefathers, yet with the sources of all these ennobling gifts poisoned at their spring, he is beaten down by statutes, into a disgraceful subserviency, which settles, after some ineffectual struggles between nature and fate, into a suppressed indignation and profound duplicity, and leaves the individual victim, who represents so large a portion of his fellow countrymen, an heterogeneous particle of an heterogeneous mass. Secretly devoted to one religion (for Terence, live as he may, will die *‘ferme catholique’*), but affecting to uphold another,—a patriot, loving Ireland ‘not wisely but too well,’ he is more calculated to injure than benefit its cause, and that by the very means he would resort to for its redemption. *Au reste*, he is the finest possible specimen of his caste and class; speaking, like all

the old catholics, and protestants too, in Ireland, the English of Queen Anne's days, with the accent of Queen Elizabeth; and, evidently dressed by the statute book, no reformed chief of Harry the Eighth's time, who had saved his head by cropping it, and presented himself to the lord deputy unmantled and unbundelled, glibs closely cut, and Crommeale closely shaven, was ever more loyally and guardedly habited. Still he looks the very personification of a recusant or nocent papist: and though tall and comely, like all the O'Briens, effaces the original nobility of nature, by an air cowering and servile, which marks the moral degradation of his position."—Vol. i. pp. 70—72.

About five-and-twenty years after the recovery of a part of the Roman Catholic count's patrimony from the descendant of a Protestant discoverer, bring the history of Ireland down to the period of the volunteers, 1782, denominated Ireland's life-time; and at this epoch the curtain of the novel draws up, and exhibits a review of these corps in the Phoenix Park of Dublin. Conspicuous in this brilliant and numerous assemblage of high and low, are the chariots driven by some of the dashing females of the aristocracy; for driving was then the fashion; and distinguished among them was "a lady, who took the field with an éclat, a brilliancy, and bustle, which for a time fixed the attention of all upon herself."

"Although a fine woman, in the strictest sense of the term, and still handsome, though not still very young, she was even more distinguished by her air of high supremacy, than by her beauty. She sat loftily in a lofty phaeton, which was emblazoned with arms, and covered with coronets; and she played with her long whip, as ladies of old managed their fans, with grace and coquetry. She was dressed in a rich habit, whose facings and epaulettes spoke her the lady of the noble colonel of some provincial corps of volunteers. A high military cap surmounted with a plume of black feathers, well became her bright, bold, black eyes, and her brow that looked as if accustomed to threaten and command. The air had deepened her colour through her rouge, as it had blown from her dark, dishevelled tresses the mareschal powder, then still worn in Ireland—(the last lingering barbarism of the British toilette, which France had already abandoned, with other barbarous modes, and exchanged for the *coiffure d'Agrippine* and the *tête à la Brutus*). Her *pose*, her glance, her nod, her smile, all conscious and careless as they were, proclaimed a privileged autocrat of the Irish *bon ton*, a 'dasher,' as it was termed, of the first order:—for that species of effrontery called *dashing* was then in full vogue, as consonant to a state of society, where all in a certain class went by assumption."—Vol. i. pp. 155, 156.

This is the famous Albina, countess of Knocklofty; she is accompanied by another lady of equal pretension, and their phaeton is surrounded by a host of beaus, English, Irish, military, and official. The leader of one of the corps, as it among the rest marches into the park, is a young man, with singularly handsome eyes—"Irish eyes, large, dark, deep set." These magnificent eyes naturally attract the attention of the countess of Knocklofty, a connoisseur in this feature, and she becomes all anxious to learn the name of the possessor. As some mystery seems to hang about this person, and as his name is difficult to learn, it will justly be concluded by all knowing readers that this is the hero of the story. An inference rendered obvious and unavoidable, when the size of his limbs, and the magnitude of other features, are also taken to account:—

"'What eyes!' continued Lady Knocklofty, keeping her own fixed: O'Mealy, do find out who that boy with the eyes is.'

"Is it the chap with the squint?' demanded the captain, 'that's my boot-maker, of the Golden Leg, in Ormonde Quay. If your ladyship ever wears top-boots, I'd take the liberty of recommending him to your patronage and protection.'

"I suppose, captain,' said the other lady, 'you infer that her ladyship occasionally wears top-boots, because she sometimes wears the —;' and the most beautiful lips in the world boldly pronounced a word that would now shock even ears, which do not pique themselves on being ears polite to listen to.

"Captain O'Mealy raised a horse laugh, which showed his large white teeth from ear to ear. 'Bravo! Lady Honoria, I will make it a point to report that at mess to-day; give you my honour I will.'—Vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

If this tone of conversation strikes our reader as either pleasant or witty there is much more of it; for the ignorant and impudent O'Mealy is a favourite character with the authoress: c. g.

"What is the meaning of that Irish motto on that green flag?' asked Lady Knocklofty, wholly preoccupied with her subject; 'at least it looks like Irish.'

"That, Lady Knocklofty?—never had one word of Irish in my existence.'

"Nor two of English,' (muttered Lady Honoria). 'Now, upon your honour, Captain O'Mealy, of all tongues, living or dead, which is your favourite?'

"Why, then, upon my honour and conscience,' replied Captain O'Mealy, emphatically, throwing round his large eyes, and pulling up his black stock, anxious to observe if his intimacy with the two great ladies was noticed; 'and what's more, upon the honour of a soldier and a man, Lady Honoria, I have no choice.'

"But Hobson's,' said Lady Honoria, gravely, and both ladies burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, with very little consideration for the feelings of the object of their mirth; who, to evince he had none, joined in the laugh also,—too happy to keep his enviable station, at any expense.

"Lady Honoria takes horrible liberties with your parts of speech, O'Mealy,' said Lady Knocklofty.

"Her ladyship may take any liberties she places with me, Lady Knocklofty,' replied the captain with an impudent leer; 'and the freer the welcome, upon my honour; so I'll beseech you, let her will have a free way, as I said last night at the private theatricals, in the Moor of Venice.'—Vol. i. pp. 174, 175.

The countess, unsuccessful in her inquiries, as far as depends upon herself leaves nothing untried which may lead to a closer acquaintance with the "eyes." She slips her shoe out of the phaeton that he may pick it up; and when her horses take fright and run away, it is luckily at a time when he of the "eyes" and the shoulders is ready to interpose between her and fate.

The incident of the slipper is managed by the lady in a manner, which, did we not know the lady's rank, might have led us to mistake her character:—

"Lady Knocklofty, with looks and spirits all abroad, hummed an air from the Beggar's Opera; and playing her very pretty foot against the side of her phaeton, slipped it in and out of a little zebra shoe, which was the fashion of the day, and an exact type of a slipper, from the seraglio of the Grand Signor.

"This movement, conscious or unconscious on the part of the exhibitor, had attracted the eyes, and caused some confusion along the line of the Irish brigade. It more particularly attracted the young leader, who stood in advance of the corps, and who watched the twinkling of the little foot with

such a glance as the hawk gives to the fluttering of a young bird nestled near his eyry. The slipper (as might be expected) at last fell to the ground ! and the young volunteer, springing from his post, pounced on his pretty prey with a rapidity that distanced all other competitors for the honour of picking it up and restoring it. With the slipper in one hand, and his cap in the other, he stood beside the phaeton, presenting it gracefully ; his colour deepening, and his eyes raised with a look, not confident but intense, to the face of its distinguished owner. Finer eyes might be forgotten : but such eyes, — *eyes that awaken emotion, by emitting it*, once met are remembered for ever !'—Vol. i. pp. 222, 223.

The flight of the horses was probably not so decidedly intentional as the fall of the slipper ; and if not wholly accidental, at least to be attributed only to the irritability of the fair charioteer, who it appears would not let them stand still. This fact is ascertainable from an elegant morceau of slang which drops from her ladyship while discoursing with the peer her husband :—

“ ‘ Well, at all events get out of this as soon as you can,’ said Lord Knocklofty ; ‘ and pray don’t tease your horses so, Albina.’ ”

“ ‘ Why, I’m only tipping them the silk,’ said Lady Knocklofty, ‘ just to keep them alive.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ll be d——d but they’ll throw you.’ ”

“ ‘ I’ll be d—— if they do,’ said Lady Knocklofty, not with Lady Townley’s gulp,\* but with such a look, and such a smile, and such an accent, that the coarseness of the imprecation was almost neutralized in its utterance, and its very profaneness almost turned into a grace by the dramatic simplicity and archness with which it was given.”—Vol. i. p. 208.

The manners of the times, however, are said to justify this slight deviation from female propriety : and the observation is somewhat confirmed by other morsels of her ladyship’s discourse ; as for instance, her dialogue with Lord Charles somebody (Fitz-Charles we believe), of which this is a part :—

“ ‘ By the by, Lord Charles,’ said Lady Knocklofty, ‘ I have engaged you to the duchess for this evening ; and pray get off your regimentals, and put on a romping frock ;\* we are going to play blind-man’s buff at the castle, in opposition to the Provost’s kutch-a-kutch-choo parties, who is obliged to have innocent pastimes for the fellows and their left-handed wives. You must come.’ ”

“ ‘ I can’t indeed ; first we cannot go in plain clothes when in garrison, you know, and the chief there ; besides, I am particularly engaged this evening.’ ”

“ ‘ Nonsense ! I know there is nothing going on in town this evening. The Duchess expects you, and I command you.’ ”

“ ‘ Don’t signify, I can’t to-night, indeed, Lady Knocklofty. I’m in for a frolic, that’s the truth of it, a regular set-to ; the whole party made this week back, expressly—’ ”

“ ‘ Where, what party ? I hope not another drunken bout at Lord Kilcolman’s, with those odious Cherokees who broke all poor Lady Dunshaughlin’s new furniture, the other night in Merriion-street.’ ”

“ ‘ No, I assure you ; none of us English belong to that set.’ ”

“ ‘ Then where can you be engaged this evening ? Are you going to play at Daly’s ? Has the old marquis got in his rents ? ’ ”

\* A simple coat of pepper-and-salt mixture, worn to conceal the impression of powder, by the members of the *haut ton* in Ireland about this period, when romping was the order of the day.

" 'Don't know at all; but the fact is, we are going to ....! Here his lordship lowered his voice, and advanced his head; 'but you won't 'peach, either of you, now will you?'

" 'Honour bright and shining!' said Lady Honoria, laying her hand on her heart; 'but you must not tell us any thing naughty, mind; you must not do like the man in the gallery, the other night, at the theatre, who put the public into a particular confidence about the viceroy, which it was not good manners to allude to.'"—Vol. i. pp. 239—241.

When the accident with the phaeton occurs, the ladies, though frightened into "*a misprision of hysterics*," do not faint, but are sent off in a chariot belonging to his Excellency, the lord lieutenant of the line, the Duke of Belvoir (which means Rutland we suppose); but before the carriage draws off, she commissions Captain O'Mealy to express her thanks to the "gallant young gentleman" who had saved their lives:—

" 'O'Mealy,' she said, 'go after that young gentleman in the green uniform, who is now walking towards the striped tent; don't fail to get his address, and tell him Lady Knocklofty is fully aware, that she owes her life to his gallant interposition, and that she hopes he will give her an immediate opportunity of expressing her gratitude *de vive voix*.'

" 'I shawl, Lady Knocklofty,' returned the captain.

" The carriage drove on.

" '*De viv waw*,' repeated Captain O'Mealy, removing his large cocked hat from three hairs on the left side of his head, to three hairs on the right (a motion that always expressed the Captain's perplexity).—'*De viv waw*: well the women of quality are the 'very queens of the dictionary,' as Sir Lucius says; and looking round, he found to his infinite satisfaction that the 'young gentleman' had disappeared. Anxious to sidle into the suite of the Lord Lieutenant, by following in the wake of his patron, Lord Knocklofty, he galloped on to overtake the party, and insinuated himself between two young aid-de-camps. As he rode along the quays, wholly forgetful of his *protégée*, Miss Maguire, he pulled up his stock, shifted his hat, and threw a reconnoitring look to discover if his brilliant position did not render him the observed of all observers. Occasionally as he rode along, he repeated to himself, '*de viv waw*—I shall thank him *de viv waw*—I suppose that's Frinch for getting him a place or a pension, for saving her life. Well, to be sure, what luck I had, to be sent foostering and gostering after the honourable Kitty, when if I had been left alone to mind my business and stay where I was, I might have been thanked *de viv waw*, and sent down a brigade major to Ennis; or made collector of St. Grellan, at last; who knows?'"—Vol. i. pp. 251, 252.

This gallant young gentleman is the son of Lord Arranmore, the anti-quarian attorney of St. Grellan; who having ruined himself in the pursuit of his title, inhabits the old and ruined mansion-house of his forefathers in a squalid part of the city of Dublin; while Murrough O'Brien, his son, having seen foreign service, has returned to pursue his studies in the university of the capital of Ireland. In the evening of the day of this grand review, as he is picking his way from his father's house to the college, he falls in with a row, and straightforward taking a conspicuous part in a congenial occupation, the affray ends in his being committed to the guard room of the castle for the night, under the custody of the O'Mealy who had been so pointedly commissioned to thank him *de vive voix*. The seizure of the Honourable Murrough is not made without some difficulty, chiefly caused by one of those wild and preternatural savages so common in Irish novels, who proves to be a retainer—a man of gigantic strength and dwarfish intellect;

who is employed throughout the piece as the guardian angel of his chief. The prisoner Murrogh bears himself with those airs which becomes a hero of romance:—

"The youthful prisoner, was now insensible to all external impressions. The tempest in his mind, solely occupied him. Agitated and pre-occupied, his heart fluttering, his chafed blood all on fire, he paced on, in the centre of his guards, with a firm and rapid step. His arms were carelessly folded in his tattered gown, and his square cap was worn over his left eye, as if in defiance; but in fact was so worn, to check the drops which oozed from a scar in his temple. There was nothing in his bearing that corresponded with an appearance so pitiable, and a position so perilous; and it might have been supposed, to judge by his air and motions, that a triumph, and not a prosecution, awaited him. A flashing eye—a distended nostril—an occasional haughty toss of the head—and a tone of voice, which, whether replying to, or demanding a question of the guard, who almost 'toiled after him in vain,' had something scoffing and disdainful in its accent,—spoke one worked on by powerful excitements, and intoxicated by that exaltation of the mind, which raises its subject above all sensible impressions, and leaves even physical pain unheeded if not unfelt."—Vol. i. pp. 285, 286.

The scene now changes to the guard-room of the castle, its dinner-rooms, and saloons. The Hon. Murrogh appears sleeping in one of the lower apartments; his excellency, with a party of officers of state, are consulting after dinner for the "wellbeing of the nation." More troops were ordered out, and more wine ordered up. The state butler and the first aid-de-camp were kept in perpetual activity. The wine was declared "fine, and the times perilous." Captain O'Mealy, who entered to report the riot, was called on for a song, and he sung, "None can love like an Irishman." In the saloons of the duchess the scene was varied a little. The ladies were waiting, in brilliant assembly, the relieving of the half-drunken officials, and the arrival of some of their own elect in their romping coats:—

"The play of high spirits, the excitement of inordinate vanity, (the one so often mistaken for wit, the other for passion,) were now in full operation; and called forth whatever was brilliant and buoyant, in look or temperament of either sex. Warm blushes bloomed warmer, bright eyes shone brighter, as the plumage of tropical birds grows more vivid in the season of those transient loves, which in flutter and in brevity do not ill image the commerce so peculiar to British gallantry, called flirtation."—Vol. ii. p. 13.

A bright thought occurred to the bright intellects of Lady Knocklofty. Learning that her saviour, the Hon. Murrogh, was confined in the recesses of the guard-rooms of the castle, she took some bets that she would forthwith deliver him from his confinement, and within a limited space of time present him before the goodly company there assembled. Being on an intimate footing with his excellency, by that time half-seas-over, she quickly procured his sign manual; and assuming a pair of military boots, a military cloak, and a cocked hat, she penetrated into the hero's place of confinement, roused him out of a deep slumber, and led him forthwith, by secret passages and empty apartments, into the presence of the duchess and her train. The change was certainly enough to confound even the strong nerves of O'Brien. The picture of the "loose" society of the vice-regal drawing-room is grouped as follows:—

"The dress of the duchess, (her favourite dress,) a hat and corsage of

black velvet, with diamond loop and cross, and a petticoat of rose-coloured satin, full in folds and hue, recalled the heroine of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor;' while Lady Knocklofty (in the same turban and caftan, in which, a night or two before, she had played Roxelana,) imaged one of those—

'Forms

Which the bright sun of Persia warms.'

"Lady Honoria, always original and always simple, the glass of fashion, but not its reflector, might have passed for a Swiss peasant, the Claudine of Florian, or the *prima Ballerina* of the Italian opera. Miss Macguire, plump and pretty, fat, fair, and twenty-five, wanted but the cornucopia, to exhibit as the goddess of plenty. The Ladies O'Blarney (the duchess's inseparables) who had obtained the name of the Graces, whom they resembled in number and nudity, were draped as if escaping from the bath, or ready to plunge into it. Others almost as fair, and quite as fantastic,—in large full-feathered hats, and loosely flowing tresses,—their zones scarcely bound, and their drapery scarcely fastened, (even by the precautionary pin of Sir Peter Lely,) formed the outward line of this nucleus of beauties, who all

'In circles as they stood,

More lovely seemed than wood-nymphs or feign'd goddesses.' "

No wonder that O'Brien was astounded; that he blushed, and "bowed as those only bow who have learned to bow *abroad*;" that he should retreat among the window-curtains, throw himself into an attitude, and form a fine picture with the aid of the drapery around him, and a chandelier above him, which brought out his head into bold relief, &c. &c. The conversation was, however, of a kind to set him at his ease on the score of refinement. When Lady Knocklofty begged that it might be communicated to the Hon. Murrogh, who it was that had been his conductor, her dear friend, the Lady Honoria, exclaimed—

"'Oh, my dear, we all take it for granted, that you and Mr. O'Brien made your acquaintance in your journey through those long passages, which do not always 'lead to nothing'."

"'No, upon my honour,' said Lady Knocklofty, vehemently, 'Mr. O'Brien never discovered the disguise; and took me for an officer on duty, till I threw off O'Mealy's cloak and cap in this very room. I appeal to you, Mr. O'Brien.'"

"'Appeal to him!' abruptly interrupted Lady Honoria, in the same jeering tone. 'Why, child, on such an occasion, his testimony would go for as little as O'Mealy's did, in the cause of Miss Juliana O'Gallagher, O'Mealy defendant.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 77, 78.

The lady, when called on for explanation, thus developed the little fact in the history of the captain of the Irish brigade, formerly a button-maker, to which she had alluded:—

"'Well,' said Lady Honoria, 'when Counsellor Cornelius O'Gallagher insisted on knowing the Captain's intentions, in consequence of a visit to the barracks of the Royal Irish, paid by Miss Juliana, and when he demanded that the Captain should pledge his honour that the lady was still as well qualified to preside as priestess in the Temple of Vesta, as before the aforesaid visit; the Captain then and there replied, 'Upon my honour, Counsellor Cornelius, your sister is as innocent for me, this day, as the child unborn: and if she were not, Counsellor, I'd swear, upon my honour, to the fact, all the same.'"—Vol. ii. p. 79.

Before Mr. O'Brien is returned to his quarters, Lady Knocklofty takes an opportunity of thanking him for his exertions in her behalf; and takes an opportunity of presenting him, in memory of the event,



with a ring. Deep sighs, enigmatical speeches, and pressures of the hand ensued; and the parties are fairly set forth on the "grande route du sentiment." This scene was calculated to make him drowsy, and as some impediments occurred on his way to the guard-room, he threw himself on a bench, and went to sleep. When he awakes he catches a glimpse of a beautiful figure, retreating in a sedan chair, and on looking at his finger, the sentimental motto of Lady Knocklofty is changed into a death's head.

"He drew near the light which flickered in the socket on the guard-room table: and throwing round a vigilant glance, with the feeling of a miser visiting his hidden hoards, he raised the ring, the precious ring, to his eyes. At that moment the expiring lamp gave one bright flash, and discovered—not the pearl of Lough Corrib, with its pretty device—but a death's head on a dark onyx, with the well known device of the jesuits engraven in black characters on its circlet—'sub cruce latet.'"—Vol. ii. p. 147.

We have now arrived at about the middle of the second volume, and the parties are fairly started. The figure, of which a glimpse is caught in the sedan, is a young lady of Irish birth, but of Italian education, a nun and an O'Flaherty, the illegitimate offspring of the Count O'Flaherty, and an abbess, Beavoin O'Brien. This origin predicates oddity: this all beautiful, all accomplished person, pursues the Hon Murrough like a guardian angel, snatches him from danger, gives him counsel, and guides him aright in all descriptions of disguises, until the poor brain of O'Brien is lost in confusion, between the earthly temptation of the countess, and the heavenly interposition of the abbess, for such also is she of the nunnery of St. Grellan.

It was our intention to attempt to unravel the intrigues of which the hero is made the nucleus, but the thread is really so entangled and implicate, and also so small and attenuate, that the labour appals, and the reward is not encouraging. Our courage fails us, and we shall at once skip to the fourth volume, to introduce the only persons whose sayings and doings afford us any real amusement. Two ancient maiden aunts of O'Brien, after the death of his father, Lord Arranmore, the Miss Mac Taafs, the heiresses of Bog Moy, are described with humour, and present a curious picture of rational manners and personal singularities. Here alone we perceive traces of Lady Morgan's former genius. In the earlier part of the story, frequent reference is made to these venerable chieftains and manorial ladies, and at length we are introduced to them. Lord Arranmore makes them a visit. When he arrives at the Bog Moy House, he is referred to the bog just 'convenient,' where they are employed in superintending some farming operations; he takes the opportunity of observing them over a meeting or boundary wall.

"Upon this meeting Lord Arranmore leaned for a moment, to contemplate the singular scene and well-remembered persons before him. The Miss Mac Taafs were both on the ground, and both standing enough in profile to give him a full and perfect view of their figures, without being seen by them. His first opinion was, that they were utterly unchanged; and that like the dried specimens of natural history, they had bidden defiance to time. Tall, stately, and erect, their weather-beaten countenance and strongly marked features were neither faded nor fallen in. The deep red hue of a frosty and vigorous senility still coloured their unwrinkled faces. Their hair well powdered and pomatumed, was drawn up by the roots from their high fore-

heads, over their lofty 'systems;' and their long, lank necks, rose like towers above their projecting busts; which with their straight, sticky, tight-laced waists, terminating in the artificial rotundity of a half-dress bell-hoop, gave them the proportions of an hour-glass. They wore grey camlet riding-habits, with large black Birmingham buttons (to mark the slight mourning for their deceased brother-in-law); while petticoats, fastened as pins, did or did not their office, shewed more of the quilted marseilles and stuff beneath, than the precision of the toilet required: both of which, from their contact with the water of the bog, merited the epithet of 'Slappersallagh,' bestowed on their wearers by Terence O'Brien. Their habit-shirts, chitterlings, and cravats, though trimmed with Trawlee lace, seemed by their colour to evince that yellow starch, put out of fashion by the ruff of the murderous Mrs. Turner in England, was still to be had in Ireland. Their large, broad silver watches, pendant from their girdles by massy steel chains, shewed that their owners took as little account of time, as time had taken of them. 'Worn for shew, not use,' they were still without those hands which it had been in the contemplation of the Miss Mac Taafs to have replaced by the first opportunity, for the last five years. High-crowned black-beaver hats, with two stiff, upright, black feathers, that seemed to bridle-like their wearers, and a large buckle and band, completed the costume of these venerable specimens of human architecture: the *tout ensemble* recalling to the nephew the very figures and dresses which had struck him with admiration and awe, when first brought in from the Isles of Arran, by his foster-mother, to pay his duty to his aunts, and ask their blessing, eighteen years before."—Vol. iv. pp. 16—18.

Such is a general view of these curious persons—we are then favoured with a more particular account of their respective occupations:—

"The Miss Mac Taafs in their sixty-first year (for they were twins), might have sunk with safety ten or twelve years of their age. Their minds and persons were composed of that fibre which constitutes nature's veriest huckaback. Impressions fell lightly on both; and years and feelings alike left them unworn and uninjured.

"The eldest Miss Taaf,—the eldest but by an hour,—the representative of the Green Knights and Barons of Ballyslattery, who stood erect, with her right hand leaning on a walking-cane umbrella, was laying down the law in a loud oracular voice, sometimes in Irish, sometimes in English, to an old man, who stood bare-headed and footed before her. Her directions, though evidently 'the law and the gospel,' were strengthened by an occasional reference to a person who sat on a clump of turf, with pen and paper in hand, and an inkhorn at his button-hole: such as, 'and here James Kelly will tell you the same, Dan Hogan; and you know we consider James Kelly as the sence-keeper of Bog Moy;' to which assertion James Kelly, by a confirmatory nod of the head, fully assented.

While Miss Mac Taaf and her premier were thus engaged in the legislative department, Miss Monica was busily employed in the executive. She stood a little in advance, her back supported against a turf-clump. Paddy Whack was seated beside her on his hinder legs, and was looking into her face, watching for the stick which she occasionally threw into the water, 'to keep the baste quiet.' She was, however, then occupied in counting the kishes of turf wheeled off, and receiving a tally from each driver as he passed, which she strung upon a cord. Sometimes chiding, sometimes praising, frequently soliciting, and always interfering, she kept up a constant fire of words, which were answered with more respect than coherency, by the rustic interlocutors. 'Thady Flaherty, its what I hear, your bracket cow calved last week, and your woman never sent a drop of the strippings\* to the great house.'

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\* The first milk after the calf is dropped.

" 'Och ! then she won't be so, Marram, I'll ingage, God bless you, Miss Monica.'

" 'Drop that chip of bog wood now, Jemmeen Joyce ; is it to stale the timber, ye were let to come and help your daddy on the bog ?' 'Onor-ny-Costello, where's the tribute hose ye were knitting for me, in lieu of the ducks ?' 'What is it ye are grubbing up there, instead of clamping the sods ? Shew it here now ; is it another copper Shamus ?'\*

" 'No, plaze your honour, Miss Monica Marram ! it's an ould horse-shoe, the great luck !'

" 'Well, if it's only an old neile, I have often told you, that as ladies of the manor, we have right and title to every screed found on the Fassagh. Take it up to the great house, Onor-ny-Costello.'"—Vol. iv. pp. 18—21.

When our hero had sufficiently reconnoitred the group before he crossed the meering, and presented himself before his aunts ; then follows the account of his reception :—

" 'Chroist Jecsus, Murrough O'Brien, is it you choild ?' demanded both ladies in a breath, and with a pleasurable amazement, tempered by that habitual stateliness, with which no emotion, either of pleasure or of pain, ever materially interfered.

Equally charmed at the arrival of their titled nephew, and struck by the change in his person, they stood returning with cordial interest, the shake of the hand which followed his more courtly salutation. Looking with eyes eloquent in their curiosity and surprise, they continued welcoming him to Bog Moy, and passing comments on his person and dress, in rapid alternation ; while James Kelly and Paddy Whack, now both 'on their legs,' stood wondering and waiting for an explanation (the one bowing his head, the other wagging his tail). *shedguns* and *shovels* were suspended ; barrows stood still, and ears and eyes all open to their fullest extent, soon conveyed to the gossiping followers of the Mac Taafs, the welcome news, that the mistress's nephew, the heir of Bog Moy, and Clan Tieg O'Brien of the Isles, had arrived among them, by the style and title (soon announced) of Lord Arranmore. Caubeens and barrads were now flung in the air, the '*chree*' of the Mac Taafs was raised by the men, taken up by the women, and sent back by the boys ; and was followed by the burden of an old Irish song, that always comes so readily to Irish lips :

' Welcome heartily,  
Welcome, Grammachree ;  
Welcome, heartily,  
Welcome joy.'

" A half holiday was now asked for and granted, and an half cruiskeen† was voluntarily promised ; and these modern representatives of the old Irish clans, showering blessings on the party, which now together quitted the bog for the bawn, were left to enjoy the hope of idleness and poteen, the only enjoyments and luxuries with which they were acquainted."—Vol. iv. pp. 22—24.

After various observations on the state of Bog Moy House, and much self-commendation for the care with which it and its appurtenances had been preserved in precisely the same state of dilapidation in which they had succeeded to it on the death of their father,

\* 'A copper James ;' i. e. one of James the Second's copper tokens, issued during his short reign in Ireland.

† Cruiskeen,—a pitcher. Thus used absolutely, the contained liquor understood is always whiskey.

the late brigadier, they take the way to the house, accompanied by their nephew, and the attendants and labourers.

"At the approach of the party, the whole domestic establishment turned out to welcome their future lord; and from Granie-ny-Joyce, (the second in rank and command to the *dames suzeraines* themselves), down to 'the ould woman,' who for twenty years had occupied a stool near the *bocaen* or chimney corner, nobody knew why—(the *girleen haun*, the *boccah*, and the boy about the place included)—all were assembled at the hall door. The only person 'reported missing,' was James Kelly, who answered for his immediate appearance from the pantry, by replying to Miss Mac Taaf's shrill cry of 'Where are ye, James Kelly, and what are ye about, man?' by exclaiming, 'Arn't I drawing on my state small-clothes, Miss Mac Taaf, in honour of his lordship?'

"'Jeemes Kelly's niver in the way, when most wanted,' said Miss Monica, as they entered the parlour.

"'Why, then, that's more than can be said of your pet, Monica Mac Taaf,' replied her sister, giving Paddy a kick, as he ran under her legs, 'he's always in the way, like the parish church, wanted or not. And now, choild,' she added, addressing her nephew with cordiality, 'you are welcome to Bog Moy; and long may you live to enjoy it,' and she imprinted an audible kiss on either side of his face, after the French and old Irish fashion. Miss Monica reiterated the salutation, and Granie-ny-Joyce, the *girleen haun*, and the 'old woman,' who stood foremost of the group, near the parlour-door, seemed well inclined to follow the example."—Vol. iv. pp. 29—31.

Lord Arránmore, whom the good ladies have not seen since his boyhood, now submit him to a close inspection, and of course finding many points of difference between his costume and that of the late brigadier, much good-natured dissatisfaction is expressed, accompanied, however, with the consolatory determination to work a speedy change, more especially as they propose to celebrate the arrival of their nephew and heir (the lord is penniless by the way) by holding a festival or jug-day. His lordship's father was just dead, and his son wore no weepers: his hair was destitute of powder, and this was a severe shock to their notions, even of respectability.

"But never moind, choild, we'll tack you on something, and smarten ye up, agen the Jug Day: for we have it in contemplation to ask the country round, in regard of the tapping of the pipe of claret sent over to us by our cousins, French and Co., of Bourdeaux; and only waited for your coming home; and we'll get you, when you are rested a taste, to write cards of compliments for same. What's gone with th' ould pack, Monica, that stood in the buffet?'

"'Why, shure Jeemes Kelly carried them off to the kitchen before they were half done with, sister Mable, though I told him ye wanted them. But who dare gainsay Jeemes Kelly?'

"'Why then, I'll shurely part with Jeemes Kelly when he laste thinks of it,' said Miss Mac Taaf, whose partiality to her sense-keeper, could not stand the loss of a pack of cards, which had not been more than three years on service; and which were destined to contain the compliments and invitations of the Jug Day.

"'It's what he's getting the head of you intirely,' said Miss Monica, 'and thinks the place is his own, as much as the brigadier ever did; and small blame to him, since it's yourself will let nobody cross him, and he disguised from morning till night. I would have him up before the altar, the first day Father Festus holds a station, and book-swear him too for a year and a day, against sup or drop. I'll ingage I'd make a good servant of you yet, Jemmy Kelly, if it's to me ye were left.'

" 'Well, there he is,' said her sister, angrily, 'take him to yourself, Monica Mac Taaf, and do your worst with him; but as for turning out the cratur on the wide world, like a mangy hound, after twenty years' service, it's what I won't do, Monica Mac Taaf; and, indeed, has long had it in contemplation to make him own man and body servant to Murrogh, which would put him out of the way of temptation; for it's coshering and gosterling with the tinants that lades him astray. And ye must have a man in livery to ride after ye, Murrogh; for you must go and make your obesance to th' ould families; and, same time, Jeemes Kelly can drop cards for the Jug Day, and the sooner the better. For though you are a lord, we can't be sending out old Donagh-ni-Crone, the town-crier, to insense the people of your return, with a uaisht! uaisht! But you must mount your aunt Monica's filly, and ride first to the Lynches of Cloghballymore.'

" 'And to the Burkes of Derry-na-Cloghna,' said Miss Monica, rubbing up her recollection, as she rubbed her high forehead.

" 'And the Darcys of Kiltalla,' said Miss Mac Taaf.

" 'And the O'Flaherties of Tallikihan,' said her sister.

" 'And the Gno-beg O'Flaherty-more,' added Miss Mac Taaf.

" 'And the Skirrets of Claer-yn-dowl and Bally-duff, and the Joyces of Joyce's country,' continued Miss Monica.

" 'And the Drumshambos, and the Dangans, and the Marble Hills, and a mille\* others,' said her sister.

" 'For though,' said Miss Mac Taaf, 'we don't want to send you out to make cuttings on the county, like a Cromwellian scout-master, nor to make an house haunter, nor a wanderer, nor a wagger about streets and townlands, of you, like the young squirantry of the new comers, yet it is right ye should make yourself known to the ancient ould families, in and about county Galway, Mayo, and Clare, where you will meet with the greatest respect, in regard of the Mac Taafs. And as to the O'Briens, I lave that to spake for itself; for being a lord and a nobleman, as you surely are, in right of your father, though if it was not for us, Terry O'Brien, and ours, and the brigadier's coffer, and the great recourse ye had to us and it, and a black day it was, abducting and seducing that poor *omadaun* of a cratur, Bridget Mac Taaf, for which if ye did not rot in Galway jail, it's us ye had to thank for it; for it's laid down in the statutes, that if any person or persons, by fraud, flattery, fear, or false promises—But far be it from us, choild, to make you suffer for the sins of your parents; so come, now, and we'll shew you the ways of the place, and you shall choose your own bed in the barrack-room out of six, for life, as I may say; only must be contint with a shake down in the Brigadier's tower, on the Jug Day, maning to put the four young Blakes, two Bells, and three Bodkins, in Bachelor's hall, as we call the barrack: and as to the six young O'Flaherties, it's little bed they'll trouble that night.' The Misses Mac Taaf then rose, and sailing on majestically before their wearied and silent nephew, shewed off the lions of Bog Moy, with as much ostentatious pride in its fusty rooms, mouldering furniture, its make-shifts and substitutions, as the rural *Conte* of Romagna exhibits his '*apartmenti nobili*,' to wondering travellers; and then retreats to his own slovenly attic to share with his domestic, the *buona mano* which forms so considerable an *item* in his revenue."—Vol. iv. pp. 35—40.

This eventful day at length arrives—the pipe of claret is tapped, and Bog Moy house is crammed with company and catables. The festivities are of too characteristic a nature to be entirely passed over. The purveying department likewise requires attention.

"The last of the old pack of cards had now been sent out by 'Paddy' the post, and distributed through the country; and Lord Arranmore counted upon a general gathering of the clans: but where the numerous guests were

to be stowed (even with the aid of the priest's house, which the Miss Mac Taafs had put into requisition,) he had not the least idea.

"In about three weeks after the arrival of the future lord of Bog Moy, the long expected, long contemplated Jug Day arrived. But no vulgar bustle, no flutter of hope or fear, no vague apprehension of who would, or would not accept the invitation, disturbed the habitual stateliness of the Miss Mac Taafs. Nothing of that horrible anxiety which clouds the gaieties of the demi-ton of more refined society, lest the great should stay away, and the little come, ruffled their equanimity. Each lady, sailing about with her hands dropped into the depths of her capacious pockets, gave orders for certain 'cuttings and cosherings' on the county, which were always exacted upon such occasions. Tributary poultry, and tributary fish, came teeming in from tenants on sea and land, in kreels and kishes, with gizzard-trout from Lough Corrib, butchers' meat from St. Grellan, and whiskey from every still in the Barony. Linnen was drawn forth from chests and coffers, which, for colour and antiquity, resembled the '*linge du Sorbonne*,' quoted by Menage: and moulds were prepared by the indefatigable Grannie-ny-Joyce, which might have come within the meaning of the byc-laws of the town, directed against 'candelles which give ne light ne sight.'

"Cadgers came crowding to the back way, and beggars to the bawn. Pipers and harpers assembled from all parts: and the pipe of claret, in honour of which the feast was given, and which occupied the with-drawing-room, that had long served the purposes of a cellar, was crowned with green branches, and raised on a lofty bier within view of the guests: the silver tankard of the Brigadier was placed beside it."—Vol. iv. pp. 56—58.

When the company were assembled from all quarters, it was found that his lordship was missing: he spent the morning on the sea shore in reading Polybius, and had not returned in time,—being at length discovered, he is introduced into the with-drawing-room, otherwise the best bed-room.

"As the fallen roof of 'th' ould with-drawing-room' had not been restored,—as the floor of the new with-drawing-room (now the cellar,) had never been laid down,—as the dining-room was strictly appropriated on the Jug Day to its proper purpose, and was scaffolded round with tables somewhat precariously, but rather picturesquely placed, in what Miss Mac Taaf called 'horse-shoe fashion,'—the best bed-room, which opened into the dining-room, was constituted a *salon de reception* for the time being,—an expedient often resorted to in the remote parts of Ireland, in days not very long gone by. As this room, which was literally on a ground-floor, was rarely inhabited, its damp and fusty atmosphere required a fire to render it endurable, even in summer: and the swallows of Bog Moy, not contented with the chimnies of the Brigadier's tower, had made so considerable a lodgment in that of the room in question, that more smoke was sent back than emitted through its channel.

"When, therefore, Lord Arranmore opened the door, on making his first appearance, a sudden gush of smoke rushed down into the chamber, and scattered the ashes in such dark thick clouds, that he could see nothing distinctly, but that the room was crowded to suffocation.

"'Weary on the smoke,' said Miss Mac Taaf, making a motion with one hand to waft aside its vapours, and holding out the other to her nephew to lead him forward, and present him in form to the company. While struggling with her temper, she muttered in his ear, 'This is pretty behaviour, Murrogh O'Brien;—and the party made on purpose to introduce you to the ould families. Well, never mind now, but *foghal foh*, as your father used to say.' Then stepping forward majestically, she presented 'her nephew, Lord Arranmore,' separately to each guest, male and female, to the third and fourth generation; evidently vain of the high-sounding title and splendid personal appearance of the young relation, for whom she was reserving such

a lecture, as she conceived his dependence, and her own authority over him, entitled her to pronounce.

"One 'dissonant consonant' name followed another, with genealogical illustrations as unpronounceable as those of the Hebrews; and cousinships, twenty times removed, were claimed and acknowledged, till Lord Arranmore (wearied and annoyed beyond all measure, at the awkwardness and formality of the ceremony, which seemed to have no end,) took refuge behind one of the massive head columns of 'the best bed,' upon which several ladies were seated, chatting and laughing with the most perfect ease and frankness, neither silenced nor interrupted by the approach of the noble stranger. Every seat in the room, indeed, was occupied by the female guests, while the men stood in groups in the centre and near the door, with all the propriety of separation observed in a cathedral. All, however, talked gaily and unreservedly: no rustic bashfulness, none of the awkward reserve and vulgar timidity usually observable in provincial society, embarrassed the conversation. Sheep and justices, grand juries and road-jobbings, the usual conversational resources of country gentlemen, were indeed amply discussed; but good stories, and bon-mots, and sallies of humour, were plentifully poured forth to enliven the mere details of country and local topics.

"As the smoke passed off, and the atmosphere cleared up, Lord Arranmore observed with surprise that there was present, not only more personal beauty than he had ever seen assembled in so limited a circle, but that even a considerable elegance and sumptuousness of dress distinguished the female part of the company. The slough of over-all cloth petticoats and capots having been cast off in the hall, a display of French silks and point lace; of fashions from Bourdeaux and flowers from Oporto, was exhibited, which might have put the *petites maîtresses* of the capital to the blush; and which proved that the intercourse kept up between the Connaught gentry and their exiled kindred and commercial correspondents on the continent was even still in considerable activity. He was struck, too, by the general animation and *éveillé* look of all: every eye beamed life; every countenance was full of intelligence: and though the brogue of many was sufficiently obvious, and the prettiest lips made *weavers* rhyme to *savours*, *meat* to *fate*, and *mean* to *gain* (as Swift did, long after he had associated with the Harleys and the Bolingbrokes,) yet to voices as soft as the smiles that accompanied them, much might be forgiven on the score of mere pronunciation."—Vol. iv. pp. 61—65.

The actual engagement at length commences, as felt in the din of knives, forks, plates, glasses, and grinders.

"Sixty persons to be seated, where there was not comfortable accommodation for half the number, required no little pains and ingenuity: and the horse-shoe table would have been very inadequate to the wants of the guests, but for the never failing aid of the side-board, side-tables, and window stools, which with a 'plate on the knee,' and a 'bit in the corner,' at last providing for all. After much crushing, squeezing, and laughing (all in the most perfect good humour and courtesy,) the whole company were finally seated. Lord Arranmore at the head of the centre table, between his elder aunt, and the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty, presided as the representative of the late Brigadier; while Miss Mable, supported by a Joyce, and a Blake, did the honours at the further extremity.

"Grace being said by the minister of the established church (while the Roman catholic guests cast down their eyes, moved their lips, and crossed themselves under the table-cloth, with a bashful and proscribed look,)—Miss Mac Taaf stood up, and with a cordial welcome in her eye, said aloud, 'Much good may it do ye all;' to which all bowed their heads. A rush of attendants, of all sorts and sizes, ages and ranks, including the servants of the guests, liveried and unliveried,—and the striking up of the pipes and harp (the performers being ceremoniously seated at a table, on which wine

and glasses were placed,) on the outside of the door, announced that the 'hour of attack' had arrived; and never did a more hospitable board offer to appetites, sharpened by sea and mountain air, a more abundant feast. No expected *relevé* (except such as were necessary to supply the place of the vanished contents of some favourite dish,) kept the appetites of the *gustateurs* in suspense. Rounds of beef were the *pièces de résistance*, which none resisted. Haunches of venison and legs of mutton were *entrées* and *entremets*, that required no substitution. Pastry and poultry formed the *hors d'œuvres*; and a *dormant* of a creel of potatoes and a bowl of fresh butter left no wish for more brilliant or less substantial fare: while a vacant place was left for the soup, which was always served last. Jorums of punch were stationed round the capacious hearth; port and sherry were ranged along the tables; and the door opening into the with-drawing room, disclosed to view the cask of claret, the idol, to which such sacrifices were to be made, on altars so well attended and so devoutly served. The Brigadier's tankard, brightened for the occasion by James Kelly, was now filled to the brim with "the regal, purple stream," and plac'd before Lord Arranmore; and before the palate was blunted by the coarser contact of port or punch, the new tap was tasted. The flavour, body and odour, were universally approved, in terms worthy of the *convives du grand de la Reynière*; and it required no skill in augury to divine, that the claret would be out before the company.

"All were now occupied with eating, drinking, talking, laughing, helping and being helped; while old-fashioned breeding disposed every guest to be cordially at the service of his neighbour:—'Allow me to trouble you for a slice of your round, rather rare;' was answered by, 'Sir, the trouble's a pleasure.' 'Give me leave to call on you for a cut of your haunch, when you are at leisure,' was replied to affirmatively, with 'the honour of a glass of wine;' and a cross fire of 'Miss Joyce, shall we make up that little quarrel we had?'—'Port, if you please, sir'—'Hand me the tankard'—'James Kelly, tell Miss Prudence Costello, I shall be happy to hob-and-nob with her, if she is not better engaged,' &c. &c., continued without intermission; and exhibited a courtesy, which not long ago prevailed in the highest circles;—a courtesy which, however quaintly expressed, was well worth the cold and formal reserve of what is now considered refinement, in the school of modern egotism."—Vol. iv. pp. 74—77.

An event of an extraordinary nature interrupts the conviviality of this scene. The castle of Beauregard, the seat of the Knockloftys, is in the immediate neighbourhood of Bog Moy: the peer being an intruder, and a powerful upstart in the opinion of the "raal ould" families of the countries, who on his part despises them as semi-barbarians, little intercourse or harmony exists between them, and least of all between the Knockloftys and the Mac-Taafs. A law-suit, and various other causes, have contributed to fill the minds of the heiresses with rancorous hostility against the lords and ladies of Beauregard. The character of Lady Knocklofty, however, raises her above all such considerations, and, for the sake of the frolic, with that air of dashing impudence which so becomes women of fashion, she breaks in upon the dinner, surrounded with the whole summer party of the castle, under the pretence of having received an invitation. We have forgotten whether she has any ulterior views beyond the sport of the moment, but of course the result is that, although the abbess is present in disguise, she resumes her empire over the stout and well-limbed O'Brien, who by the bye, from Lady Morgan's description of him, must have been a blood-relative of the giant of that name. This is



not done, however, without another chivalrous exploit: once more does the broad-shouldered O'Murrough arrest the forces of the carriage of Lady Knocklofty, when, driven by drunken postillions, they are hastening to destruction. After so gallant an achievement, the hero is of course asked to supper, and the visit ends in his staying all night:—the two aunts, all the time, not aware of what has become of their hopeful nephew. An application for a change of linen informs them of his safety, and of his present place of retreat. We shall give his aunt's letter in answer: and it is the last extract we can make with praise. It must be premised that O'Brien had made his escape from the dinner-table early, and in the course of a ramble "among the rocks and cliffs," had fallen in with the carriage of Lady Knocklofty, returning from Bog Moy to Beauregard.

" ' Dear Murrough,—I must take lave to inform you that I am highly displeased with your whole behaviour and conduct in regard of the Brigadier, who never left his own table as long as he could sit at it nor after, more particularly on a Jug Day. No scrambler over rocks nor cliffs nor bookworm; and wonders much ye got to the bottom with life, being the first bird or baste ever climbed down *Carrig-na-Phouka*. And am highly delighted ye saved Lady Knocklofty's life under God's mercy to whom all praise with best regards, and would have written as intended (also my sister Monica) but not a scrap of paper left in the place, though have meditated sending for half a quire by Paddy the post from St. Grellan this week back, for which call on your return at Mrs. Costello's. I send a change of linen with your foreign riding coat, also the pony and boy tied up in your white French cambric pocket handkerchief. No need of saddle-bags which you can ride home the boy walking. And lay my commands and injunctions on you to return to dinner, not forgetting the lock of the Brigadier's fusil at Peter Lynch's—Major O'Mailly shooting himself here to-morrow—so mind you are back to the minute, as you value the regard of your affectionate aunt,

" ' MABLE MAC TAAR.' "

The end of the intimacy at Beauregard may be briefly stated: O'Brien being implicated in some treasonable intrigues, or suspected to be so, which is much the same thing, endeavours to escape an arrest. Lady Knocklofty penetrating his design, joins him in his flight, and persuades him to spend a night at a woodland retreat in the neighbourhood of her husband's castle. She had reason, she alleges, for not conducting him to the house, "neither the innocence of my conduct, nor the purity of my motives, would save me from censure, were it known that you accompany me. But alight; and if that *fishing house* is open, I will communicate there what else I have to say." Lady Morgan shall give the conclusion of the affair in her own inimitable manner.—The asterisks, we beg to say, are not ours.

" He led her to a sofa; and leaned over a chair beside her. She wept freely; and relieved by this indulgence, she recovered her self-possession, and drew from her bosom a packet of papers:—' There,' she said, ' are copies of the informations which have been lodged against you. The facts they contain may serve you in—your hour of trial.'

" Lord Arranmore pressed the generous hand that offered them to his lips. ' My hour of trial!' he exclaimed, with emotion. ' Oh, Lady Knocklofty!'

" The storms of a night, in which all the elements had been thrown into fearful contest, were gradually subsiding into the low broken sob of the gushing wind, the distant roll of retreating thunder, and the faint gleam of

innocuous lightning. The gray, faint dawn was struggling through the vapours, which canopied the sunmits of Bembola and Mam Turk; when upon the brink of one of the precipices of the Glan Mountain, a human figure appeared, which well belonged to a scene so wild, so awful, and so desolate. The fugitive (for such he must have been, unhoused, and wandering in such an hour and place), had just merged from a narrow ravine of furze and brambles; and was tearing, with wondrous strength, the tangled branches of a scathed beech tree, to obtain a passage into the glen beneath. He had cleared a way, and was plunging headlong down, when (all reckless as he seemed), he was withheld by that instinct that survives even the love of life itself.

"The increasing light (for though the moon had not yet set, the dawn was faintly breaking), rendered the peril of his position fearfully obvious: yet not more fearful than his own appearance. There was blood upon his hands, his eye was wild and sunk, his colour ghastly, his features distorted. His uncovered head had caught, in its thick and matted locks, fragments of burrs and thistles, which he had encountered in his flight; his clothes were torn, his neck was bare, and his whole exterior bespoke one hunted to the death. It was an awful, an affecting spectacle: and the more affecting, because on that forlorn figure and distorted countenance, were still visible traces of the finest impression of God's own mark, when 'after his own image he made man.'" —Vol. iv. pp. 316—318.

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#### ITALIAN MARTYRS.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the Sixteenth Century: including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons. By Thomas McCrie, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood. 1827.

DR. McCRIE is one of those men who, by their learning, piety, and enlightened liberality, do honour to the church to which they belong. His former works were erudite, well digested, and full of important information: the present volume is deficient in no one character that should adorn the writings of a historian and a divine. The subject is a chapter in the grand revolution which was agitated all over Europe about the same time: the spring, it is well known, was seated in Germany; but it is very little known that it had flowed in so large a stream into Italy, the very throne of the dominant corruptions. It is long since that Dr. McCrie formed an opinion to this effect, and he has now come forward to prove it, by a careful accumulation of the facts connected with the question. They prove to be of a most interesting nature.

Two years had not elapsed from the time of Luther's first appearance against indulgences, before his writings found their way into Italy. In a letter addressed to the reformer, by John Froben, a celebrated printer at Basle, the following information is conveyed:—

"Blasius Salomonius, a bookseller of Leipsic, presented me, at the last Frankfort fair, with several treatises composed by you, which being approved by all learned men, I immediately put to the press, and sent six hundred copies to France and Spain. They are sold at Paris, and read and approved of by even the Sorbonists, as my friends have assured me. Several learned men there have said, that they for a long time have wished to see such freedom in those who treat divine things. Calvus also, a bookseller of Pavia, a learned man, and addicted to the muses, has carried a great part of the impression into

Italy. He promises to send epigrams written in praise of you by all the learned in Italy; such favour have you gained to yourself and the cause of Christ by your constancy, courage, and dexterity."

Burchard Schenk, a German nobleman, writes to Spalatinus, chaplain to the Elector of Saxony, under the date of September 19th, 1520:—"According to your request, I have read the books of Martin Luther, and I can assure you that he has been much esteemed in this place for some time past. But the common saying is, 'Let him beware of the pope!' Upwards of two months ago ten copies of his books were brought here and instantly purchased, before I had heard of them; but in the beginning of this month, a mandate from the pope and the patriarch of Venice arrived, prohibiting them; and a strict search being instituted among the booksellers, one imperfect copy was found and seized. I had endeavoured to obtain that copy, but the bookseller durst not dispose of it."

But in spite of pontifical bulls, and the activity of agents employed to watch over their execution, the writings of Luther, Melancthon, Zuingle, and Bucer, continued to be circulated, and read with avidity and delight in all parts of Italy. Some of them were translated into Italian, and published under fictitious names: so that bishops and cardinals unwillingly perused and praised works which, on discovering their real authors, they were obliged to pronounce dangerous and heretical. Thus were the common-places of Melancthon printed at Venice, with the title "*Par Messes Ippofilo da Terra Negra.*" The copies of this work being sent to Rome, a whole impression was rapidly consumed, and another supply sent for; when, in the mean time, a Franciscan friar had discovered the trick, and it was agreed to suppress the affair, and burn the copies. Luther's Epistle to the Romans, and his Treatise on Justification, were eagerly read for some time, as the productions of Cardinal Fregoso. The works of Zuingle were circulated under the name of *Coriaris Cogelius*: and several editions of Martin Bucer's Commentary on the Psalms, were sold in Italy and France as the work of *Aretius Felinus*. It is, however, justly observed by Dr. McCrie, that it is one thing to discover the errors and abuses of the church of Rome, and it is another and a very different thing to have the mind opened to perceive the spiritual glory, and feel the regenerating influence of Divine truth. So that many who could easily discern the former, remained complete strangers to the latter, as preached by Luther and his associates. Many, however, did "receive the love of truth"—some paint in strong colours their ardent thirst for an increase of knowledge; and many more by their preaching, their lives, and especially the fortitude with which they submitted to torture and death, bore testimony to the rectitude of their religious conceptions. Dr. McCrie's Italian Martyrologies will astonish those who are not minutely acquainted with this obscure portion of history; and will show in the most convincing manner, the extent and nature of the doctrines which had met with so favourable a reception, and which were so firmly retained by the conscientious and inquiring spirits of Italy.

It was in the year 1542 that all the court of Rome became seriously alarmed at the progress of the new opinions in Italy. At this time the clergy, and particularly the friars, poured in complaints from all

parts of the country, of the danger of the Catholic faith: at the head of them was Pietro Caraffa, commonly called the Theatine Cardinal, a prelate who made high pretensions to sanctity, and distinguished himself by his violence when he afterwards mounted the pontifical throne, under the name of Pius IV. The inquisition was established in Italy for the purpose of checking this moral contagion, and all those suspected of favouring the new doctrines were surrounded by spies and agents, who quickly circumvented them. In some instances the secular authorities of the Italian states resisted the interference of the papal agents, but they were quickly obliged to yield to the will of the reigning pontiff. Even at Venice, when the senate had made an order forbidding the proceedings against its citizens for heresy, numerous and revolting imprisonments, tortures, and executions, were visited upon the unfortunate professors of the new faith. Here, however,—

“Drowning was the mode of death to which they doomed the Protestants, either because it was less cruel and odious than committing them to the flames, or because it accorded with the customs of Venice. But if the *autos da fe* of the queen of the Adriatic were less barbarous than those of Spain, the solitude and silence with which they were accompanied was calculated to excite the deepest horror. At the dead hour of midnight the prisoner was taken from his cell, and put into a gondola or Venetian boat, attended only, beside the sailors, by a single priest, to act as confessor. He was rowed out into the sea beyond the Two Castles, where another boat was in waiting. A plank was then laid across the two gondolas, upon which the prisoner, having his body chained, and a heavy stone affixed to his feet, was placed; and, on a signal given, the gondolas retiring from one another, he was precipitated into the deep.”—pp. 232, 233.

The first person who suffered martyrdom at Venice, was Julio Guirlanda. When set on the plank, he cheerfully bade the captain farewell; and sank calling on the Lord Jesus. Many other fine examples of fortitude followed him; among the most distinguished was the venerable Fra Baldo Lupetino; of him his nephew has left an account in a book become very rare:—

“The Reverend Baldus Lupetinus, sprung from a noble and ancient family, a learned monk and provincial of the order to which he belonged, after having long preached the word of God in both the vulgar languages, (the Italian and Slavonian,) in many cities, and defended it by public disputation in several places of celebrity with great applause, was at last thrown into close prison at Venice, by the inquisitor and papal legate. In this condition he continued during nearly twenty years, to bear an undaunted testimony to the Gospel of Christ; so that his bonds and doctrine were made known, not only to that city, but almost the whole of Italy, and by it to Europe at large, by which means evangelical truth was more widely spread. Two things, among many others, may be mentioned as marks of the singular providence of God towards this person during his imprisonment. In the first place, the princes of Germany often interceded for his liberation, but without success. And, secondly, on the other hand, the papal legate, the inquisitor, and even the pope himself, laboured with all their might, and by repeated applications, to have him from the very first committed to the flames, as a noted heresiarch. This was refused by the doge and senate, who, when he was at last condemned, freed him from the punishment of the fire by an express decree. It was the will of God that he should bear his testimony to the truth for so long a time; and that, like a person affixed to a cross, he should, as from an eminence, proclaim to all the world the restoration of

Christianity, and the revelation of antichrist. "At last, this pious and excellent man, whom neither threatenings nor promises could move, sealed his doctrine by an undaunted martyrdom, and exchanged the filth and protracted tortures of a prison for a watery grave."—pp. 235, 236.

The proceedings against the Waldenses, settled in Calabria, were of a still more wholesale and cruel description than the *noyades* of Venice. When the monkish commissioners, sent to suppress all innovation, had driven the inhabitants of Sante into the woods, they were hunted like beasts of prey by the soldiery, who fell on them with cries of "Ammazzi, ammazzi—kill them, kill them !"

"The monks wrote to Naples that the country was in a state of rebellion, upon which the viceroy dispatched several companies of soldiers to Calabria, and, to gratify the pope, followed them in person. On his arrival, listening to the advice of the inquisitors, he caused a proclamation to be made delivering up Santo Xisto to fire and sword, which obliged the inhabitants to remain in their concealments. By another proclamation, he offered a pardon to the *hannitti*, to persons proscribed for crimes, (who are a numerous class in Naples,) on the condition of their assisting in the war against the heretics. This brought a number of desperate characters to his standard, who, being acquainted with the recesses of the woods, tracked out the fugitives, the greater part of whom were slaughtered by the soldiers, while the remainder took refuge in the caverns of the high rocks, where many of them died of hunger. Pretending to be displeased with the severity of military execution, the inquisitors retired to some distance from the place, and cited the inhabitants of La Guardia to appear before them. Encouraged by the reports which they had heard, the people complied ; but they had no sooner made their appearance, than seventy of them were seized and conducted in chains to Montalto. They were put to the question by the orders of the inquisitor Panza, to induce them not only to renounce their faith, but also to accuse themselves and their brethren of having committed odious crimes in their religious assemblies. To wring a confession of this from him; Stefano Carlino was tortured until his bowels gushed out. Another prisoner, named Vermel, having, in the extremity of pain, promised to go to mass, the inquisitor flattered himself that, by increasing the violence of the torture, he could extort a confession of the charge which he was so anxious to fasten on the Protestants. But though the exhausted sufferer was kept during eight hours on the instrument called *the hell*, he persisted in denying the atrocious calumny. A person of the name of Marzone was stripped naked, beaten with iron rods, dragged through the streets, and then felled with the blows of torches. One of his sons, a boy, having resisted the attempts made for his conversion, was conveyed to the top of a tower, from which they threatened to precipitate him, if he would not embrace a crucifix, which was presented to him. He refused ; and the inquisitor, in a rage, ordered him instantly to be thrown down. Bernardino Conte, on his way to the stake, threw away a crucifix which the executioner had forced into his hands ; upon which Panza remanded him to prison, until a more dreadful mode of punishment should be devised. He was conveyed to Cosenza, where his body was covered with pitch, in which he was burnt to death before the people. The manner in which those of the tender sex were treated by this brutal inquisitor, is too disgusting to be related here. Suffice it to say, that he put sixty females to the torture, the greater part of whom died in prison in consequence of their wounds remaining undressed. On his return to Naples, he delivered a great number of Protestants to the secular arm at St. Agata, where he inspired the inhabitants with the greatest terror ; for, if any individual came forward to intercede for the prisoners, he was immediately put to the torture as a favourer of heresy."—pp. 261—263.

Horrid as these faults are, they fall short of the barbarity per-

petrated on the same people at Montalto, under the government of the Marquis de Buccianici, to whose brother it is said the pope had promised a cardinal's hat, provided the province of Calabria was cleared of heresy. Dr. M'Crie quotes the account of these transactions in the words of a Roman Catholic, in a letter which was published in Italy, along with other narratives of the same transaction:—

“ ‘ Most illustrious Sir,—Having written you from time to time what has been done in the affair of heresy, I have now to inform you of the dreadful justice which began to be executed on these Lutherans early this morning, being the 11th of June. And, to tell you the truth, I can compare it to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep. They were all shut up in one house as in a sheepfold. The executioner went, and bringing out one of them, covered his face with a napkin, or benda, as we call it, led him out to a field near the house, and causing him to kneel down, cut his throat with a knife. Then taking off the bloody napkin, he went and brought out another, whom he put to death after the same manner. In this way, the whole number, amounting to eighty-eight men, were butchered. I leave you to figure to yourself the lamentable spectacle; for I can scarcely refrain from tears while I write; nor was there any person who, after witnessing the execution of one, could stand to look on a second. The meekness and patience with which they went to martyrdom and death was incredible. Some of them at their death professed themselves of the same faith with us, but the greater part died in their cursed obstinacy. All the old men met their death with cheerfulness, but the young exhibited symptoms of fear. I shudder while I think of the executioner with the bloody knife in his teeth, the dripping napkin in his hand, and his arms besmeared with gore, going to the house and taking out one after another, just as the butcher does the sheep which he means to kill. According to orders waggons are already come to carry away the dead bodies, which are appointed to be quartered, and hung up on the public roads from one end of Calabria to the other. Unless his holiness and the viceroy of Naples command the Marquis de Buccianici, the governor of this province, to stay his hand and leave off, he will go on to put others to the torture, and multiply the executions until he has destroyed the whole. Even to-day a decree has passed that a hundred grown up women shall be put to the question, and afterwards executed: so that there may be a complete mixture, and we may be able to say, in well-sounding language, that so many persons were punished, partly men and partly women. This is all that I have to say of this act of justice. It is now eight o'clock, and I shall presently hear accounts of what was said by these obstinate people as they were led to execution. Some have testified such obstinacy and stubbornness as to refuse to look on a crucifix, or confess to a priest; and they are to be burnt alive. The heretics taken in Calabria amount to sixteen hundred, all of whom are condemned; but only eighty-eight have as yet been put to death. This people came originally from the valley of Angrogna, near Savoy, and in Calabria are called Ultramontani. Four other places in the kingdom of Naples are inhabited by the same race, but I do not know that they behave ill; for they are a simple unlettered people, entirely occupied with the spade and plough, and, I am told, show themselves sufficiently religious at the hour of death.’ Lest the reader should be inclined to doubt the truth of such horrid atrocities, the following summary account of them, by a Neapolitan historian of that age, may be added. After giving some account of the Calabrian heretics, he says: ‘ Some had their throats cut, others were sawn through the middle, and others thrown from the top of a high cliff: all were cruelly but deservedly put to death. It was strange to hear of their obstinacy; for while the father saw his son put to death, and the son his father, they not only gave no symptoms of grief, but said joyfully,

that they would be angels of God: so much had the devil, to whom they had given themselves up as a prey, deceived them."—pp. 263—266.

Dr. McCrie adds the conclusion to this dreadful story:—"By the time that the persecutors were glutted with blood, it was not difficult to dispose of the prisoners who remained. The men were sent to the Spanish galleys; the women and children were sold for slaves; and, with the exception of a few who renounced their faith, the whole colony was exterminated. 'Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth,' may the race of the Waldenses say, 'Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth. My blood,—the violence done to me and to my flesh, be upon Rome!'"

At Rome matters had gone to a similar extremity, though the executions were not precisely on the same scale. A description of the state of persecution at Rome, in the year 1568, from the pen of one residing in Italy, shows the pitch to which the bigoted fury of the pope vented itself:—

"At Rome some are every day burnt, hanged, or beheaded; all the prisons and places of confinement are filled; and they are obliged to build new ones. That large city cannot furnish gaols for the numbers of pious persons who are continually apprehended. A distinguished person, named Carnesecchi, formerly ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany, has been committed to the flames. Two persons of still greater distinction, Baron Bernardo di Angole, and Count a Petiliano, a genuine and brave Roman, are in prison. After long resistance, they were at last induced to recant on a promise that they should be set at liberty. But what was the consequence? The one was condemned to pay a fine of eighty thousand crowns, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment; and the other to pay one thousand crowns, and be confined for life in the convent of the Jesuits. Thus have they, by a dishonourable defection, purchased a life worse than death.' The same writer relates the following anecdote, which shows the base stratagems which the Roman inquisition employed to get hold of its victims. 'A letter from Genoa to Messere Bonetti states, that a rich nobleman at Modena, in the duchy of Ferrara, was lately informed against as a heretic to the pope, who had recourse to the following method of getting him into his claws. The nobleman had a cousin at Rome, who was sent for to the castle of St. Angelo, and told, 'Either you must die, or write to your cousin at Modena, desiring him to meet you at Bologna at a certain hour, as you wish to speak to him on important business.' The letter was dispatched, and the nobleman having ridden in haste to Bologna, was seized as soon as he had dismounted from his horse. His friend was then set at liberty. This is dragon's game.'"—pp. 272—274.

We shall now turn to some of the individual cases of persecution, borne with exemplary fortitude, which, while they inspire the reader with indignation, are edifying and consolatory: the history of the fate of MOLLIO is a fine example of intrepidity and resolution.

"We have already met repeatedly with Giovanni Mollio, the Bolognese professor, who was held in the highest esteem through Italy for his learning and holy life. After the flight of his brethren Ochino and Martyr, in 1542, he was frequently in great danger, and more than once in confinement, from which he had always providentially escaped. But after the accession of Pope Julius III. he was sought for with great eagerness, and being seized at Ravenna, was conducted under a strong guard to Rome, and lodged in a strait prison. On the 5th of September, 1563, a public assembly of the inquisition was held with great pomp, which was attended by the six cardinals and their episcopal assessors, before whom a number of prisoners were brought with torches in their hands. All of them recanted and had penances imposed on them, except Mollio, and a native of Perugia, named Tisserano. When the

articles of accusation against Mollio were read, permission was given him to speak. He defended the different doctrines which he had taught respecting justification, the merit of good works, auricular confession, and the sacraments; pronounced the power claimed by the pope and his clergy to be usurped and antichristian; and addressed his judges in a strain of bold and fervid invective, which silenced and chained them to their seats, at the same time that it cut them to the quick. 'As for you, cardinals and bishops,' said he, 'if I were satisfied that you justly obtained that power which you assume to yourselves, and that you had risen to your eminence by virtuous deeds, and not by blind ambition and the arts of profligacy, I would not say a word to you. But since I see and know on the best grounds, that you have set moderation, and honesty, and honour, and virtue at defiance, I am constrained to treat you without ceremony, and to declare that your power is not from God but the devil. If it were apostolical, as you would make the poor world believe, then your doctrine and life would resemble those of the apostles. When I perceive the filth and falsehood and profaneness with which it is overspread, what can I think or say of your church, but that it is a receptacle of thieves and a den of robbers? What is your doctrine but a dream,—a lie forged by hypocrites? Your very countenances proclaim that your belly is your god. Your great object is to seize and amass wealth by every species of injustice and cruelty. You thirst without ceasing for the blood of the saints. Can you be the successors of the holy apostles, and vicars of Jesus Christ—you who despise Christ and his word, who act as if you did not believe that there is a God in heaven, who persecute to the death his faithful ministers, make his commandments of no effect, and tyrannize over the consciences of his saints? Wherefore I appeal from your sentence, and summon you, O cruel tyrants and murderers, to answer before the judgment seat of Christ at the last day, where your pompous titles and gorgeous trappings will not dazzle, nor your guards and torturing apparatus terrify us. And in testimony of this, take back that which you have given me.' In saying this, he threw the flaming torch which he held in his hand on the ground, and extinguished it. Galled and gnashing upon him with their teeth, like the persecutors of the first Christian martyr, the cardinals ordered Mollio and his companion, who approved of the testimony he had borne, to instant execution. They were conveyed, accordingly, to the Campo del Fior, where they died with the most pious fortitude.\*—pp. 276—279.

The following articles will furnish a kind of martyrology of Italy during this period: it is as highly honourable to human nature on the one hand, as it is disgraceful on the other.

"Pomponio Algieri, a native of Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, was seized when attending the university of Padua, and after being examined in the presence of the podesta, was sent bound to Venice. His answers, on the different examinations which he underwent, contain a luminous view of the truth, and form one of the most succinct and nervous refutations of the principal articles of popery, from Scripture and the decretals, which is anywhere to be found. They had the effect of spreading his fame through Italy. The senators of Venice, from regard to his learning and youth, were anxious to set him at liberty, but as he refused to abandon his sentiments, they con-

\* Hist. des Martyrs, f. 264-5. Gerdesii Ital. Reform. p. 104. Zanchi gives the following anecdote of this martyr in a letter to Bullinger: 'I will relate what (Mollio of) Montalcino, the monk who was afterwards burnt at Rome for the gospel, once said to me respecting your book, *De origine erroris*. As I had not read or seen the work, he exhorted me to purchase it; 'and (said he) if you have not money, pluck out your right eye to enable you to buy it, and read it with the left.' By the favour of providence, I soon found the book without losing my eye; for I bought it for a crown, and abridged it in such a character as that not even an inquisitor could read it, and in such a form, that, if he had read it, he could not have discovered what my sentiments were.'—(Zanchii Epistol. lib. ii. p. 278.)"



demned him to the galleys. Yet yielding to the importunities of the nuncio, they afterwards sent him to Rome, as an acceptable present to the newly-elected pope, Paul IV., by whom he was doomed to be burnt alive, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. The Christian magnanimity with which the youthful martyr bore that cruel death terrified the cardinals who attended to grace the spectacle.—A letter written by Algieri, in his prison at Venice, describes the consolations by which he was refreshed and upheld under his sufferings, in language to which I scarcely know a parallel. It appears from this interesting document, that the friends of evangelical truth were still numerous in Padua.”—pp. 279, 280.

“ Francesco Gamba, a native of Como, was in the habit of visiting Geneva for the sake of conversation with the learned men of that city. Having, on one of these occasions, participated along with them of the Lord's supper, the news of this fact reached home before him, and he was seized on the Lake of Como, thrown into prison, and condemned to the flames. His execution was prevented for a few days by the interposition of the imperial ambassador and some of the Milanese nobility; during which interval his firmness was assailed by the sophistry of the monks, the entreaties of his friends, and the interest which many of his townsmen of the popish persuasion took in his welfare. He modestly declined the last services of the friars, expressed his gratitude to those who had testified a concern for his life, and assured the judge, who lamented the necessity which he was under of executing the law, that he forgave him, and prayed God to forgive him also. His tongue having been perforated to prevent his addressing the spectators, he knelt down and prayed at the place of execution; then rising, he looked round the crowd, which consisted of several thousands, for a friend, to whom he waved his right hand, which was loose, as the appointed sign that he retained his confidence; after which he stretched out his neck to the executioner, who had been authorized, by way of favour, to strangle him before committing his body to the fire.”—pp. 280, 281.

“ Ludovico Paschali was a native of Cuni in Piedmont, and having acquired a taste for evangelical doctrine at Nice, left the army to which he had been bred, and went to study at Lausanne. When the Waldenses of Calabria applied to the Italian church at Geneva for preachers, Paschali was fixed upon as eminently qualified for that station. Having obtained the consent of Camilla Guerina, a young woman to whom he had previously been affianced, he set out along with Stefano Negrino. On their arrival in Calabria, they found the country in that state of agitation which we have already described, and after labouring for some time to quiet the minds of the people, and comfort them under persecution, they were both apprehended at the instance of the inquisitor. Negrino was allowed to perish of hunger in the prison. Paschali, after being kept eight months in confinement at Cosenza, was conducted to Naples, from which he was transferred to Rome. His sufferings were great, and he bore them with the most uncommon fortitude and patience, as appears from the letters, equally remarkable for their sentiment and pious unction, which he wrote from his prisons to the persecuted flock in Calabria, to his afflicted spouse, and to the church of Geneva. Giving an account of his journey from Cosenza to Naples, he says: ‘ Two of our companions had been prevailed on to recant, but they were no better treated on that account; and God knows what they will suffer at Rome, where they are to be conveyed, as well as Marquet and myself. The good Spaniard, our conductor, wished us to give him money to be relieved from the chain by which we were bound to one another; yet in addition to this he put on me a pair of handcuffs so strait that they entered into the flesh, and deprived me of all sleep; and I found that, if at all, he would not remove them until he had drawn from me all the money I had, amounting only to two ducats, which I needed for my support. At night the beasts were better treated than we, for their litter was spread for them, while we were obliged to lie on the hard ground without any covering; and in this condition we remained for

nine nights. On our arrival, at Naples, we were thrust into a cell, noisome in the highest degree, from the damp and the putrid breath of the prisoners.' His brother, who had come from Cuni, with letters of recommendation to endeavour to procure his liberty, gives the following account of the first interview, which, after great difficulty, he obtained with him at Rome, in the presence of a judge of the inquisition. 'It was hideous to see him, with his bare head and his hands and arms lacerated with the small cords with which he was bound, like one about to be led to the gibbet. On advancing to embrace him, I sank on the ground. 'My brother!' said he, 'if you are a Christian, why do you distress yourself thus? Do you not know, that a leaf cannot fall to the earth without the will of God? Comfort yourself in Christ Jesus, for the present troubles are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come.' 'No more of that talk!' exclaimed the judge. When we were about to part, my brother begged the judge to remove him to a less horrid prison. 'There is no other prison for you than this.'—'At least show me a little pity in my last days, and God will show it to you.'—'There is no pity for such obstinate and hardened criminals as you.'—A Piemontese doctor who was present joined me in entreating the judge to grant this favour; but he remained inflexible. 'He will do it for the love of God,' said my brother.—'All the other prisons are full,' replied the judge.—'They are not so full but that a small corner can be spared for me.'—'You would infect all who were near you by your smooth speeches.'—'I will speak to none who does not speak to me.'—'Be content: you cannot have another place.'—'I must then have patience,' replied my brother. How convincing a proof of the power of the gospel do we see in the confidence and joy displayed by Paschali under such protracted and exhausted sufferings. 'My state is this,' says he, in a letter to his former hearers: 'I feel my joy increase every day as I approach nearer to the hour in which I shall be offered as a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ, my faithful Saviour; yea, so inexpressible is my joy, that I seem to myself to be free from captivity, and am prepared to die not only once, but many thousand times, for Christ, if it were possible; nevertheless, I persevere in imploring the divine assistance by prayer, for I am convinced that man is a miserable creature, when left to himself, and not upheld and directed by God.' And a short time before his death, he said to his brother, 'I give thanks to my God, that, in the midst of my long-continued and severe affliction, there are some who wish me well; and I thank you, my dearest brother, for the friendly interest you have taken in my welfare. But as for me, God has bestowed on me that knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ which assures me that I am not in an error, and I know that I must go by the narrow way of the cross, and seal my testimony with my blood. I do not dread death, and still less the loss of my earthly goods; for I am certain of eternal life and a celestial inheritance, and my heart is united to my Lord and Saviour.' When his brother was urging him to yield somewhat, with the view of saving his life and property, he replied, 'O! my brother, the danger in which you are involved gives me more distress than all that I suffer, or have the prospect of suffering; for I perceive that your mind is so addicted to earthly things as to be indifferent to heaven.' At last, on the 8th of September, 1560, he was brought out to the conventual church of Minerva, to hear his process publicly read; and next day he appeared, without any diminution of his courage, in the court adjoining the castle of St. Angelo, where he was strangled and burnt, in the view of the pope and a party of cardinals assembled to witness the spectacle."—pp. 283—287.

Passing over others, we now come to the martyrdom of two individuals of great celebrity for their talents and stations. Pietro Carnesecchi and Aonio Paleario. Carnesecchi had been secretary to Pope Clement VII, and so great was his influence, that it was commonly said, the church was governed by Carnesecchi rather than Clement. When Carnesecchi began to 'suspect' the truth of the new opinions, he

displayed the mental courage peculiar to great minds, and pursued it in spite of the hazards that intercepted his path. The account of his life and execution is too long to quote, and must give way to Paleario.

“ On quitting the Siennese about the year 1543, Aonio Paleario embraced an invitation from the senate of Lucca, where he taught the Latin classics, and acted as orator to the republic on solemn occasions. To this place he was followed by Maco Blaterone, one of his former adversaries, a sciolist who possessed that volubility of tongue which captivates the vulgar ear, and whose ignorance and loquacity had been severely chastised, but not corrected, by the satirical pen of Aretino. Lucca at that time abounded with men of enlightened and honourable minds: and the genuine eloquence of Paleario, sustained by the lofty bearing of his spirit, enabled him easily to triumph over his unworthy rival, who, disgraced and driven from the city, sought his revenge from the Dominicans at Rome. By means of his friends in the conclave, Paleario counteracted at that time the informations of his accuser, which, however, were produced against him at a future period. Meanwhile his spirit submitted with reluctance to the drudgery of teaching languages, while his income was insufficient for supporting the domestic establishment which his wife, who had been genteelly bred, aspired to. In these circumstances, after remaining about ten years at Lucca, he accepted an invitation from the senate of Milan, which conferred on him a liberal salary, together with special immunities, as professor of eloquence. He kept his place in that city during seven years, though in great perils amidst the severities practised towards those suspected of favouring the new opinions. But in the year 1566, while deliberating about his removal to Bologna, he was caught in the storm which burst on so many learned and excellent men, at the elevation of Pius V. to the pontifical chair. Being seized by Frate Angelo de Cremona, the inquisitor, and conveyed to Rome, he was committed to close confinement in the Torre Nona. His book on the Benefit of Christ's Death, his commendations of Ochino, his defence of himself before the senators at Sienna, and the suspicions which he had incurred during his residence at that place and at Lucca, were all revived against him. After the whole had been collected and sifted, the charge at last resolved itself into the four following articles:— that he denied purgatory; disapproved of burying the dead in churches, preferring the ancient Roman method of sepulture without the walls of cities; ridiculed the monastic life; and appeared to ascribe justification solely to confidence in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. For holding these opinions he was condemned, after an imprisonment of three years, to be suspended on a gibbet and his body to be given to the flames; and the sentence was executed on the 3d of July, 1570, in the seventieth year of his age. - - - - -

“ The unnatural and disordered conceptions which certain persons have of right and wrong, prompt them to impart facts which their more judicious, but not less guilty, associates would have concealed or coloured. To this we owe the following account of Paleario's behaviour on his trial before the cardinals of the inquisition. ‘ When he saw that he could produce nothing in defence of his pravity,’ says the annalist just quoted, ‘ falling into a rage, he broke out in these words:—‘ Seeing your eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed apostle Peter, when he says, Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps; who did no evil, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously. Proceed then to give judgment—pronounce sentence on Aonio; and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office.’ Instead of supposing that the person who uttered these words was under the influence of passion, every reader of right feeling will be disposed to exclaim, ‘ Here is the patience and

the faith of the saints !' Before leaving his cell for the place of execution, he was permitted to write two letters, one to his wife and another to his sons, Lampridio and Fedro. They are short, but the more affecting from this very circumstance ; because it is evident that he was restrained by the fear of saying any thing which, by giving offence to his judges, might lead to the suppression of the letters, or to the harsh treatment of his family after his death. - - - - -

" From his letters it appears that he enjoyed the friendship and correspondence of the most celebrated persons of that time, both in the church and in the republic of letters. Among the former were cardinals Sadolet, Bembo, Pole, Maffei, Badia, Filonardo, and Sfrondati ; and among the latter Flaminio, Riccio, Alciati, Vittorio, Lampridio, and Buonamici. His poem on the Immortality of the Soul was received with applause by the learned. It is perhaps no high praise to say of his Orations, that they placed him above all the moderns, who obtained the name of Ciceronians from their studious imitation of the style of the Roman orator ; but they are certainly written with much elegance and spirit. His Letter, addressed to the reformers, on the council of Trent, and his Testimony and Pleading against the Roman Pontiffs, evince a knowledge of the Scriptures, soundness in the faith, candour, and fervent zeal, worthy of a reformer and confessor of the truth. His tract on the benefit of the death of Christ was uncommonly useful, and made a great noise at its first publication. Forty thousand copies of it were sold in the course of six years. It is said that cardinal Pole had a share in composing it, and that Flaminio wrote a defence of it ; and activity in circulating it formed one of the charges on which cardinal Morone was imprisoned and Carneseccchi committed to the flames. When we take into consideration his talents, his zeal, the utility of his writings, and the sufferings which he endured, Paleario must be viewed as one of the greatest ornaments of the reformed cause in Italy."—pp. 297—304.

The present and subsequent state of Italy is a standing proof that these measures were successful in destroying open heresy, and perhaps in entirely suppressing the spread of the Lutheran doctrines. A fact which forms an unpleasant exception to the rule, that " blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

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#### THE ANNUALS.

Friendship's Offering ; a Literary Album and Christmas and New Year's Gift for 1828. London. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1828.

The Winter's Wreath, or a Collection of Original Pieces, in Prose and Verse. London, Whittaker ; and Smith, Liverpool. 1828.

The Pledge of Friendship ; a Christmas Present and New Year's Gift. London. Published by W. Marshall. 1828.

The Christmas Box ; an Annual Present for Children. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. London. Ainsworth. 1828.

WE have already given an account of those Souvenir books of this year which won the prize of earliness, if not of excellence, and it is only fair that we should do the same for the three before us, which, though late in the season, are not slow in the race of competition.

The Literary Souvenir is always respectable in all its departments ; it contains invariably a certain quantity of verse, which amounts to the pretty—of prose, which is decorously agreeable. Its stanzas are well looked after ; the rhymes are properly assorted ; the language of the tales is generally neat, sometimes elegant ; there is a spice of anti-quarianism, a dash of modern life, a touch of passion, a decent story

of humour, and an occasional horror in the shape of a hobgoblin legend. When these are properly mixed up with sonnets, elegies, impromptus, lines, songs, &c. &c. exquisitely printed, bound or boarded, and superbly adorned with plates of the utmost luculence, what more is wanted for a Christmas Souvenir?

In speaking of the preface to the Literary Souvenir, we noticed some angry expressions of Mr. Alaric Watts' against the pretensions of a rival editor, and we rashly surmised that he alluded to the *Friendship's Offering*: we were quickly informed of our mistake, and the prospectus of another of these pretty works, which by its lofty promises, and its supercilious reference to its rivals, certainly justified the wrath of Mr. Watts. It is better that we rectify the mistake before we proceed.

We have made several complaints against these works, that their contents are spiritless, disjointed, and written with the air of task-work. The first exception that strikes us with any force is undoubtedly in the contents of this year's *Friendship's Offering*; a lively and pleasant genius pervades both its poetry and its prose: in some instances there is more successful exertion of talent than in any other case we have seen in these works; but that which we have chiefly remarked, and prefer to dwell upon, is its cheerful gaiety. It is neither common-place, leaden, empty, nor vapid—the faults of publications managed after the fashion of these Souvenirs; and as we have fallen into disgrace with many good-natured readers for our surly denial of merit to books clothed in such shining cases, so prettily printed and superbly adorned, we are glad to make this ready admission of the existence of talent on the first occasion on which we can recognise it. The names of the contributors to the *Friendship's Offering*, perhaps, may not be so illustrious as those of some other similar works; and perhaps to this circumstance some part of the superiority of the materials may be attributed. In other cases an editor has gone about screwing and twisting from the portfolio of a celebrated writer any scrap, whether worthless or not was indifferent, provided it had the superscription of his name; it was thought that the public, like a banker, would rather look at the endorsing of the bill for the substantial holder, than into its body for the value of its contents. The writers of the *Friendship's Offering* appear to be chiefly formed from a *set* known to the world as the writers of the *Etonian*, one of the best books ever written by young men, though at the same time a work not of much promise for either depth or strength; their talents are of a calibre well adapted for an annual, brisk, painted, and polished. We might particularise many articles which deserve this character. The *Caçadore*, a Tale of the Peninsular War, possessing claims of a somewhat higher cast; for it is written with a freshness and truth which not only show that the author has been a sympathising witness of the events of his story, but that he has recorded them on the inspiration of the moment. But for a knowledge of human nature; for the light and elegant polish of a well-bred pen; for a pleasant familiarity with life as it flies in modern times, and in genteel circles, we prefer the story of the *Married Actress*; so much so indeed, that we propose to append it to this paper.

The *Winter's Wreath* is a pious production, and the piety is of a

more *bonâ fide* cast than the other *serious* Souvenir, the Amulet: here are no flaunting love verses; no profane jokes; no light stories of broken vows or fatal passion: over all things, sublimary and superlunary, one universal drab is spread—one grave tone is preserved; one eternal strain of moralizing is sustained; the prose is sermons or sermonets, and the verse hymns, canticles, or at most elegies. The same objection to profane sources of amusement has extended to the plates; they are neither well executed nor well chosen; in fact they are not improvements upon the cuts which usually adorn the frontispieces of books intended as presents for young people. The only paper which struck us as being, either in composition or matter, above the ordinary run of a village Sabbath-day discourse, is the paper by Mr. Swainson on the higher uses of Natural History; it is elegantly written, and a few facts showing the curious relations which exist between certain entomological branches of the creation, are happily selected and well developed.

The Pledge of Friendship strikes us as being the least select of any of these publications. There are some good papers—some better meant than executed; but the verse is precisely on the level with the poetry of the Universal Magazine for the year 1777. It is crowded by the productions of unknown Misses and Masters, which seem to have been admitted for reasons as unknown as the names of the contributors. The plates are superior to the literature; but of those we shall speak collectively.

The Christmas-Box is a book for children about eight or nine years of age; and if it were not for its pretensions to being edited and written by persons of note, would be unworthy of criticism. When men of celebrity turn to the task of composing for children, the immense superiority of information, and the disparity of years, naturally leads to the expectation of something extraordinary. The most surprising thing in the Christmas-Box, however, is that adults should be so successful in reducing them to the level of children. It is impossible to distinguish Mr. Lockhart, the editor of the Quarterly Review, when writing the history of the late war, from one of his children (if he has any), aged seven years old; and we do not see what benefit is to be derived to a child by its parents, or its author setting himself down into an equal state of insipidity and ignorance. When Mr. Day wrote Sandford and Merton, he acted very differently, and there is no more interesting book to children of all ages than this admirable piece of didactic fiction, unless it be Robinson Crusoe. Had Mr. Lockhart told the story of the mariner of York, he would indeed have made himself understood, but he would neither have excited interest nor communicated instruction. He would have begun "once upon a time a ship was wrecked in a great storm, and one man was cast upon a desert island, where he lived a long time without any body to speak to; but it so happened that he fell in with a black man, whom he took for his servant, and called Friday, because it was on a Friday that he got him, and then he had somebody to speak to, and this made him more happy and cheerful," &c. &c. We should prefer Defoe.

In the whole of the Christmas-Box there is a wonderful lack of invention, which is supplied by resorting to the established sources of

fiction, and simply reducing the breathing healthy productions of other authors to the mere skeleton. Thus the battle of the pseudo, Homer's Frogs and Mice, forms the subject of the first paper, which is however better done than some others; more especially the "Three Caskets," from Shakespear's Merchant of Venice. We object to the morality of some of the papers, more especially the "Little Willie Bell" of Mr. Lockhart, and to the vulgarity of expression in others. The wood cuts are spirited, and exceed the ordinary cuts of children's books as much as the contents fall short of many of the juvenile works already enjoying popularity.

The plates of two of these works—the first in the list are now well known to be as excellent as the state of the arts of engraving and painting will permit. Money is not spared: sometimes, however, in the selection of the subjects a happy genius may preside, sometimes the mischances attending those labours, in which a combination of excellence is demanded, may befall the most zealous publisher. The whole getting up of Mr. Alaric Watts' Souvenir is exquisite, and yet we think he has this time not been lucky in his plates.

The Juliet after the Masquerade, painted by Thomson, and engraved by Rolls, is certainly matchless for the calm tone of its shadowy moonlight, its delicious repose, and atmosphere of starry brightness: yet the countenance of the figure is deficient in expression, and fails in giving the idea of beauty wrapt up in proportionate contemplation, according to the intention of the artist.

The Psyche borne by the Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure, painted by Wood, and engraved by Engleheart, is thoroughly celestial in all its forms and adjuncts. The grouping is inimitable, and the engraver has done full justice to his subject. The graceful limbs and persons of the figures are most delicately hit off by the light but brilliant touch of the engraver, in a manner that does honour.

In the Return of a victorious Armament to a Greek City, painted by Linton, and improved by Goodall, there is a beauty, but it is not that of trath; the architecture is florid and magnificent, but it does not look like building of either stone or marble: the whole is in short in the style of scenery in a theatre rather than in a world of air, and light, and substance. The vessels and the population are as little like heroines of wood and men of flesh and bone. Nevertheless, the scene is splendid and beautiful in its way. We can say nothing for Mr. Chalon's Philippine Isles. His Thief Discovered is atrociously bad; and yet there are few artists equal to him. This is an instance of one of the mischances we spoke of.

In the Friendship's Offering there are several engravings of striking beauty and elegance. The Sylph, which forms the frontispiece, painted by Wood, and engraved by Humphreys, is a charming piece of youth and grace, in which both artists have been fortunate. We like the grouping of the La Villepatura, and the landscape is good; but there is something hard and scratchy in Mr. Le Petit's engraving, which does not please us. Titian's Last Picture, drawn by the same painter, is also a grim and murky affair: but the Cottage Diorama, by Webster, and engraved by Garner, and the Italian Wanderer by Gill, and engraved by Romney, are a pair of charming pieces, full of nature and a pleasant humour. The Rustic Wreath, by Witherington, and

engraved by Warner, is more creditable to the skill of the latter artist than to the invention of the painter. It is a beautiful piece of art. But of all these very admirable specimens, for truth and force of feeling, for a vigorous conception, and a masterly execution, the *Captive Slave*, painted by Simpson, and engraved by Finden, is unrivalled. The huge limbs of the *Captive*, sunk in unwilling repose, his look of wishfulness at the sunbeams as they enter the miserable window of his dungeon, both give an idea of subjugated power, which fills the mind and rouses the heart.

In the plates of the *Pledge of Friendship* we see nothing to praise, and the cuts of the *Winter's Wreath* are not at all on the same level of art with the engravings of the two annuals we have now noticed, and the three we gave an account of in our number for November.

The only extracts we shall make are two from the *Friendship's Offering*: the one is entitled *Palinodia*; it is a pleasant piece of affectation and coxcombry, which, though not original here, and perhaps even a servile imitation of the work of another hand, is not the worse on that account to the readers of the *Friendship's Offering*.

#### PALINODIA.

*Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quem præcepit—Hon.*

- “ There was a time, when I could feel  
 All passion's hopes and fears;  
 And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,  
 By smiles, and sighs, and tears.  
 The days are gone! no more, no more,  
 The cruel fates allow;  
 And though I'm hardly twenty-four,—  
 I'm not a Lover now.
- “ Lady, the mist is on my sight;  
 The chill is on my brow;  
 My day is night, my bloom is blight;  
 I'm not a Lover now!
- “ I never talk about the clouds,  
 I laugh at girls and boys,  
 I'm growing rather fond of crowds,  
 And very fond of noise;  
 I never wander forth alone  
 Upon the mountain's brow;  
 I weigh'd last winter, sixteen stone,—  
 I'm not a Lover now!
- “ I never wish to raise a veil,  
 I never raise a sigh;  
 I never tell a tender tale,  
 I never tell a lie;  
 I cannot kneel as once I did;  
 I've quite forgot my bow;  
 I never do as I am bid,—  
 I'm not a Lover now!



- “ I make strange blunders every day,  
   If I would be gallant,  
 Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,  
   And nieces for their aunt :  
 I fly from folly, tho’ it flows  
   From lips of loveliest glow ;  
 I don’t object to length of nose,—  
   I’m not a Lover now !
- “ The Muse’s steed is very fleet,—  
   I’d rather ride my mare ;  
 The Poet hunts a quaint conceit,—  
   I’d rather hunt a hare ;  
 I’ve learnt to utter yours and you,  
   Instead of thine and thou ;  
 And, oh ! I can’t endure a Blue !—  
   I’m not a Lover now !
- “ I find my Ovid very dry,  
   My Petrarch quite a pill,  
 Cut Fancy for Philosophy,  
   Tom Moore for Mr. Mill :  
 And belles may read, and beaux may write,  
   I care not who or how ;  
 I burnt my Album Sunday night ;—  
   I’m not a Lover now !
- “ I don’t encourage idle dreams  
   Of poison or of ropes ;  
 I cannot dine on airy schemes,  
   I cannot sup on hopes :  
 New milk, I own, is very fine,  
   Just foaming from the cow ;  
 But, yet, I want my pint of wine :—  
   I’m not a Lover now !
- “ When Laura sings young hearts away,  
   I’m deafer than the deep ;  
 When Leonora goes to play,  
   I sometimes go to sleep ;  
 When Mary draws her white gloves out,  
   I never dance, I vow ;  
 ‘ Too hot to kick one’s heels about !’  
   I’m not a Lover now !
- “ I’m busy, now, with state affairs,  
   I prate of Pitt and Fox ;  
 I ask the price of rail-road shares,  
   I watch the turns of stocks :  
 And this is life ! no verdure blooms  
   Upon the withered bough.  
 I save a fortune in perfumes ;—  
   I’m not a Lover now !

“ I may be, yet, what others are,  
 A boudoir’s babbling fool:  
 The flattered star of bench or bar,  
 A party’s chief or tool:  
 Come shower or sunshine,—hope or fear,—  
 The palace or the plough,—  
 My heart and lute are broken here ;—  
 I’m not a Lover now !

“ Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
 The chill is on my brow ;  
 My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
 I’m not a Lover now !

We have said that this is not original ; for in the album of a very beautiful and accomplished person we have read something like the following. We do not profess to read albums—on the contrary altogether ; but still, they may be presented by hands altogether irresistible. Are not the verses we have quoted very like stanzas commencing somewhat thus. We do not vouch for any very correct order or great accuracy : it is the beauty of some productions that you cannot take them amiss.

“ Lady, my lip hath lost its note,  
 My harp hath lost its string,  
 The line is gone that used to float  
 Upon my spirit’s wing.  
 I see no light in ladies’ eyes,  
 No rainbow on their brow ;  
 I hear no music in their sighs,  
 I’m not a lover now.

“ I never leave my bed to go  
 And wander by the waters ;  
 When introduced, I scarcely know  
 A mother from her daughters ;  
 And for the murmuring of the brook  
 I hear what’s shod with iron ;  
 And Blackstone now for Lallah Rookh,  
 And Mill instead of Byron.

“ I do not, as I did of old,  
 Watch for the evening star ;  
 I’m just as apt to catch a cold  
 As other people are.  
 I very seldom dance quadrilles,  
 I never move a waltz,  
 I write no more with Bramah’s quills,  
 I believe friends may be false.

“ I cannot dine as once I did,  
 On eye-brows and on bonnets ;  
 I’m grown almost as fond of bed  
 As I was then of sonnets.  
 &c. &c. &c.

We have promised to insert the sketch of the Married Actress. It is perhaps scarcely fair to take an entire story out of a work of this

kind, but our intention is good, and we will run the chance of its being properly appreciated.

#### THE MARRIED ACTRESS.

"Women have their stars, like men, and the star of Matilda Myrtle was whatever star presides over theatres. She was born in a country town, visited four times a year by one of the most formidable companies that ever caricatured Sheridan or Shakspeare. At twelve, she played Juliet at school, with prodigious applause. At fifteen she grew a genius, and studied, alternately, the sampler and the 'School for Scandal.' At seventeen she became romantic, and pined for glory. At eighteen she was on the stage!

"The early career of all actresses is much the same: dress, admiration, head-aches, exhausted eyes, and eternal farces, are the chief cares and pleasures of their souls and bodies. Some are unlucky; and, after a campaign, in which the world discovers that they have mistaken their profession, are sent to acquire the graces in the circuit of the country barns. But Matilda was among the fortunate: she had taste, and sang with touching sweetness; she had talent, and played with easy vivacity; her figure, if not bewitching, was feminine, and her face, if not fatal, was expressive. In short, she became a public favourite. All that was graceful in the loves and sorrows of the drama was her peculiar province; the sighs and smiles of youthful passion could be pictured by no other skill; the anguish of the rejected child, the love of the innocent wife, the fond frenzy, and the tender despair, were her's without a rival. Wealth flowed in upon her; and last, and most hazardous of her triumphs—lovers came in merciless profusion.

"There is a vast deal of the tender passion perpetually wandering through the world; but routs and drawing-rooms, with all their morning practices, and midnight quadrilles—and even with the masquerade and waltz, are the frigid zone to the temperature of the green room. A perpetual fire of billets-doux pours in upon the idol; and if a conflagration could be kindled within her bosom by embossed paper and perfumed wax, a handsome actress would be burned to the ground within the first week of the season.

"At length, one lover came—fashionable, fond, and devoted beyond all the language of devotedness. Matilda still spurned the chain; but who can for ever resist time, importunity, and a handsome man of five-and-twenty, who swears that he will drown himself. She yet resisted long; and with the dexterity of woman, detected all the little arts by which the lover sought to have an opportunity of flinging himself at her fairy feet in the presence of the wondering world.

"She detected him behind her coach, in partnership with her footman, and dismissed them both, without a character. She saw him through the beard of a rabbi, who persecuted her with the cheapest shawls and attar earth. She declined injuring the revenue by dealing in Brussels lace, which the most elegant of smugglers offered her at fifty per cent. under prime cost. She lost the patronage of a match-making peeress in her own right, by refusing to shine at a blue-stocking party, in which the faithful and ill-used Sir Charles was to display in the deepest azure. She affronted a veteran baroness, by refusing to take a seat in her box, to receive a lecture on the subject; and, during a week before her benefit, when Plutus himself marches with his hands in both his pockets, to have the honour of paying at once for his box and sight of the fair object of popular adoration, she shut herself up from human eyes; and, in bitterness, worthy of a chancellor of the exchequer in the fall of the stocks, lamented the hour when this enemy of her peace and purse first cast his glance upon her captivations.

"But if her persecution in private was severe, it was inveterate, indefatigable, and intolerable in public. From the moment when blooming from the hands of the tirewoman, and exhilarated by a full view of her attractions in the pier-glass of the green-room (a glass which, if gazing could wear it out, would not last a year in any theatre in England), she tripped upon the stage,

to the moment when, loaded with applause, she withdrew, and, as the curtain fell, bore all hearts with her, one eternal opera-glass was pointed towards the scene: she saw this optic-ordnance, with its chrystal muzzle levelled point-blank upon her figure; now covering her countenance, now sending its full discharge into her fair and agitated bosom, now leisurely ranging over her form, to revert with exhaustless attack to a face blushing through all the rouge that was to blush through the five endless acts of a modern comedy.

"What was to be done? To repel the assailant was impossible, except by ordering his assassination; to love him might be difficult; but to marry him was easy. She made up her mind; and then, as is the way of women, applied for advice. Her confidant and privy-counsellor was a pretty actress, in her own style, her frequent double, when she was better engaged than in theatres and seized with a sudden and violent indisposition—to make her appearance.

"'There,' said Matilda, pointing to a pile of manuscripts, 'there is my task for a week to come; who could endure such drudgery?'

"'Horrible!' said Sophonisba.

"'Those managers are absolutely barbarous,' said Matilda. 'Can they imagine that minds, memories, or spirits, can hold out under this eternal study?'

"'Perfectly impossible,' said Sophonisba.

"'I would rather quit the stage, or London, or the world, than lie at the mercy of those task-masters. Better be milking cows, or making cheese, or teaching brats in a village school, or nursing an old husband, or doing any of the hundred miseries of women, than wasting life, health, talent, and temper, on the stage,' declaimed Matilda.

"'Undeniably true—what I have thought a hundred times a day, but never could express as you can, my dear friend,' said Sophonisba, charmed with the chance of getting rid of her.

"'Yes, my dear Sophy, by quitting the stage, I should escape a sea of troubles. What woman on earth could endure wading through the infinite mass of stupidity that lies upon that table. And then to stand before the public, the ridiculous figure that every ridiculous writer imagines to be charming; to bear the blame of all—the worn-out jests, the dull dialogue, the unnatural character that every dramatic dunce conceives to be wit, eloquence, and nature. Even to disgrace my figure, such as it is, by the burlesque dress, and horrid materials, that would make even beauty hideous; and do all this—not once, but every night in every year, of a miserable, toilsome, thankless existence.'

"'You speak like a hundred oracles,' said Sophonisba. 'It is absolutely scandalous, that talents and beauty like yours should be condemned to our unhappy profession; chained like a galley-slave to the oar!'

"'Or like a wretch condemned to the mines, working for the profit of others, of tyrants, till he dies!' exclaimed Matilda.

"'Or like a recruit in a marching regiment, beguiled in a moment of inexperience, into his dreadful trade; and, from that hour, not daring to call his soul his own, till hardships break up his constitution for the hospital, or the field consigns him to the grave!' still louder exclaimed her friend.

"'Then, dear Sophy, the morning rehearsal; the march through hail, rain, and snow, to shiver on a stage, dreary as a dungeon, with no more light than serves to show the faces of the condemned drudges to each other.'

"'Then the evening performance, whether out of spirits or in; the frightful necessity of looking delightful when you are miserable, and of smiling and singing when you would give the world for leave to yawn and go to bed, said her friend, with a face of despair!'

"'Then the misery of failure; the chance of being hissed by some drunken wretch, privileged by the *half-price* of the shilling gallery. The certainty of being attacked by the horrid criticisms of the public prints, ill-treated every day in the week, and twice worse on a Sunday.'

" 'Yes; to be the habitual *pis-aller* of the newspapers, when there is no Parliamentary nonsense, or suburb squabble, to fill their columns; when Ministers are gone to sleep, and the Old Bailey hangs no more.'

" 'Melancholy fate! Then the chance of illness, that may in an hour, destroy the features of the beauty, or leave the singer without a note; and the certainty, that every year of a profession, which, like ours, wears out life, will be leaving room for horrid comparisons, even with ourselves,' murmured Matilda, casting an involuntary glance at the mirror.

" 'Then the being excluded from all society, by the perpetual labours of the stage; or being asked to the party of some supercilious woman of fashion, to be lionesses. Let me die first!' murmured Sophonisba.

" 'Yes; to stand upon a pedestal and play candelabra, for the honour and glory of her drawing room; to be shown, like the laughing hyæna, for the mere oddity of the creature; or perched like a parrot, or a kangaroo upon its hind legs, for the tricks and teasing of all the grown children of the exclusive world. It is what I have endured with my soul wringing, but never *will* endure again!' exclaimed the agonized Matilda.

" 'Then, my Matilda, to return with an aching head at two in the morning, and find a peremptory note from the theatre, with a packet of stuff that you must force into that aching head before rehearsal on that very day; a business which, of course, compels you to sit up till morning; or, if you sleep, fills you with horrid sights and sounds of angry managers, pitfalls of puppies, hissing, grimacing, and groaning at you, and whole theatres in uproar for your utter ruin.

" 'Or, after having worn my eyes red, and laboured myself into a mortal fatigue, that would make one envy a post-chaise driver at an election, or a donkey at Brighton in the season, or a ministerial member ordered to sit up for *all* the divisions, or a pedestrian curate with three churches and *no* connection with a lord, or any thing that in this weary world is the very essence of weariness, to find that all goes for nothing, that the thing you have to appear in, is hissed from the first scene, and sent to the dogs—author, actress, and all—by a discriminating audience, of whom one half are half-seas over.

" More miseries are enumerated, and various specimens of love-letters recited—the last is as follows:—

" 'Angel of the drama! delight of Drury! sweet magician of melodrama! I am a wild young fellow, in love with you to distraction. I scorn all kinds of masquerade in matters between us; I tell you, with the proudest consciousness of candour, that I have not one shilling to rub to another. Within these two days, I have smiled my adieu to the gates of the King's Bench, and, in two minutes more, I will be at your feet, if you command me. Disdain me not, my enchantress, for, if my passion is potent, my hate is horrible; if my fondness is flame, my revenge is ruin. I shall wait at the New Hummums, just half an hour, for your answer. Come live with me, and be my love; nay, if you *insist* upon it, my wife. But if I hear nothing from you, as surely as you play Juliet this night, you will find a Romeo in the front row of the pit, with a brace of pistols loaded with slugs to the muzzle, one of which he will fire at your too lovely, too perfidious face, and the other into his too tender, too adoring bosom. I am in despair. Life is valueless. Love me, and I shall secure an engagement in the Birmingham company for us both; scorn me and we die together. Adieu Charlotte!

" 'Yours, till seven o'clock this evening, pistol in hand,

" 'WERTER.'

" 'Frightful, but too true, Matilda. A popular actress ought always to insure her life at the commencement of a season. There's cunning Fanny *Edwards*, fired at as regularly as a partridge in September; and poor Angela Love's skin has been riddled in the most merciless manner. Yes; we are a perfect pigeon match; with only this difference, that they fire at *us* in our cage.'

" 'And then, my kind Sophy, the horrid equivocal, or unequivocal, at-

tentions of coxcombs, every word on whose tongue is the most impudent condescension. To be hunted from party to party, by cornet this, of the Lancers, and general that, of the Guards; to be given over as the peculiar property of Colonel Jilt, that plague of the green-room; and be declared to be ready to drop into the mouth of my Lord Piper, that plague of every other room, if he would but take the trouble to swallow us.

"In short, the 'kind Sophy' gives disinterested advice that her friend should fly the stage, and marry Sir Charles. It is done. Matilda passes through all the modes of fashionable life; and still loves Sir Charles—who sobers down into 'an excellent husband.' Our next extract finds her almost dying. The sympathy of Eugenia, a young relative of the family, is excited.

"Eugenia approached her in alarm, and, taking her hand, asked whether its wild yet feeble throbbings might not be the mere effect of the summer's day? Whether she had ever been liable to fluctuations of spirits?

"'Never,' was the answer. 'For six years I led the happiest life that woman could lead. I was the gayest of the gay. I never knew a moment's dreariness while—I was upon the stage!'

"'You surprise me—it may have had its amusements; but the labour, the actual toil!'

"'Was absolutely nothing,' was the reply. 'Or, if it were something, habit gives ease. One part is so like another—originality is not the vice of modern authorship—that a single play generally lets one into the secret of every other during the season. I have known one French melodrame figure in the fourfold shape of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, for a year together.'

"'But the horror of appearing before an audience; I should absolutely die of the first fright,' said Eugenia, with a shudder.

"'Women are sometimes very courageous animals,' said the mourner, with a rising smile. 'Half our fashionable acquaintance exhibit an intrepidity which I never dreamed of equalling. Have you ever observed Lady Maria driving the reluctant duke into the matrimonial net, in the face of the whole laughing world; or the vigour of my Lord Apathy, under the hottest fire of all kinds of scandal? No; the actress is too much absorbed in her part, to think of any thing else after the first five minutes, and after all, what is there to terrify her in applause?'

"'But failure—the miseries of having to bear the sins of some dull writer, and be answerable for the innumerable *sotisses* of the stupid of this stupid world.'

"'Quite a jest,' said Matilda. 'Nothing is more easily disengaged than the actress from the downfall of the author. The public hiss the play and applaud the performer at the same moment. They pity the charming Miss A—for 'having had a part so unworthy of her talents;' or give Miss B—credit—for the delightful vivacity with which she put life into the abominable dulness of the dullest dialogue that ever trickled from human pen.' A smile rose on the melancholy cheek.

"'But, then, to be excluded from the world; if it were by nothing but the perpetual employment of the stage?'

"'Excluded from what world?' pronounced Matilda, with a glance of scorn: 'from the tedious, commonplace, and worthless world that we are now condemned to; from the honour of mixing with idiotic young men, who spend life in yawning, and making every one else yawn; or wicked old ones, whose vice is as hideous as its marks upon their countenances; or with vapid young ladies, whose whole soul contains but two ideas—a sense of their own perfections, and a longing for the rent-roll of some uncouth lord of the adjoining acres; or old ones, with but two others, how to beg, borrow, or steal a match for their sons and daughters, and how to level the reputation of every woman of honour to their own.'

"'Yet, to know none but actors; a strange race, as I should conceive, and not very captivating to a refined taste,' laughed Eugenia.

" 'You had better not make the experiment, my dear,' was the reply, 'if you wish to have your 'bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne.' There are varieties of character among them, it is true, and perhaps no one should choose there, who was determined to be the wife of a prime minister or a chancellor. But recollect what they have been, and are—almost all urged to the stage by a taste for pleasantries, by natural liveliness, by that very turn for wit, for song, for the drama of life, that makes human beings most amusing and amused. The stage cultivates all those powers, fills the story-teller with anecdote, the humourist with jest, the man of observation with a knowledge of the oddest portions of life. Some, too, are beings of real genius, glowing with fine thought, touched with the true poetry of mind, eloquent and various in conversation, and with manners softened and polished by the graces of the stage. Some of those, too, are handsome—for such the stage chooses from society: and now, Eugenia, only wonder that I remained long enough uncaptured, to be the wife of Sir Charles.'

" 'But those were the sunny hours,' said Eugenia. 'How could any one endure the incessant rehearsals, the late hours, or even the wearisome repetition of the same characters?'

" 'I never knew the misery of late hours,' said Matilda, with a yawn, 'until I lived in the world of duchesses. How I envy those untireable skeletons the faculty of keeping awake all night. I was generally sunk into the soundest of all slumbers, before any woman of rank in town had put on the night's rouge, for the first of the half dozen parties that she must terrify with the moral of her physiognomy before morn. My dreams, too, were delight itself—no horrid round of spectres, predicting broken fortunes and public disclosure. But the sounds of the stage still in my ear, heightened by the magic of sleep into deliciousness: the figures of the drama living again before me in lovely procession—myself a queen or a sylph, or in some bower of roses and all kinds of sweets, receiving the homage of half the kneeling world; or some other idea equally strange and charming.' Her fancy kindled her fine face, as she said these words, and she looked the handsome creature she had been.

" 'I must give up the question,' said Eugenia; 'but if you looked as dangerous on the stage as you do at this moment, you must have been horribly plagued with the attentions of all kinds of strange men.'

" 'Rather say perplexed, my dear,' and then the cheek wore a still livelier crimson, as Matilda rose and walked to the magnificent mirror. 'The number of attentions that one receives may be embarrassing, and the admirers may be now and then very odd people. But, *entre nous, ma chère*, no woman ever dies of excessive admiration. Some of those attentions were elegant, and from the elegant, the simplest pleasure of knowing that the world thinks well of one's appearance is a pleasure; but the delight of being the object of high-bred admiration, of receiving the unequivocal homage, that, paid to an actress, can be paid only to her beauty and her genius, is absolutely the most intoxicating draught that can steal away the understanding of woman.' She stood arranging her fine hair before the mirror.

" 'I acknowledge your ladyship's victory,' said Eugenia, 'and will leave you but for a moment, to dress for the countess's soirée. In the meantime, here is the evening paper just arrived, and full of foreign wonders, fashions, the opera, and the arrival of the French ambassador, covered with ribbons, and leaving all the belles of Paris in despair. *Lisez donc.*'

" On her return, she found Matilda sitting at the table, with her eyes fixed on the paper, her colour gone, and tears stealing down her cheeks. Astonished and alarmed, she gleamed over the paper to discover the fatal news. It was neither battle nor shipwreck, but a paragraph in almost invisible print, in an almost invisible corner:

" 'Last night, the favourite drama from the French, Julia, or the Recovered Daughter, was performed. The lovely Sophonisba Sweetbriar played the heroine with the universal applause of a crowded house. If

nothing can efface our recollection of its former exquisite representative, at least, its present one is without a rival.

" 'There!' exclaimed Matilda, starting from the table, 'there! see an example of the basest perfidy. What an abominable creature! I now see what was the purpose of her cunning advice! insidious wretch—I was in her way, and she was determined to remove me.' She burst into a flood of tears.

" Eugenia attempted to soothe her—all was in vain. She at length asked, whether she should order the carriage to be ready for the *soirée*. 'Yes,' said Matilda, 'order it; and instantly, too, for I must see this abominable woman's performance before I sleep, if I am *ever* to sleep again. I will never put faith in human protestations while I live.'

" The carriage was ordered; Matilda arrived at the theatre as the curtain rose. She saw her wily friend looking pretty enough to make any woman miserable. She heard the applauses reiterated; the clever actress played better and better, until Matilda could endure the sight no longer, and flew out of the house. She flung herself on Eugenia's neck, and owned that, with every means of happiness, she was the most unhappy being alive. 'Her habits had been broken up, the natural pursuit of her mind was taken from her, the current of her original delights was turned off, and fashionable life, opulence and enjoyment, could not refill the deserted course.' 'Let no actress,' said she, 'ever dream of happiness, but in adhering to the profession of her heart, her habits, and her genius!'

" Matilda withered like an autumnal flower: free but foggy, England threatened her with consumption. Travel was prescribed, and the Swiss and Italian atmosphere kept the flower on its stalk—and no more. Within six months, letters from home informed her that Sir Charles had died, like a patriotic Englishman, of a victory at a contested election, in the height of summer. She gave many a tear to the memory of this honest, loving, and by no means brilliant husband. She loved him; and, if she could have conceived it possible to make his figure succeed on the stage, she would have certainly not loved him less: but now the world was before her. Sophonisba was still playing her 'Julia,' drawing tears from half the world, and receiving proposals from the other half, which she was too cunning to accept. Matilda ordered a post-chaise and four, drove through Fondi, with a speed that knocked up her escort of chasseurs, and distanced Il Gran Diavolo, who was on the look-out for her equipage, with a full levy of his smartest dressed thieves; rushed through Lombardy, to the astonishment even of the English; and scarcely slept, ate, or existed, till she stopped at the St. James's Hotel.

" Her family affairs were despatched with the swiftness of a woman determined on any purpose under heaven. Her arrival was incog.; her existence had been, of course, utterly forgotten by her 'dear five hundred friends,' within the first week of her absence. She gave Eugenia a portion with a country curate, who had won her heart during a walk through the wonders of Oxford; and, next morning, sent for the rival manager, by her original name; her title was cast aside for ever. He waited on her, with an expedition most incredible to those who best know the movements of those weights of the theatrical machine; heard her offer with rapture; and announced the re-appearance of the public favourite, in red letters, of a length that was a wonder of the arts.

" Matilda appeared; she delighted the audience. Sophonisba disappeared; she found that she had nothing to do but to marry, and she took pity on the silliest heir to the bulkiest estate among the dukedoms. Matilda enjoyed the double triumph; glowed with new beauty, flashed with new brilliancy, was the fortune of the manager, the belle of the day, and was supposed to be one of the principal holders in the last three loans of the last war."



## BOYLE FARM.

Boyle Farm. A Poem. London. Bull, 1827. 12mo.

THE most impudent, insignificant, little humbug, that has been thrust upon the public for some time is Boyle Farm, a poem, by a person of quality. At a distance from town we heard an immense clucking about this production, which was said to be of such alarming merit that the author himself did not dare publish it; such puffing, with shame we confess it, fanned our curiosity into a blaze; and we took up the volume, when we at last obtained it, with the expectation of something very extraordinary—and extraordinary it undoubtedly is in the strict sense of the word—extraordinarily stupid. Beginning with the beginning, as is our custom, we read this Advertisement, which contains in plain bookseller's prose, more invention and fancy than is to be found in the poem whose approach it heralds:—

"The era in the fashionable world which is celebrated in the following poem, was one so striking and brilliant, and the poem itself is so graceful, spirited, and characteristic of the high society which it delineates, that the publisher has thought that he could not perform a more acceptable service to the *beau monde* than by presenting it with this literary brochure in a distinct form. Poems and novels, affecting to give pictures of fashionable life, have latterly abounded; but unhappily it has too frequently happened, either that the author's station in society was such that he could not possibly be acquainted with the scenes and characters which formed the subject of his work, or that if he were one of that privileged class to whom the mysteries of high life are revealed, he was not possessed of taste and genius sufficient to elevate him to a high rank among the *littérati* of the country. The noble author of Boyle Farm, however, is highly gifted in both particulars, and the illustrious house of Trentham, which in the fourteenth century produced the father of English poetry, 'the moral Gower,' has in the nineteenth won for itself fresh laurels, which bid fair to be as enduring as those which grew up in the olden time."

The fact is, that the "poem" does not delineate, or attempt to delineate, high society, or any society at all. It seems to have been written without any plan, or any coherent ideas, and the effect of it is pretty similar to that produced by the rehearsal of an old woman's dream. All sorts of things are jumbled together with a most unprovoked confusion, and the common laws of association are set at utter defiance. But before we proceed further we will extract from the introductory pages, a curiously ill-written paragraph on the subject of our notice, copied from a publication peculiarly dedicated to the honour of this kind of light litter, and thence called the Litter-airy Gazette (vulgarily corrupted into literary):—

"The following statement is from the *Literary Gazette*, in which this interesting poem originally appeared:—B—E F—M, or Boyle Farm, was famous in the annals of last fashionable season, for a fête given there by some five persons of the highest ton. The supreme pleasures to be enjoyed on such occasions can only be surmised by those who undergo the operation of attending them,—can only be guessed at by the cruel envy and disappointment of those who happen not to be of the elect. Preferring, as we do, the quiet of the study, we can yet imagine that others may be highly gratified by the exhibition of their persons in gala dresses, and by the fatigues of a crowded rout or *fête champêtre*. At all events, the entertainment of Boyle Farm has inspired an elegant laureate to sing its praise; and as the poem (ascribed to Lord Francis Gower) has been kept very closely, we trust our readers in general will

not be displeased with us for printing it, as we are sure the *porcelain* classes will be most grateful to us for giving them what they have so anxiously sought to behold.

"How we came to be possessed of so secret and sacred a composition, we are bound, *but at the same time embarrassed, to explain.* Suffice it to say, without betraying confidence in an ungallant manner, that the rarity of the poem having caused it to be an object of much fashionable solicitude, the *charming Lady \*\*\*\*\* copied it entirely into her own fair characters,* and with a kindness (to be duly and gratefully remembered) did us the favour to bestow it upon the *Literary Gazette.*"

That commencement, "B—e F—m, or Boyle Farm," is to our minds perfectly delicious. How exquisite to assume the mystery of the name in one clause and obligingly to drop it in the next for the instruction of country cousins! Then how exact the information, and how felicitously expressed; that the supreme pleasures to be enjoyed on such occasions can only be surmised by those who *undergo the operation* of attending them (i. e. the occasions!). And how modest, and at the same time, necessary, the annunciation that, "We prefer the quiet of the study to brilliant fetes!" And last of all, how delicate the embarrassment, to explain by what means the poem, which had been *kept very closely,* came into the hands of the editor; and with what a genteel Morning Post like simper, half bashful, half boastful, the good man tells of the charming lady \*\*\*\*\*'s favours.

In the poem itself which has provoked all this flummery, we perceive nothing remarkable, except the naval and military turn of the noble author's similes. He first likens beauty dressing for a fete to a ship lying-to, head to wind, in the Bay of Biscay, suddenly favoured with a fair wind aft, and spreading canvass to catch it:—

"Oft have I seen in Biscay's main,  
When head to wind some ship has lain,  
Sore struggling with the tempest's forces,  
With masts made snug and close-reef'd courses,  
Sudden exulting sailors hail  
The omens of a favouring gale,  
Stay-sail and flying gib unroll'd,  
Quit the dark caverns of the hold;  
To shake the reefs out every hand  
Is busy, every yard is mann'd—  
Till like a butterfly she sweeps,  
With all her mighty wings, the deeps."

We had no idea before we read these lines, that butterflies had "mighty wings:" but perhaps Boyle Farm butterflies are bigger than ordinary. Nor did we think that the description of *sweeping* was applicable to the flight of butterflies, which always seemed to our eyes of a directly opposite, a flickering character.

Again, a lady looking out of window is like a ship with sails bent and yards squared, and a spring upon her cable to boot, to bring her broadside to bear:—

"Now, each amusement antedating,  
I see her at the window waiting,  
Like ship for fight or speed prepared,  
Her sails all bent, her yards all squared;  
Which, mann'd with hands and hearts all able,  
Lies with a spring upon her cable,

And waits the telegraph's command,  
To gain her offing from the land."

A rocket is let off at Boyle Farm and it suggests this curious matter of fact London Gazette anecdote, having to do, not with Lords Chesterfield, Alvanley, and de Roos's fête, but Leipzig, Blücher, and Napoleon:—

"And hark! a novel sound surprises;  
In air the warning rocket rises.  
'Twas thus, on Leipzig's awful night,  
When warring Europe paused in fight,  
The fiery sign mysterious rose,  
Ill understood by all but those  
Who knew by previous information;  
It told them that another nation,  
With forward Blücher in its ranks,  
Was station'd on Napoleon's flanks."

On hearing the rocket, all the company flock to see the fireworks; and they are like the troops of a leader endeavouring to make good a position, and disturbed by a threatening demonstration. We cannot for the life of us see in what the resemblance particularly consists; but that is not our affair:—

"How quick that warning sound has made  
A desert of each lonely glade!  
Each silent walk and half-lit alley  
Are dull as Johnson's happy valley;  
Forlorn of every living thing  
The Indian cottage and the spring.  
In one be-shawl'd, be-feather'd cluster,  
Upon the river's banks they muster,  
To view, not glimpses of the new light,  
But rocket, Catherine-wheel, and blue-light.  
Thus, when some leader, to make good  
His station, fills a neighbouring wood  
With those insidious troops in green,  
Whose powers are sooner felt than seen;  
If suddenly his own position  
The foe should threaten with perdition,  
The bugle sounds; o'er all the plain  
The scatter'd masses close again;  
Kicking their steeds with all their feet,  
The skirmishing huzzars retreat,  
Resume the sabre from the side,  
And sling the carbine as they ride.  
Then from the bristling square once more  
The musquetry's collected roar,  
In one tremendous chorus, stifles  
The drooping fire of scatter'd rifles.  
Triumphs of carbon and of nitre,  
None ever saw or wished ye brighter."

Those persons, who, from the announcements and puffs, expect to find in Boyle Farm "scandalous personalities," and sketches of fashionable life, or portraits of fashionables, will be egregiously disappointed. There is but one dash headed and tailed with letters (A—y) which is commonly the great staple of such performances from the beginning to the end of the string of rhymes; and nothing more

personal than the quoted resemblance of a lady at her toilette to a ship spreading canvass in the Bay of Biscay. In a word, the whole performance is a *nothingness*. It can only be described by negations of good and bad. There is no fancy, no poetry, no idea, no plan, no wit, no imagination, no invention, no pleasantry, no personality, no persiflage, no scandal, no anecdote in it.

Perhaps it may be said, that we ought to speak more indulgently of it as the author did not intend its publication. With that, whether true or false, we have nothing whatever to do. It is in print, which gives us jurisdiction and we look only to the merits of the article on sale, in quality of literary clerks of the market. Whether the wares are stolen or not, is not our affair; but we may just observe, by the way, that we are not believers in rapes of publication.

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

1st. Is an application for a criminal information against the Reverend Thomas Brooksby and John Crabbe, Esq. two Essex magistrates, a speech was attributed to the former gentleman, which comprehends within itself a perfect "mirror of justice;" such as justice is in our rural districts, and administered by our rural authorities. The language ascribed to Mr. Brooksby may be received by the public as a key to the peculiar pranks of the unpaid; and any one newly placed in the commission of the peace, who shapes his course according to it, as by a chart, will, without effort or difficulty, act up to the conduct of the worshipful and much lauded corps of Solomons, to which he belongs. If the publication of a manual, called "The Complete Justice, or Committing Made Easy," were judged necessary, nothing more would be requisite than the few words of instruction we are about to quote. In the reply to the suggestion of taking counsel's opinion on a certain point, the Reverend Mr. Brooksby said:—

"We want no law, nor the advice of counsel either; my mind is made up. *My father used to say, that the magistrates should have nothing to do with law* [a laugh]. *The less they have to do with it the better, in my opinion. We do not sit here to administer the law, but to act as magistrates.* Give me the papers, and I will cut the Gordon knot (meaning, of course, the Gordian knot)."

We would have these words written in letters of brass over the door of every justice's chamber, and every session room in the kingdom:—*"We do not sit here to administer the law, but to act as magistrates."*

The phrase "to act as magistrates," according to the best reading, signifies "to do as we please."

The Reverend Mr. Brooksby's objection to the mention of *law* before magistrates reminds one of Mrs. Malaprop's exception to that of honour before ladies. When Sir Lucius names honour, she exclaims, "Fie Sir Lucius, to mention *honour* before ladies. Let us have no honour before ladies, Sir Lucius."

On the same day on which the above brilliant dictum was quoted

in court, another application was made for a criminal information against a Mr. Arundell of Devonshire, and if the ex-parte statement be correct, that gentleman seems to have admirably acted up to the maxim of his worshipful brother justice of Essex, "that magistrates should have nothing to do with law, &c." This charge is so extremely curious in all its particulars, that it is well worth while to present it again to the public. It merits more than the cursory reading at a breakfast table:—

"The Attorney-General moved for a rule to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against William Arundell Harris Arundell, Esq. of Lifton-park, in Devonshire, and a magistrate of that county. It was stated in affidavits, that there were two or three persons in the village of Lifton, against whom Mr. Arundell had declared a determined hostility. On the 6th of September last, a man of the name of Thomas Emery delivered a cart-load of barley at the malt-house of Mr. Robert Palmer in the village. After unloading, he drew his cart on one side of the road, to wait for the return of the sacks, leaving plenty of room for the passage of vehicles. Mr. Arundell rode by, and declared he would fine Emery 10s. for obstructing the highway. Emery pleaded hard for mercy; and Mr. Robert Palmer coming up, entreated he might be spared, being very poor. Mr. Arundell said, 'I don't care—I shall fine him.' Mr. Palmer asked Mr. Arundell whether the law did not allow a man to stand with his cart a reasonable time in the street, in order to load and unload it. Mr. Arundell then said to M. Palmer, '*I am not to be taught law by you, sir; I had only fined him 10s.—I shall now fine him 20s;* and unless he pays it immediately, I shall commit him to the house of correction.' Mr. Arundell gave Emery in custody, and had him brought to Lifton-park in the afternoon. He then gave him two hours to find the money for the fine. Emery went away in the custody of a man named Chubb, not a constable; and when he got to the village, the affair made great talk, and the villagers advised Emery not to remain in custody, as Chubb had no warrant. Emery accordingly left Chubb, and went home. Next morning, however, he went to Mr. Arundell to pay the fine. Mr. Arundell then said, You must now pay 20s.: 10s. for the original fine, and 10s. more for the expense of my issuing warrants to the constables from whom you ran away, to take you up.' After a short conversation Emery paid the money. Mr. Arundell then said, 'Did you not see Mr. Palmer shake his fist at me yesterday, before the Bell inn?' Emery said, that he did not see any such thing. Mr. Arundell then asked him whether he knew who the parties were that were standing before the Bell inn? Emery gave him their names. He took them down upon paper, wrote a few lines, and then asked Emery to make his mark under what he had written. Emery did so, but without taking any oath, and without having any oath tendered to him. On the 10th of September, Aldridge, Palmer, and Keller, were summoned to appear before Mr. Arundell, to answer a charge of having been parties to a riot, and a rescue of Thomas Emery. Mr. Arundell made Aldridge and Keller enter into recognizances to appear at the next Exeter sessions. He then turned to Mr. Palmer, and said, '*Mr. Palmer, you are the first man that I ever committed to prison for a personal insult towards myself.* I intend to send you to Exeter gaol.' Mr. Palmer asked him why. Mr. Arundell said, 'You insulted me yesterday at the Bell, and lifted up your fist against me.' Mr. Palmer said that he had not done any such thing. Mr. Arundell said that *he would not admit him to bail*; and Mr. Palmer, a man of respectability and property, was taken away in custody of a constable.—The magistrate, after ordering these persons to be taken to gaol, appeared to have repented. He sent somebody to bring them back, and told them on their return that he would not send them to gaol, but would make them enter into recognizances, which he had before him already written. The sessions were held on the 16th of October, when these men were bound to appear, and

answer any indictment that might be preferred against them. They had two witnesses, named Herd and Snell, who were present at all these transactions. On the night of the 15th, Mr. Arundell became acquainted with the fact that these two persons were going as witnesses; and that night he sent a summons for their attendance the next day before him. In this summons no offence was imputed to them, nor was any mention made that they were to be examined as witnesses. They told the constable who served it that they could not attend as they were going to the sessions. The constable reported this answer to the justice, who insisted they should come before him. He did not care where they were going—he would be obeyed. On the next day, the 16th, the witnesses appeared before the justice, who took paper, and examined them minutely as to the testimony they could give respecting the rescue. After he had examined them, he stated, that Emery had sworn before him, that he had seen Palmer's fist lifted at him, and that *if any persons ventured to contradict Emery, he would have them indicted for perjury.* The following day, these men went to the sessions; but the bill preferred against Palmer, Oldridge, and Kenna, was thrown out by the grand jury. It appeared, that some time previously, Mr. Arundell had declared his aversion to Palmer and Oldridge; and the affidavits in support of the motion, contained the copy of part of a letter written by Mr. Arundell to a person in Lifton, in which he spoke undisguisedly of the aversion he bore to Samuel Oldridge. It was sworn also, that Mr. Arundell had declared his intention not only to drive Oldridge out of the village, but to get the license of the Bell inn refused to Robert Palmer; and also, that of the other house, of which he was the proprietor.

“The court granted a rule to show cause.”

5th. At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society the Reverend James Taylor mentioned that Lady Grey had employed a man to go round the Isle of Wight, distributing tracts “in the *back parts* of houses where tracts were very much wanted.” Why have “the back parts” this peculiar occasion for tracts?

— A journal, which acts as *The Times* has done in the affair of the Bishop of Chester, charged with demeaning the Bishop of Norwich as a whist player, can hardly desire to possess a character for common honesty. The false accusation of the bishop is not the circumstance which disgraces *The Times*—to rely too confidently on information probably proceeding from sources carrying some authority with them, is perhaps an error in judgement—the vile truckling manner in which *The Times* changes its note in speaking of the bishop is what stamps it with faithlessness and duplicity. The Bishop of Chester was much the same man on the 30th of November, when *The Times* opened its charge against him, that he was on the 7th of December, when it declared the groundlessness of it. But on the 30th the language is; “*That unassuming prelate, the Bishop of Chester,*” and “*this worthy but somewhat militant member of the church,*” with other ironical sneers and sarcasms; on the 7th however *The Times*, after reading its recantation, says that “*the Bishop of Chester's character will stand as high with his countrymen, as it did before this affair.*”

This is despicable meanness, and barefaced dishonesty. *The Times* is a cowardly and a spiteful paper; and would trim its words so as to accommodate them at once to its fears and its malice. Under cover of an *amende* it would sneakily repeat an offence, but its baseness is too palpable. It is in a dilemma, and must either stand convicted

of dishonesty or pusillanimity. If it really means to say that the Bishop of Chester's character stood high before this false accusation was preferred against him, it was dishonest in it to describe him as it did, as an obnoxious, overbearing, meddling priest;\* if it means to say that the bishop's character will stand as high as it did before, insinuating that it occupied a low place in public estimation, which it will only continue to hold, it is guilty of a cowardly and base subterfuge in thus cloaking an affront under an apology.

It is thus, however, that *The Times* always conducts its hostilities. Cunning is its favourite tool, malignity its possessing passion, cowardice its safety. "Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," is a pretty applicable description of it; but as it will not refuse itself the pleasure of wounding because it fears the consequence of striking, it resorts to the expedient of conveying injuries under cover of caresses. A Judas it is, ever betraying with a kiss!

It is curious to observe in this affair the progress of falsehood. *The Times* begins by stating, that the Bishop of Chester has informed against his brother of Norwich for playing at whist. *The Morning Post* denies the information of the Bishop of Chester, but confidently asserts that an admonition from the archbishop for receiving into holy orders an unqualified person, was received by the Bishop of Norwich, when engaged in a rubber at whist. A letter then appears in the *Morning Chronicle*, in which the writer labours with infinite zeal, industry, and learning, to justify the playing of whist on Sunday, and from this the public—but that portion of it, at least, which has the good judgment to read the *Chronicle*, run away with the idea that the Bishop of Norwich plays at whist on Sunday! Many shook their heads at this, and declared that they thought there was no harm in whist on week-days, they could not approve of his grace's Sunday rubber. Very soon it would have been added, that his grace played in church-time—the "time" would next have been omitted, and the story would have gone forth that the Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Norwich, played at whist in church; and the last finish would have been contained in a lamentation, that the Bishop of Norwich could not find any other table for his cards than the Communion-table. These versions we should surely have had in due order, but for the publication of the correspondence which has passed between the bishops by Archdeacon Bathurst, from which it appears there was no whist at all in the case, and the only colour for the story of the whist consists in the fact, that the Bishop of Chester complained of an odd trick in his reverend brother of Norwich, whereupon the diocesan entertained the latter, not with a rubber, but a rub for it. The Bishop of Norwich, in a mild, good-humoured reply, *renounced*, and his rebuker should have *revoked*.

Dismissing levity and nonsense, I now copy the letters of the three bishops, as characteristic of these writers. The first is dry from heat, the second laboured and disjointed, because the party is performing a forced part—his heart and temper are not in the reproof;

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\* This description was not founded on the special offence alleged to have been committed against the Bishop of Chester, but was general, and made to present the bishop in his customary character.

the third all ease and amiability, the production of a man at ease with himself and all others:—

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER'S LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

*"Palace, Chester, July 20.*

"My Lord Archbishop—I think it my duty to lay before your Grace the following statement:—A young man, named Purdon, a native of Ireland, but lately resident at Caernarvon, having been disappointed in his expectations of being admitted by me as a candidate for holy orders, went to the Bishop of Norwich, by whom he was ordained Deacon on Trinity Sunday last, without any title whatever, and thereupon came into my diocese, and began to officiate without my license or permission. I have prohibited him from doing any duty within my diocese; but I think it right to make a complaint to your Grace of this violation of the canons on the part of the Bishop of Norwich—the frequent repetition of which would obviously render ineffectual and nugatory those regulations which I have adopted for the supply of fit and able men to serve the churches in this diocese. An instance of nearly the same kind occurred last year.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

*"C. J. CHESTER."*

LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DATED

*"Addington, July 28, 1827.*

"My Lord—I received the enclosed letter from the Bishop of Chester last week; your Lordship will see in this instance the mischief that belongs to the practice of giving orders without titles to them. It was probably unknown to your Lordship that Mr. Purdon had been rejected as a candidate for orders by the Bishop of Chester: but here lies the basis of the mischief; because, if a rejected candidate in one diocese can obtain orders in another summarily, without title, in violation of the canon, the discipline of the church, as it affects ordination, is utterly defeated. Your Lordship, I am sure, will take this admonition in good part, and give it the attention it may deserve.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your faithful friend and servant,

*"C. CANTUAR."*

THE REPLY OF THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

"My dear Lord Archbishop—It is impossible that an admonition from you should give offence to any one; because, upon all occasions the good sense and good feeling with which your admonitions are accompanied, entitle them not only to attention and respect, but also cannot fail to secure to them the effect which they have in view. I will not trouble your Grace with a statement of the case alluded to by my angry brother Bishop, but rest satisfied with assuring you that I did not know the Bishop of Chester had rejected Mr. Purdon, who is a very well-informed and exemplary young man, and nearly related to one whose memory I shall never cease to love and revere.—I am your Grace's faithful servant,

*"H. NORWICH."*

Archdeacon Bathurst would have shown discretion had he published this correspondence without his own exordium and peroration. Either nature or art has failed to qualify the Archdeacon for the business of a scribe. His taste too is as faulty as his composition. In support of our assertion we quote an example:—



"The first communication on the affair took place in a letter from the Archbishop, No. 1, with an inclosure, No. 3, from the Bishop of Chester. It was not received while at cards, as is impudently insinuated in one of the newspapers (for the post arrives in the morning), but *while my dear and honoured father was straining his eyes, which he employs to the last dregs of his existence*, and while exercising, with a weak bodily frame, his still vigorous understanding over the pages of Hoadley, or Jortin, or Jeremy Taylor, his favourite authors.—I leave to your indignation, and that of the public, the attacks made on such a man: they are beneath notice."

There is some cant and there is some nonsense in this. The attacks are clearly not "beneath notice," because Archdeacon Bathurst has himself thought proper to notice them.

The portrait of the Bishop of Norwich straining his eyes over Hoadley, or Jortin, or Jeremy Taylor, at post time, however picturesque, is rather in bad judgment, considering that a statement of facts, and not a fancy piece, suited the design of the Archdeacon. The phrase "the last dregs" of the worthy prelate's existence, again is offensive to taste. A pure life such as his has been has no "*dregs*." It runs crystal clear to the last.

The archdeacon's manner of writing is not happy.

16th. In the first volume of the Chronicles of the Canongate, p. 23, will be found these words:—

"Some stuck to cards, and though no longer deep gamblers, rather played small game than sat out. This I particularly despised. The strong impulse of gaming, alas! I had felt in my time—it is as intense as it is criminal; but it produces excitement and interest, and I can conceive how it should become a passion with strong and powerful minds. But to dribble away life *in exchanging bits of painted pasteboards round a green table*, for the piddling concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental tread-mill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch. From these hints, my readers will perceive I am incapacitated for one of the pleasures of old age, which, though not mentioned by Cicero, is not the least frequent resource in the present day—the club-room and the snug hand at whist."

With all becoming deference for Sir Walter Scott, I cannot but think that he has taken a very unphilosophical view of these pleasures, and reasoned the question very absurdly. His method of disparagement is a sufficiently vulgar one—"to dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table." Let us be suffered to represent things in this manner, and what will appear other than contemptible? Take the noblest of games for example, chess, and describe a Phillimore as dribbling away life in pushing bits of wood or ivory over a chequered deal board! In looking at such matters thus, we merely leave out of the account the skill, the combination, the animating desire to excel, the exercise of intellect. Adopting this easy method of disparagement, we may say of the scholar who spends his days and nights over books, that he dribbles away life in running

his eye over little black marks on white paper. Let us but exclude the ideas suggested by the little black marks, and the skill called forth in the management of the painted pasteboard, and reading and whist-playing are equally idle, and excusable only in folly or superannuation. Philosophers of Sir Walter's kind stop their ears to the music at balls, and then looking at the dancers, wonder that they can be such fools as to jump up and down without end or motive. They would go to convivial parties, too, and having closed their organs of hearing to the jest or the anecdote, scoff at the animation and the gestures which accompany the opening and the shutting of a mouth. By leaving out the material circumstances, and substituting the mechanical ones for them, we may make any thing appear contemptible to the apprehension of the superficial. For myself, I hold that all things which contribute to the pleasure of man, are entitled to a certain share of honour. The means may be insignificant, but the effect is too enviable to be despised. The childish reasoning, if so it can be called, applied to some of our amusements, is never applied to our pains. When a man is tortured with a bit of grit scarcely perceptible in his eye, where is the pragmatical coxcomb who would endeavour to argue away the anguish by dissenting on the insignificance of the cause, and explaining the worthlessness of its substance? Who cures the tooth-ache by showing that it is the inflammation of a mere thread? The fact of the pain is enough for us, and so should be the fact of a pleasure. Our amusements are not things to be taken to pieces and tried by their machinery.

Sir Walter Scott's argument is as illogical as it is unphilosophical. To gambling he concedes a degree of respect, because forsooth it produces "an excitation and interest."—Does he deny the excitation and interest of whist, a game of undisputed skill, calling forth speculation and conjecture, and provoking a rivalry of attention and sagacity? As for "the piddling concern of a few shillings," the money among the real lovers of the game is looked upon as the trophy of victory; and it would be as rational to deride the soldier for spilling his blood for a yard or two of silk rag, as to scoff at the whist player for the insignificance of his stake. The last reproach resolves itself into this, that the intelligence called forth in play bears no fruit. The practice therefore "is like riding on a rocking-horse where your utmost exertion never carries you a step forward—as a kind of mental tread-mill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise." The illustration is not quite exact, for progress is made in skill in the game; but dismissing that objection, let us ask whether nothing is good and respectable which does not carry us on towards those unnamed objects which Sir Walter has in view. If men could always be writing books like the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, they would be much to blame for losing time over whist. They should scorn "piddling concerns of shillings," obtain thousands by odd tricks of authorship, and rejoice in no honours but those of literature. Instead of shuffling the cards, they would shuffle and shuffle and shuffle again their old thoughts, and cut and deal them out again as new in new combinations. But all men are not Scotts. Many are unable to raise their minds to the higher provinces of intelligence; many are unable to maintain the strain of supporting them there, and to these

the gentle exercises of understanding and ingenuity afforded in a game at whist, are an agreeable occupation or relaxation. What could the exhausted student, or the idle votary of amusement, incapable of severe or steady application, do better? To the latter it is by comparison intellectual, to the former by comparison sport. It puts thoughts into the vacant head, and sweeps thoughts that dwell too heavily on the brain out of that of the studious one. To the weak, the infirm, the confined, that chamber-horse exercise, with its ups and downs, is no such contemptible exercise. We are not always to be galloping over the new world like Captain Head; and perhaps after all, Sir Walter or his Pegasus may scarcely be a neck before whist on his rocking-horse. The difference between the halt and the march of mind is not much more than that between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. Let us state the question at the utmost, and ask how far Sir Walter's works have carried us beyond the stans punctum of a pack of cards? We have been pleasantly beguiled of many an idle hour by the author of Waverley, and so too have we by the painted paste-board;—the pleasure is of a higher kind to be sure in the former case; but after all we fear it must be confessed, that novel reading is a rocking-horse exercise which gives employment without advancing the mind; "it is a kind of mental tread-mill," where much is done to no purpose—where one grinds away manibus penibusque on vacuum.

The thief who stole Mr. Brougham's bag and papers has, according to the newspapers, applied to him for some recompense for his professional trouble, as the booty was of no value to the *prig*. This modest demand reminds us of the following story, intended to illustrate French exigence:—

A gentleman strolling along the streets was suddenly interrupted by a Frenchman, who, rushing up to him with a red hot poker in his hand, accosted him in these terms, polite in their manner, however disagreeable in purport:

*Frenchman*—"Saar, I hope you will allow me de pleasure, de felicity, to run dis red hot pokaar sex inches into your body."

*Englishman*—"What do you mean, you scoundrel—stand off, or I'll knock you down."

*Frenchman*—"Oh Monsieur, I beg you will take no offence, but do just permit me den to run des red hot pokaar only tree inches into your body."

*Englishman*—"Not a hair's breadth, you villain; so keep off, or I'll trounce you."

*Frenchman*—"Oh Saar, I am sure you will be so complaisant as to let me run de red hot pokaar one leetle, leetle inch into your body—no more."

*Englishman*—"Not if your life and soul depended on it, you madman."

*Frenchman* [*drawing himself up*]"—Den Saar, since you refuse to let me run dis red hot pokaar into your body, I trust you will pay me for de trouble, and de expence, of heating de red hot pokaar for your body."

Mr. Brougham's friend merely required a recompense for de trouble and de expense of stealing the—his bag.

21st. The City of London, which worthily represents the gluttony, stupidity, and sordidness of the whole country, has long been in the practice of selling a judicial appointment, that of Secondary; and the natural consequence has been, that all sorts of abuses have been perpetrated in the office. There is nothing surprising in either of these circumstances—there is nothing in the world which the city would not sell in order to swell their means of gormandizing, and when men buy offices they think themselves entitled to make the most of them as properties. If the city could sell St. Paul's for a lively turtle they would do it, and the sacrifice of a heap of stones were pardonable, compared with the sacrifice of justice to Mammon, the high-priest of the belly-god. However, an end has at last been put to this abuse, thanks to the activity of Mr. Hunt, who had only to bring the matter before a Common Hall, and to shame the capon-crammed citizens into a reform. In the course of the debate which followed Mr. Hunt's motion, Mr. Waithman made the following statement respecting the abuses of the Secondary's office:—

“It was only a few days ago that it had been observed by one of the judges, that the proceedings in the Secondary's office were scandalous. A man's goods had been sold for 45*l.* 4*s.*, and the law expenses had been made to amount to 24*l.* He had papers which would prove that the Secondary had not only sanctioned these abuses in general, but had authorised or supported the abuse in particular to which he alluded. This documentary evidence had fallen into his possession by a God-send, for the Under-Sheriffs were as little disposed to give receipts for the money they had plundered, as a highwayman was to pass a receipt for what he might have abstracted from a passenger's pocket. The sums received in this manner by the Secondaries were immense. Instead of distributing the poundage to all the officers concerned in a transaction of this kind, he retained 17*s.* 6*d.* for himself, and allowed only 2*s.* 6*d.* for the officers. The Secondary had very little to do for this large proportion, whilst the officers incurred all the risk, the trouble, and the responsibility. The office of man-catcher, or bailiff, could exalt no man in society. It was undertaken solely on a principle of gain; and yet the Secondary well knew that if a bailiff took nothing but his legal profits he would starve. Were an action brought against an officer for putting in an execution improperly, the Secondary insisted that he should resort to his partner to defend that action. The partner made out a heavy bill of costs, and if the officer did not pay it, or if he complained of the charges, he was suspended from his situation. It was the Secondary, therefore, that put arms into the hands of the officer to enable him to extort money.”

How is it that none of the exemplary city magistrates ever discovered these flagrant and flagitious abuses, which would have been perpetuated to doomsday, but for the interference of a radical?

Referring to an allusion of Mr. Hunt respecting the city feasts, Mr. Pearson said—“That much virtue was often sacrificed *under the table*; and, as his habits were convivial, he had avoided the temptation. Moreover, at the time of these invitations, he had learnt that *whilst the corporation were regaling themselves out of the City Funds, the city baker had refused to supply the gaols with bread*

*for the prisoners, his bills had got so 'much in arrear from the profligate expenditure of the corporation."*

This is a noble anecdote, in every way worthy of the city. The ancient Romans could perceive no bad smell in the gold raised in taxes on urine, and, doubtless, the good citizens discovered no odour of injustice in the turtle and cold punch procured by the sale of a judicial office, to be administered, of course, not for the benefit of the public, but the purchaser, and dedicated to exaction. But, perhaps, the grandest beauty of all is, the fact, that while the corporation were feasting, the baker refused them credit for the prisoners' bread. Their pastry-cook, we will answer for it, never refused them credit for French pies.

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— A weekly publication contains this anecdote :—

CAPTAIN MORRIS, JOHN KEMBLE, AND J. BANNISTER.

" Captain Morris, whose Bacchanalian songs are well known, was, in his advanced age, compelled to exist on a small income. The Duke of Norfolk, whose table he had for many years gladdened, if not graced, was one evening lamenting very pathetically to John Kemble, over the fifth bottle, the precarious state of Charles Morris' income: John did not like at first to tell the duke plainly what he, as a wealthy man, ought to do; but when the sixth bottle was produced, Kemble arose "like a tower," and broke out, as Jack Bannister tells the story, into a sort of blank verse speech, into the numbers of which he always fell, when nearly intoxicated. As Bannister relates it, the speech was as follows, true, as Kemble ever was, to the very rhythm of Shakespear :—

" And does your Grace sincerely thus regret  
The destitute condition of your friend,  
With whom you have passed so many pleasant hours?  
Your Grace hath spoke of it most movingly.  
Is't possible, the highest peer o' th' realm,  
Amidst the prodigalities of fortune,  
Should see the woes which he would not relieve?  
The empty breath and vapour of the world,  
Of common sentiment, become no man:  
How should it then be worthy of your Grace?  
But Heaven, Lord Duke, hath placed you in a sphere,  
Where the wish to be kind, and being so,  
Are the same thing. A small annuity  
From your o'erflowing hoards; a nook of land,  
Clipped from the boundless round of your domains,  
Would ne'er be felt 'a monstrous cantle out';  
But you would be repaid with usury;  
Your gold, my lord, with prayers of grateful joy;  
Your fields would be overflowed with thankful tears,  
Ripening the harvest of a grateful heart."

It is almost needless to say what every body knows—that the duke at once granted the prayer of the actor's petition."

The fact, we believe, is, that the duke behaved very shabbily to Captain Morris. During the Pitt administration, when caricaturing and lampooning were favourite and efficient instruments of political hostility, Captain Morris rendered good service to the Whig party by his songs; and Pitt attached so much importance to his performances,

that he sent him an offer of his own terms, provided he would cease to lend his assistance to the enemies of government. Captain Morris shewed the proposal to his friend and patron, the Duke of Norfolk, who said to him, "Don't listen to it, Morris; you are in the same boat with me, and I will take care of you. You shall lose nothing by rejecting this offer." Captain Morris accordingly rejected it, and got something inconsiderable at last from the duke, and if through the means described in the above anecdote, in a way the most discreditable to the donor, who should have required no fillip to stimulate him to the fulfilment of a promise. With the morality of Captain Morris's part in this affair we have now nothing to do; it was the morality of his day and party; and if he was venal, he was not the less entitled to the benefit of his contract. The law holds even with regard to *meretrix*, that she has a right to her wages; for it says that though it is base in her to be *meretrix*, yet, being *meretrix*, she is entitled to her hire.

Captain Morris was a man much esteemed and respected by his contemporaries.

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— The Jews have become dissatisfied with their lot ever since the wholesome practice of burning them fell into disuse. When they were roasted, they were content; now they are uneasy and complaining of all manner of little nonsenses, of which, in former days, they would have thought nothing. Thus we see how indulgence spoils people, and how proper and expedient it is to maintain an oppression at its highest pitch. As Jonathan W. Doubikins says, "I am a man of humanity;" but I confess that I desire to revert to the ancient custom of roasting Jews, which was esteemed by our forefathers, who were no fools, agreeable to Christianity. The absurd refinements of modern generations have done away with all these vigorous performances, and see the consequences; mark how people who once thought nothing of being trussed and nicely browned by a brisk fire, now grumble at every trifle! The Emperor of Russia, observing this fault, has taken the Jews in hand, and by way of a commencement, has deprived them of their priests. We wish our Cæsar would oppress us in the same way. A meeting of the Jews in London has been called to remonstrate against the proceedings of the autocrat, and at this assembly the following curious debate took place:—

"The Chairman having briefly explained the necessity imposed on every member of the house of Israel to lift up his voice against the oppressions threatened in the Russian Ukase, proposed that an address, which he had drawn up, should be read to the meeting. The address was then read, which, after mentioning the promulgation of the obnoxious edict, declared the deep concern felt by the London Jews at the direful calamities which the Ukase had occasioned to their Russian friends, especially to the helpless widows and helpless orphans who resided in the extensive dominions of the Emperor, and were exposed to the rigorous climate of Russia. It then deplored the exclusion of the religious functionaries, which deprived Jewish families of the comforts of religion; and concluded with a declaration, that it became the solemn duty of the whole house of Israel to avert such persecutions, which prevented them uniting once more as a family, and offering their united devotions to the God of heaven and earth.

"On the motion that the address be approved of being put,

JAN. 1828.

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"Mr. Herrman (a German Jew) rose, and protested against the facts stated in the address.

"A Jew.—*We won't hear no more of your nonsense, sare!* (Laughter.)

"Mr. Herrman, however, loudly insisted on being heard on any points he chose to speak to; and, in order to keep to some point, he asserted that *no Jews were to be found in the interior of Russia; and that therefore it was absurd to vote an address about people who were not in existence.*

"Mr. Cohen rose to dissent from certain statements contained in the address; and was proceeding to express his reasons for doing so, when interrupted by the

"Chairman, who inquired if Mr. Cohen had any amendment to propose?

"Mr. Cohen.—Yes, Sir, I object to the word 'justice' being substituted before 'mercy.'—(A laugh.)

"Chairman.—Will you propose any written resolution?

"Mr. Cohen made several attempts to write a resolution, proposing an adjournment, but he made so many blunders in framing his amendment, that the gravity of the meeting was overset. At length the gentleman who silenced the eloquence of a preceding speaker, rose, and *moved that Mr. Cohen should not again address the meeting.* The motion was seconded, and carried with a loud shout.

"The Chairman.—*Mr. Cohen, you are not to speak any more this evening.*—(Loud laughter.)

"The oratory of the meeting having been checked by the above resolutions, something like decorum was established; and the address was read, paragraph by paragraph, and ultimately approved of."—*Sun.*

It is not surprising that Mr. Cohen as a Jew took the alarm at the preference of justice to mercy. Justice is a quality very antagonist to the enjoyments of Judaism. It is shockingly *illiberal* to say it, but nevertheless it is religiously true, that from the beginning of things down to the present time, the Jews have been less scrupulous about the acquisition of property than any other description of people under the sun, the gypsies perhaps alone excepted. Their dispersion over the world had doubtless for its object the general instruction of mankind in the refinements of commerce, coarsely called cheating.

The Jews make use of a whimsical kind of argument in their remonstrance with the Emperor of Russia. They say, if we have always been such a wicked, ungodly set *with* religious instruction, what shall we be if you deprive us of our priests?

— "THE RIVAL EDITORS.—The Bolton Express relates an odd circumstance which had just occurred in that neighbourhood. The editor of a provincial paper returning home late at night, found the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post, quite dead. As the circumstance luckily occurred on the eve of publication, he rejoiced at finding a *subject* for a bit of exclusive 'local' news; but was puzzled how to evade the vigilance of a contemporary journalist. At length he hit upon a happy expedient—he cut the corpse down, shouldered him to the office, and there kept the body until the interesting paragraph appeared. But now came the serious part of the tale: the event, of course, attracted official notice, and suspicion fell so strongly on the unfortunate editor, that he was placed in durance vile until a jury had thoroughly investigated the affair; and his innocence was considered doubtful until the remnant of the cord fixed to the lamp-post confirmed his story."

We do not see that his innocence is at all established—it is quite clear to us that the editor strangled the man in order to make a paragraph of him. With all the realms of invention open to an editor, it may seem odd that he should prefer assassination to fable; but a man of a nice sense of honour doubtless holds murder far more respectable and gentlemanlike than lying. It is notorious to all St. Giles's, that sausage-makers use nothing but fat children and punchy terriers for forced meat, and it is not easy to see why newspaper proprietors do not in like manner kill their own mutton, or in other words make their own murders. The proprietor of the M. C. declares that there was never so good a thing in his paper as the murder of Mr. Weare, and why should not some Thurtells be put on the establishments of the journals for the gratification of the public? As nothing *sells* so well as murders, why are they left to chance?—why are they not regularly provided by the purveyors for the entertainment of the community?

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— The mechanist of the steam-coaches bears the portentous name of *Burstall*. His partner's name is Hill. Thus the firm suggests the chief objections to the use of their carriages, for people are prone to apprehend that in spite of all precautions they will burst all, or that if they do not they will never get up hill.

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— The account of the barbarous outrages committed by some soldiers of the 2d Life Guards at Windsor, is given in the Morning Post, under the head of "MILITARY IRREGULARITIES!" This indulgent description, so characteristic of the courtly Post, reminds us of a refinement arising from a similar feeling. A little boy having spat in a visitor's face, the parent reproved his guest for discovering some dissatisfaction, observing, that he should not take amiss "*the exuberance of gaiety*."

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23d. The irrational practice of duelling is bad enough in all countries; but in the United States of America, where the stupidest false ideas of honour and courage prevail, it is to the last degree odious and barbarous. The last American journals bring accounts of the fall of Mr. W. G. Graham in a duel, arising from some trifling dispute over a card-table. The night before he went out, this gentleman addressed a letter to a friend, which we now quote:—

"Eleven o'clock.

"Dear Sir,—What may be the result of the unhappy rencontre which is to take place in the morning between Mr. Barton and myself, cannot of course be predicted by me. In the supposition that it will be fatal, I bid you farewell, in the only language that is now left to me. I am perfectly indifferent as to myself, but I trust most earnestly that Mr. Barton (towards whom I have not the faintest enmity of any kind) may escape. I admit that I am in the wrong—that by giving him a blow, I have forced him into the condition of a challenger; and that by not doing what he has, he would have blasted his character as a gentleman for ever. In common justice, I am bound thus to absolve him from all suspicion of unbecoming conduct respecting the challenge. The provocation, though slight, was



still a provocation which I could not overlook. It is out of the question for me to explain, retract, or apologize. *I will not hear of any settlement short of some abject and craven submission from him.*

"Mr. Barton is a talking man, who dwells very complacently on his own skill as a marksman; on his experience as a duellist; and on his accuracy as a person of *ton*. I pretend to none of these, and therefore must oppose the most inflexible obstinacy. After he is *perfectly satisfied*, I may perhaps apologize—that is, in case I am fatally wounded. It is needless for me to say, I heartily detest and despise this absurd mode of settling disputes, and salving the wounds of honour. But what can a poor devil do, except bow to the supremacy of custom? - - - - - God bless you.

"W. G. GRAHAM."

In civilized Europe we do hope, nay believe, that no gentleman would have quietly permitted a friend to go out who had made this confession of error, and declared at the same time this obstinate purpose of following it up to the act of blood. The party avows that he was wrong, and yet contemplates aiming at the life of his aggrieved adversary;—this is apparent from the circumstance of his only wishing the escape of his antagonist, which he might in his own mind and purpose have assured. Many men, acting up to their notions of honour, have gone out when confessing themselves in the wrong to their intimates, but with a declaration that they would receive their opponent's fire, throw away their own, and then make the *amende*, which, if offered before, might be attributed to a wrong motive.

The New York Evening Post, to which journal it seems Mr. Graham was attached in an editorial capacity, gives a sketch of his life, the curious falsehood of which, in the leading particulars, must be well known to hundreds in this country. It is a good example of the manner in which biography is written, and of the credit due to these memoirs sacred to mendacity. We recognize truth only in the description of Mr. Graham's talents.

#### ELIZABETH EVANSHAW.

Elizabeth Evanshaw, the Sequel of "Truth," a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Hunt and Clarke.

If we have hitherto abstained from noticing the novel of "Truth" and its "Sequel," it certainly has not been because we do not respect the author's talents, or consider him less entitled than others to a candid examination of his claims to public attention. The experiment which this writer has tried is a dangerous one, and we have had no wish to share his risk: his object has been to trace how far religion and morals are connected, and we are too well acquainted with the sensitiveness of the English public on religious topics to encounter a chance of being confounded with those who do not sufficiently appreciate the blessings of the Christian revelation. We do not allege that such is the character of our author, far from it—but we know that the course he has taken will subject him to the charge from others. He

discusses, in short, dangerous questions; and though we declare that we never saw in any publication, manifestations of a more pious, humble, and conscientious spirit, still we will not mingle ourselves up with his cause. But besides theological disquisition, and the exemplification of his doctrines, the author necessarily in the conduct of his story goes into sketches of life, and manners, and character, disconnected with the more serious part of his task. The graphic skill of this writer in his pictures of the modes of thinking and acting of the middle classes in their social relations, his intimate knowledge of all the lanes and alleys through which a hypocritical conscience winds about to avoid the light, or of the broad and impudent front which bigotry and intolerance set against freedom of opinion, the strongly marked indications of his close observation and great experience of the working of human motives, altogether put him on that high level that demands attention, and will make his work conspicuous in spite of accidental blemishes, or an unfavourable connexion with other subjects: they at least induce us to look at his novels in a more worldly point, without any reference to his dogmas, but solely in their character of moral satires. In our notice of the "Sequel," (for "Truth" itself has not been, a long time before the world,) we shall simply confine ourselves to that which is of a general description, and which might find a place in the writings of any skilful painter of manners, from Fielding to Miss Edgeworth. Perhaps the "Sequel" is not marked by so many, or such striking examples of these qualities as in the prior part; but we believe there is plenty in it to contribute to the entertainment of our readers.

In the novel of "Truth," the birth, education, and fortunes of Elizabeth Evanshaw are narrated. It embraces the death of her father, a Highland gentleman of extensive property, the manner in which his daughter was robbed of her inheritance, the persecution which she sustained from her mother and her relatives, and the sufferings which the intolerance of mankind inflicted upon her. The heroine being ultimately induced to take the situation of a governess with a family going to Madeira, the novel abruptly closes with a paragraph from a newspaper, announcing the wreck of the ship in which she sailed, and the loss of both passengers and crew. This report was inaccurate in its details; for the opening of the "Sequel" introduces us to a Captain Seaforth, lately arrived in a town in the south-west of Scotland, inquiring for the residence of a Mrs. Munro. This lady turns out to be the identical Elizabeth Evanshaw, who has been preserved from shipwreck by the author for the purpose of exemplifying the miseries of being married to a shallow and narrow-minded husband, with low connexions. The author has doubtless other purposes; but we take this to be the most obvious one.

Before however we are informed of the manner of her escape from the foundering vessel, her social position at the seat of her husband, in the immediate vicinity of the town, is fully explained. She appears to be somewhat neglected by her spouse, to be occupied in the education of her children, and to have retreated into complete retirement from the bigoted prejudices and hypocritical censures of her neighbours, who glow with a peculiar theological hatred, and who, having learned some unconnected and exaggerated points of her history, bestow the full

benefit of it upon her character. Captain Seaforth, the grandson of a lady of whom we hear much in "Truth," has sought the abode of Mrs. Munro, in the hope of being able to place under her protection a little niece, the daughter of his sister and a Mr. Blamire, a shatter-brained speculator, who, having failed in numberless half-digested schemes in England, has been compelled to retreat to Jamaica, with a grand invention for facilitating the pressing of sugar-canes. Captain Seaforth arrives just in time to save the little girl from sinking into the scullion's assistant at the boarding-school at which the inventor had left her, without providing funds for the discharge of her expences. Mr. Blamire had taken more care of his sons, and we will stop to transcribe the method which he adopted to accelerate the development of the genius of the eldest :

"Mr. Blamire had intended that his eldest son should be the first linguist in Britain, and that the second should have no rival as a mathematician. The elder, stimulated for some time by having his vanity worked upon, went on cheerfully, and even successfully, from the age of six to seven ; but by degrees he became indifferent ; indifference was succeeded by disgust ; and Mr. Blamire, bearing in mind the benefit which Dr Johnson says he derived from plentiful castigation, determined to rouse the torpid faculties of his son in the same way. But he forgot two essentials which Dr. Johnson had, and his son wanted ; the first, a rooted bodily incapacity for boyish sports, so that of course his spirit was not subdued by the most cruel of all deprivations, a deprivation which to a child is like want of water to a plant ; the other, a genius which, though it might require now and then to be roused, ' could seize a science at a grasp.' It was one of Mr. Blamire's many theories, that ' education was everything.' He allowed no deviation from this axiom, except in cases of obvious idiocy ; and in many of these he was quite satisfied that a little pains on the part of parents might have averted the evil. His son, naturally gentle, sunk under the exertions required of him ; became hectic, but was kept at his tasks : for ' time lost is not to be redeemed, and the ductility of the yet tender memory must not be suffered to pass away unessayed.' His mother, in spite of her usual blind devotion to her husband, implored him with tears to let the child die in peace. He assured her she was mistaken, and that the boy merely required ' a little moral excitation ;' therefore he would for the present change his studies, ' though it was a monstrous pity ever to lose sight of the grand fundamentals in education.' He immediately purchased thirty or forty volumes of tales, &c. &c. ; the unhappy boy sickened at the sight, turned over a few pages, tried to smile ; but even the wish to please could not force an affectation of taste. A few weeks after this fresh ' moral excitation,' exhausted nature gave up the struggle, and the little victim breathed his last in the arms of his mother.—Vol. ii. pp. 34—36.

On no point is the author more anxious than in enlarging the ideas of his readers in matters of education, and to no subject has he attended with more judgment and discrimination. The restoration of the tone of mind in this little girl, and the gradual change from a heart-broken ignorance to a cheerful and independent docility, afford an example, along with Mrs. Munro's own children, of the writer's notions. Of the delicacy of his observation on this head we shall adduce a specimen. Mrs. Munro's children were familiar with the practice of reading aloud, and went through the exercise with the indifference of habit. The stranger looked at the books placed before her, blushed, sighed, and laid them aside. We shall see how this difficulty is treated, and the remarks which it elicits.

"Rosanna, who in respect to age, stood precisely between Caroline and Margaret, was at first shy of both, and apparently indifferent about everything. She participated neither in their amusements nor in their employments, but generally looked on, as a creature that was either afraid of, or repugnant to, those around her. Mrs. Munro recollected her own feelings and situation when somewhat younger than Rosanna, and resolved to let the child develop her own character in her own way. Had Mrs. Munro been brought up by her mother, instead of her father, it is probable she would have thought it her duty to drag the child forth as we have seen a painstaking fishwife carefully extract a boiled wilk. But as Rosanna was alive, Mrs. Munro felt assured that if her character really had anything in it, time and freedom would be sure to bring it forth; and if not, labour would only be thrown away. No doubt she thus robbed herself of the *éclat* which attends *mind makers*, but she resorted to the opinion of Socrates in reference to his mother. At the hours of reading, a bible, and other books, such as the rest used, were laid before Rosanna; she opened one after another, blushed deeply, laid them aside, and sighed. Mrs. Munro thought that to take no notice of her on such occasions might have the appearance of neglect; yet she knew that to force or even press compliance might be attended with much pain, and besides, perhaps, superinduce that species of disobedience which is perpetually ascribed to obstinacy, but which, in fact, springs from some of the finest feelings in man, woman, or child. She therefore told her the reasonable truth.

" ' You are shy of reading amongst strangers, and I don't wonder at it; indeed I should wonder far more if you were not. It is quite natural; and I would much rather see a diffidence of that sort, than a brisk forwardness. You will get used to us; and whenever you feel inclined to do like the rest, we shall all be happy.'

"Rosanna raised her eyes to Mrs. Munro's face, took up her bible, opened it, blushed to her fingers' ends, and shut it again. Mrs. Munro smiled, and with difficulty restrained herself from embracing the child; but she was as averse to what is called 'cultivating sensibility,' as to repressing, or in the slightest degree, wounding it. She remembered her father, and sighed in turn. She did not even instruct the children 'to draw her out' by degrees, for she was sure that a few days must put a period to this shyness, and she would as little have done violence to the child's feelings, as she would have torn a bird from its shell, upon the plea that 'nature wanted assistance.' 'If,' thought she, 'Rosanna's reserve proceeds from deep feeling, it would be worse than sacrilege to disturb it; if from inert stupidity, it is of little consequence what she does; and she is sure at last, in that case, to break forth like a clown.'

"In the whole course of Mrs. Munro's life, nothing surprised her so much as the manner in which children are treated in regard to their best feelings; those very feelings which ought to be the guarantee of their future purity. From the time a child can move its hand with anything like volition, from the moment it can utter a sound which has in it anything like articulation, the blushing innocent must be compelled to surmount its native delicacy for the purpose of making signs and uttering sounds, the use of which would render it ridiculous in after life. 'Kiss your hand, cry *ta*, there's a dear,' or if it prove refractory, the well-trained servant, and the properly firm parents, keep the unhappy victim in durance until it perform a ceremony which in a year or two must be laid aside.

"It is impossible for an adult, who has not made early infancy a study, to guess at the misery inflicted on it by these exactions; and would parents only open their eyes, and see that they are making apes of their children, they would throw aside this unworthy tyranny, and leave the poor things to the dictates of nature and the influence of society, which will effect all that is necessary in respect to artificial manners."—Vol. i. pp. 49—52.

It has been observed that the peculiarities of opinion in Mrs. Munro, her beauty and her superiority above the ordinary cattle of a country town, made her a fruitful source of scandal. The author is peculiarly

happy in his quiet sketches of common life: in supporting a dialogue which displays the leading principles and prejudices of very ordinary sons, and which are worth displaying, simply because they are features of a class, he is only inferior to Miss Austin, the truest painter of every day persons and things that perhaps ever existed. Of this quality, in the author of "Truth," we quote the following specimen, not because it is the best, but as it is not indifferent, and helps us on with the story. It shews to the life the kind of sensation made in a small town by the arrival of a new resident, the whole of whose history is not thoroughly well known.

"Captain Seaforth's arrival and final settlement at Preston had occasioned many conjectures as to who and what he was; for although no mystery was affected, yet abundance was created in the town gossips. One said he was a brother of Mrs. Munro; another, a nephew; and not a few a former lover; but on one point all were agreed, viz. that whatever he or she should say to the contrary, he was the father of Rosanna, who must either be illegitimate, or the child of a divorced wife. Indeed, many recollected a trial for crim. con. respecting a north country naval officer; and there could not be a doubt that this was the identical person, who had in all likelihood changed his name. But, above all things, it was pitiable that he should trust his child to the care of a woman like Mrs. Munro, whose ideas were all out of the common run, and whose principles were more than suspected to be of the very worst kind. But then it was recollected that sailors had neither sense nor experience; that beyond a ship they scarcely knew right from wrong, not even the value of man's true god—money. They perhaps knew a one-pound note from a guinea, or a sixpence from a shilling; but there was not upon record an instance of their expending either the one or the other like a rational being."

"'Dear me,' said Mrs. Dunlop, a plain old-fashioned candid woman, who was by on one of these occasions, 'that's very odd. I was yence acquainted wee a navy captain, and he never passed a piece of rope without looking at the end of it for what he ca'd the king's worst. I was at that time on a visit at Portsmouth, and I assure ye, if ye had heard him talk about king's stores, and seen how sharp he was for his master's interest, ye wadna think them sae saft.'

"'That's just of a piece,' said a Mr. Ramsay; 'just of a piece. They make a kind of a god o' the king; and as to the sort o' thing ye speak of, its what is ca'd instinck. But what d'ye mean bee worsen in a rope?'

"'It's a thread that's put into a' the king's ropes; and I've heard Captain Honyman say that many a man that thread had hanged. It's a terrible crime embezzling the king's stores.'

"'No doubt,' said Mr. Ramsay; 'it's worse than smuggling, because honest men's obliged to smuggle, and we a' pay, and pay weel, for what ye are pleased to ca' the king's stores.'

"'And what for no pay for what protecks us? I wad like to ken where your tobacco wad ha' been many a good time, but for these instinctive sailors that ye talk of.'

"'You may hold them up as you please,' said Mrs. Cayman, mother to the minister of Preston; 'but I am sure I should know something about them; I had an uncle that sailed round the world with lord Anson, and it's not to be told the money he made; but what then? If he had no use for it, he threw it away like chucky stanes. He didna leave a farthing to my mother.'

"'It is well known,' said Mr. Ramsay, 'that in all the important concerns of this life they are mere idiots. I'm sure, when I was in the tobacco line, I have heard stories that wad gar ye'er very hair stand an end;—and what say ye to the bairn's sowl, Mrs. Dunlop? Ye'll admit, I hope, that if she's put

under the care of that woman, that a broken pipe stapple's not more surely and certainly thrown out.'

" 'I can say nothing as to that,' replied Mrs. Dunlop: 'for I am not acquainted with the lady; but if it be true that's reported, certainly the child is in very great danger, and something should be done. The gentleman is most likely ignorant of her principles, for I am sure I never knew what ye might ca' an infidel among my acquaintances with the navy; ; indeed, I have heard them what you would think rather rough upon that subject, for I mind weel yence hearing a young thoughtless midshipman tell how a Jew had been used on board his ship.'

" 'And how might that be?'

" 'He said they put a rope round his waist, and soused him into the sea; and aye, as they drew him up, the sailor's hurraed, and cried, 'Take that, ye Christ-killing scoundrel! take that! mind what ye did at Jerusalem!' And the puir auld body got out of their hands alive, and that was all.'

" 'Weel, I must say there was some Christianity in that. I think, Mrs. Cayman, your niecc, Mrs. Vengeur, should set her face to this business, for this lad may be ignorant of the principles of Mrs. Munro; for though he cam frae her part o' the country, as I hear, he behooved to gang to the sea twenty years since; for he's a captain, and nobody's made a captain under twenty years' service; so that as he appears to be about thirty, he'll hae gane to sea at ten, and he may be ignorant of this woman's wicked principles.'

" 'Ye're misinformed as to that,' said Mrs. Dunlop; 'they maun serve six years as a midshipman, but they can be a lieutenant soon after; and if they have interest, a captain; and then post-captain very fast.'

" 'The more the shame, when ye consider what a precarious thing a ship is; it wad take the experience of twice twenty years to manage such a concern.'

" 'They maun hae plenty instinct, it wad seem; for I really think it wad puzzle a black neb to find a flaw in our navy.'

" 'Weel, weel, it's needless to dispute that point—the bairn's sowl is the main concern. Mrs. Cayman, I hope ye'll speak to that worthy woman Mrs. Vengeur, and see what can be dunc.'—Vol. i. pp. 54—59.

This Mrs. Vengeur is a notable saint of that school which mixes up so much of the flesh in its worship, that it is difficult to believe that its members are not more amorous than devout, and that the love of God is not mixed up with feelings that would disgrace so pure an emotion. She is a principal agent in the author's drama, and must be described. The pretensions which her age, talents, and fortune qualify her to set up, put her in the position of a rival and a persecutor of Mrs. Munro. Mrs. Vengeur (formerly Miss Lacerta) was a woman of a lively imagination; had been captivated during the reign of reason with the cant of perfectibility and infidelity; she soon however found that she was on a wrong tack for popularity, and quickly resolved to change her course, but the difficulty was how to slide from one faith to another. This is adroitly managed during some visits to friends judiciously selected, and a principal object in the adoption of sanctity effected in captivating Mr. Vengeur, a quiet and pious gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood. The history of this conquest is truly edifying:—

" Mr. Vengeur found himself at fault, and was now as far inferior to Miss Lacerta as she had formerly been to him. She had rather a handsome face; and aided by a quick ear, and a sweet though somewhat artificial voice, she had made such progress in what is called English, that Mr. Vengeur was entirely smitten. Then she lisped out such pretty anecdotes of converted Jews, converted Turks, and of institutions for all sorts of conversions, that

poor Mr. Vengeur was lost in spiritual wonder, and took himself severely to task, if perchance he dared to think of her as of aught earthly. However, this excessive sublimity did not suit her views, and she had ways of bringing him back to poor humanity. When she found that he was becoming too ethereal, she knew how to use her pretty gray eyes; how to shade them so as to leave all to imagination, to fear, and to hope; and how to raise them enough to intimate that there were feelings in her breast which still proved her affinity to mother Eve. Then, with her eyes raised in sweet timidity, she would half open upon him the batteries of her really beautiful teeth, playing off at the same time a dimple of peculiar fascination. After having, with the skill of a patient angler, raised just tumult enough in the unsuspecting heart of her victim, her cyclids were again dropped, and she became once more an unapproachable saint. But she had a still more substantial mode of varying the attack on his heart. She deplored the profanity of the press; and in pointing out the immorality of different authors, she had a pretty way of giving the outline, and sometimes the very pith and marrow of a love story."—Vol. i. pp. 64, 65.

After her marriage she established herself as a general reformer, and was by no means unsuccessful in her fishing. Vengeur Park had its dinners for the better class; and its tea for a grade lower; and in temptations for the still inferior rank she was not deficient. She was not generous, but still for her favourite object she would give a little, and a poor starving wretch found it very easy to be of Mrs. Vengeur's opinion; and although the reward was small, it was better than nothing. A notable instance of her ardent desire to save souls is largely developed in the work, and brings some of the chief persons of the story into contact. We can only afford to say of it that it turns upon the affection which a poor crazy ballad-monger bears to her basket, the work of her child, the last survivor of a large family that had been rapidly cut off. Mrs. Vengeur sees in this woman a hopeful subject for regeneration, and causes her baskets and ballads to be taken from her, and the woman herself to be sent to the house of correction, that she may there have the opportunity of "bringing her soul to God." The woman escapes, and beseeches the interference of Scaforth for the recovery of her basket: he employs Mrs. Munro to see Mrs. Vengeur, and in the course of the conversation that lady assigns the following reason for withholding the basket:—

"My motives for withholding it is so obvious that it requires no explanation; I found that was the only chance I had for bringing her now and then back to me; and surely the hoped-for end justifies the means. But I had other reasons; one is, this basket is still a kind of strong-hold, a tie to life; and it is evident that God has seen meet to break off every other; nor should we withhold our admiration of God's great goodness in this, for the extravagance of her grief proves that her affections have been of the most inordinate kind. In getting an account of her life, which I took pains to coax from her at greater length than you have, I could perceive that there was in her a fast-holding love for the poor fleeting creatures of time, and scarcely an infant's grasp of eternity. I considered myself as the chosen instrument whereby this last fibre, which kept her mind still rooted to the earth, should be torn up; indeed, I would have committed this remaining idol to the flames, but I have in my eye a use to be made of it, which will make it a sort of link between her and heaven. And I shall now explain my other reason for withholding this offering, as she has made it, to the Evil One. I did not choose that she should disseminate the trash which it contained amongst young people, many of whom are my peculiar charge; and I offered to fill her

basket with such things as would have made her a safe guest wherever she went."—Vol. i. pp. 92, 93.

Mrs. Vengeur's character will be now tolerably well understood. It may well be supposed that she was a dangerous enemy for one whose peace of mind depended in the least upon reputation, and whose opinions gave the slightest hold to calumny. In her operations against Mrs. Munro she had a tacit but most important assistant in that lady's home—in her very husband. In order that his character and the nature of the influence he exerts upon her happiness be properly understood, we must go back with the author to her departure from England, and her subsequent shipwreck.

When the unhappy opinions which Elizabeth Evanshaw had imbibed, combined with the loss of her property, through the dishonesty of her mother, and the singular terms of a deed of conveyance, induced her to accept the situation of governess with a family going to Madeira, as we stated, there sailed in the same vessel a Mr. Munro, a young man of elegant appearance and peculiarly handsome form. The vessel was wrecked, and by the assiduity and skill of the mate of the vessel, Munro and Miss Evanshaw were saved, by means of a launch, in which he contrived to navigate them to the Spanish shore. Being thus thrown together, a strong attachment sprang up on the part of the gentleman. Miss Evanshaw was an artist, and she admired the fine face and well-turned form of her lover; and though he showed only negative qualities, and none of those virtues which it might be supposed Miss Evanshaw might look for in a husband, she yielded at length to his importunity, backed by those of her friends, who ascertained that Mr. Munro had been left the heir of landed property to the amount of about fifteen hundred a-year, by a distant relative, who had adopted him out of a family in mean circumstances themselves, but related to him by blood. In this match there was evidently no love, but the young lady was a great reasoner, and had formed the opinion that love was by no means necessary to the happiness of the matrimonial connexion. It was not long before she found out that her husband was cold-hearted—that he was mean-souled—in short, a narrow-minded, unfeeling, and at the same time, as is ordinarily the case, a weak man. A life with a person of this kind, under any circumstances, could not be an enviable one; and when circumstances permitted him to be worked upon by his vulgar mother against his "fine lady-wife," for her extravagance, as it was called, and by Mrs. Vengeur, for what was termed her infidelity, her horrid principles, &c. it was a truly wretched one. A man of the character described, is one much more easily managed than esteemed; but his wife was no manager, but a great lover of excellence, and determined to be strictly right herself; the consequences were evident, her husband went elsewhere to be governed, and became a tyrant at home: his wife justified herself, pined in secret, wrote long letters of explanation, and only wearied a man by argument who ought to have been influenced by an exertion of will. It is this life which is developed with the truth and minuteness of Richardson, and with a quiet humour peculiarly the author's own, in the course of these volumes.

The extracts we shall make must be viewed in the connexion with this slight outline. It will however be sufficient to render intelligible the



following dialogue between Mr. Munro and his mother, a stirring notable widow of a Scotch farmer:—

“ ‘ I wad be sorry, Henry,’ said his mother, ‘ to set a man against his wife, and what I am going to say is for the advantage of baith you and her. Ye are baith young, Henry; and she’s *very* young; and onybody may see that she has been brought up quite the leddy; and, as I take it, a fine leddy is a person no very fit for ilka day wark.’

“ ‘ Work, my dear mother! She can have no occasion, with my income and establishment, to work.’

“ ‘ Dear man, I dinna mean that she should wash at the tub, though as gude has dooned; your sisters—that’s at their place—always took their turn at the tub; and certainly, if she let her bits o’ firds o’ muslins and laces in amang common servants’ hands, she’ll soon no hae a tag or a rag o’ them thegither.’

“ ‘ Her own maid——’

“ ‘ Her own fiddlestick! What’s she gawn to doo wi’ a maid? I’ll tell you what it is, Henry: ye’ve been a wic ower fine brought up ye’ersel. In the first place ye cam the last, and in a manner like yen born out o’ due season: for before your birth it had pleased the Lord to remove the rest. No doubt I laid this up in my mind; and, as I have often pointed out, there’s a Providence in everytbing. I behooved to think that ye was left, or rather that ye cam, for some special end. And so it should seem; for whun we little expected it, ye’er father’s far away coosin, that thought he got the compliment o’ your name—though, to tell ye the truth, ye wus ca’d for a friend o’ my ain;—but Munro o’ Preston Vale being left childless soo after, we pat our fit on the tother name father, and he never doubted that ye was named for him. It answered uncommon weel, for his last son died joust whun ye wus a year auld, and he had been the fourt (a tempting o’ Providence, no doubt) that had been ca’d for the vain body; and so, the first time he cam to the house—I was no doubt much affected wie his loss; for his wife luckily—I mean unfortunately—had died o’ the last Henry: they were a consumptive family; her father was a paper lord, and his wife was yen o’ twal that a’ went in consumption—and so I was very much affected; and after awhile I gaed, for he hadna been at Battins Brae for a lang time, owing to the distress in the family ——.’

“ ‘ Which family?’

“ ‘ Ou! his to be sure; no doubt ours had been in distress tou; for ye’er father, honest man ——’

“ ‘ Dear mother,’ said the patient Henry, ‘ finish one thing before you begin another, and be a little more precise: I thought it was our family that had been in distress. You said ——’

“ ‘ I said! Ye manna schoul me, Henry; am thinkin it will tak baith your head and ye’er bonny wife’s to mak yen like mine;—but, as I was observing, he’ cam in to see us, for no doubt we had ridden ower and paid him a visit of consolation; and, after he had suttin a bit, I gaed out and talt the lass to bring you in. But ye’ll observe, Henry, I had a fickle card to play, and your father, honest man, always relied on my prudence and forecast; and so, whun he came in, I said, says I, ‘ Lass, ye had better tak him away;’ and ye’er father, honest man, said, ‘ What for?’ And I said, in a kind o’ low voice, ‘ His name, ye ken, it will maybe affect ye’er coosen.’ And he looked up, and said, ‘ What for?’ And I behooved to hesitate; and he said, ‘ Let me see the child—what’s his name?’ And the lass curtshied, as I had schoulded her, for he has a proud body ——’

“ ‘ Vain, mother.’

“ ‘ And the lass curtshied, and said, ‘ He’s ca’d for you, sir.’ I’ll never forget hoo he was affected; and it was a singular dispensation o’ Providence that ye resembled his family far mair than ours—no but ours was as weel faured as his, but they were very different; for they were a’ blackie viced, and

his was a' joust like you. Thinks I, the day's mine. He took ye on his knee, and he parted ye'er bonny curled hair, and he kissed ye'er fair brent broo, and the tears rapped down his cheeks—and he was a bonny man. I was affecked in troth; and ye looked up in his face, and after awhile, ye cried too; and he looked upon that as sympathy, and he clasped ye to his breast; and from that moment he adopted ye for his ain, and naething wad serve but the lass and you should gang ower and tak up ye'er abode at Preston Vale. I must say I didna joust like that, for she was a gallant quean; and so I made a sham that she couldna be wanted at our washins, and I sent a kind o' cruet body; and I leave you to judge if I wasna right, for he left her thirty pund a year, and he might ha' married the tother for onything I ken. Weel; but owing to this, and our being deprived of the rest o' our family, ye was a pet at baith places; whun ye staid at Preston Vale, ye was an ecclol; and whun ye cam on a visit to the Braes, it was wha to court the young laird; and no doubt ye was aye a pleasant gude-natured bairn, youth and man: but still ye was brought up wie rather high notions. But, Henry, ye wad do weel to mind, that 'riches tak to thensel wings and flee awa;,' and ——

“ ‘Fly! mother; they are not seeking refuge. To flee means ——’

“ ‘Stuff and nonsense; they'll seek *refuge* sure aneuch, or am sair mista'en; and that will be in the chops at Preston! I'll tell ye what, Henry; ye maybe think that it will be impossible to wun through twal or fifteen hunder pund a year; and I must confess, it wad be a sair task to me; but pictures and pianos, and books!—Waes me!—and beauty, as ye ca'd!’

“ ‘And do you not think Elizabeth a beauty!’

“ ‘I'm sayin nothing again that; but what signifies that? Beauty's only skin deep; and whare than? But this same beauty's an expensive thing; it mun be dressed: and whun it's dressed, it must hac folk to look at it; and the folk that come to look at it mun hac meat and drink; and that's na a'. Here she paused, and looked thoughtful.

“ ‘What's na a'?’ said her son.

“ She sighed, twirled her thumbs, cast down her eyes, and gave again something between a sigh and a groan.

“ ‘Mother!’

“ ‘Henry, am neither a prophet nor a prophet's man; but ——’

“ ‘But what? for God's sake!’

“ ‘Whist, whist, Henry; that comes o' ye'er fine breedin. But tak my word for't, Henry, folk that like to be looked at, like to be courted at: and whun it happens, she'll not be the first bonny ledly that's played the loon.’

“ ‘Mother!’

“ ‘Weel, weel, Henry, I ken thae things sound sour to new-married lugs; but tak my advice, and keep the bridle in ye'er ain hands; and boon a', dinna encourage men about ye.’

“ ‘I am sure, mother, there never was a more modest manner than Elizabeth's.’

“ ‘Oh aye! There's an auld proverb about a still sow that licks up a' the draff. And I dinna like ye'er young women that converses wie men joust as if they were yen o' themsels—it disna look weel.’ ”—Vol ii. pp. 353—359.

This conversation is followed by a few lines descriptive of Mr. Munros' character; they appear to us to be founded on a minute knowledge of human nature.

“ Mr. Munro was not of a temperament to be disturbed by the agonies of jealousy, but he was capable of what is very delightful to little minds, the excitation of mistrust. To conjecture a little, suspect a little, and watch a good deal, were exactly suited to the depth of Mr. Munro's passions. Although education and better society had enabled him to see that his mother's colloquial powers, or rather the dress in which her conversation was clothed, admitted of improvement, yet he believed that from her judgment there was no appeal. Even left to himself, Mr. Munro would, in a few weeks, have

become sufficiently cool; but thus pressed by the oracle of his boyhood and youth, it became a principle with him to be so. Poor Elizabeth was now converted into the lover. Her's was now a life of heart-beating solicitude. Alas! a woman need seldom be what is termed in love before marriage; she will soon find that the affection of a timid heart will bring in its train trouble and anxiety enough; while that which is in novels designated love, must either degenerate in self defence into utter indifference; or drive its victim into the madness of despair. Elizabeth had deep feeling; but she had also profound sense. She gave a few months to unceasing solicitude, watchful anxiety, and the study of her husband's disposition. This study convinced her, as we have said before, that he had no kindly affections; the man was like many men, a mere automaton, made of flesh and blood. What was to be done? What could be done? Submit. To remonstrate upon want of affection would never produce it. 'Contentment,' thought she, 'is within my reach; and with that I must be satisfied. It is long since Addison pronounced it to be the utmost reach of human happiness, and said that he who attained it, might be sure he had reached the acmé of mortal felicity.'—Vol. i. pp. 361—363.

After an application to Mr. Munro for some arrangement for defraying domestic expences which had irritated him, he had left the house without observation, and neglected to return, first to dinner, and next during the evening. His new married wife, stung with the indignity, at one time and at another agitated with alarm, having no friend now to consult, and really knowing nothing of her husband or his acquaintance, resorted to the cottage of the principal person employed in managing his farm, a confidential kind of bailiff, who took his turn, with others, in ruling his master, and a stern, tyrannical and bigoted person, but withal a man of some sense and observation. It is the scene in his abode which pleased us by its close imitation of nature, that we now propose to extract. We are deceived if the interior of Mark Sinclair's cottage might not hang up a pendant to some of our best cabinet pieces in the same style.

"While indulging in a few sad retrospections upon her beloved father, and exchanging a flutter for a state of softened tenderness, she observed the peaceful-looking inmates of the cottage. The master of the house was sitting with his back to her in a wooden arm-chair; opposite to him was a middle-aged pale female, whose blue eyes and benignant countenance formed a striking contrast to Elizabeth's recollection of Mark. A semi-circle was formed between the heads of the family by five or six lads and lasses, from the several ages of fifteen to twenty-five. 'That is, indeed,' thought she, 'the happiest state of human existence; and yet how does that idea accord with the ill-concealed envy and (low as the object is) ambition displayed this morning? And is there not too subdued look in that female face? Yes, it must be so; God can be neither partial nor unjust: happiness and misery are nicely diffused.' Mark made a sign to his wife; she rose and handed down one large, and several small books; he essayed the fire-light with the largest volume in his hand, seemed to find it deficient, made another sign, and the elderly female immediately placed a lamp upon a small table which stood outside the semi-circle. Elizabeth knew these signs, and saw that she must not delay; for she thought it likely that Mark would not be very brief in his vespers. She hastened to raise the latch; and, as we have often observed on such occasions, the interruption, even to the eldest, seemed no way unwelcome. Mark's face unbent many degrees, and 'Ac, ma'am' was uttered in a tone very different from his morning's greeting.

" 'This is the leddy, Meg;—set a seat, Nance.'

There was, however, neither haste nor trepidation either in the annunciation or the mandate; for Mark was what might well be termed an aristocratic Whig, and his family brought up with the same notions, did not think the man or

woman born who could confer an honour. Mrs. Munroe, on the other hand, might be termed a Whig aristocrate; that is, she had the feelings, or attributed feelings, of the former, and the principles of the latter. She did not think that any human being should be humble towards another, and nothing filled her heart with more satisfaction than an air of independence in those who are but too apt to fawn and crawl—ay, while they curse you in their hearts. Yet, as we have hinted before, no one sooner shrunk from familiarity or disrespect. Had her mind been in a frame to observe it, she would have been pleased with the slow, Spanish-like manner in which the whole was done. One of Mark's maxims to his family was, 'Behave properly to your superiors, as they are ca'ed, that they may behave properly to you; for as lang as ye can work for yeer bread, ye are joust as independent as them; and whun ye canna—gude sooth!'

"Elizabeth's heart again beat, as she looked around her and considered what she was to say. 'Did she come to complain of her husband? That was out of the question. Did she come to ask where he was? Then she was a stranger to him.' While musing for an instant on this subject she fixed her eyes on Margaret's face; and she imagined that in its fine oval lineaments she saw a likeness to her tutor's benevolent countenance. The expression there might be, and probably was, from the similarity of their dispositions; but likeness there could be none; for his face had all the hardness of deformity, and her's all the softness which in a female generally accompanies a well-made person. Still the mere fancy was, at that moment, affecting, and she burst into tears. The members of the family looked at each other, as Mrs. Munro covered her face and sobbed almost audibly. She felt in an instant the folly and weakness of such an exhibition. 'I did not,' thought she, 'come here to excite pity—heaven forbid! But to look on that mild face at this moment of desertion—to know what he whom it calls so forcibly to my recollection would feel—and to remember who it was that first gave me to his care!' These recollections were ill calculated to dry her tears; but she made the necessary effort, and succeeded.

" 'I am ashamed,' said she, 'of my weakness; but your wife puts me so much in mind of a very dear friend of mine, that I was overcome in an unusual manner.'

" 'Na,' said Mark, 'ye need na ca'ed a weakness; it's what we all agree in allowing to your sex: as somebody says, 'it's yeer arms; and as that awthor entitled 'Incipient Causes of the French Revolution,' says—'We might pity the tears of even the French queen.'

" 'Or those of our own Mary,' said Elizabeth.

" 'Oh! the slandrous hizzy! Na, na, I could na pity her on no score whatever.'

" Mrs. Munro looked up in his face; the fire (as she fancied) threw a horrid gleam over it; and at that moment she could have supposed him an agent in the fiercest scene of that revolution which blazed to die away in very dross. 'Surely,' thought she, 'black eyes were created for my bane: my mother's, beautiful as they were, only scowled on me; Penfold's—their tenderness was horrid; my uncle's, cold and stern; Skipton's, always exploring; that dreadful Kilpatrick's express I know not what, but they are always bent on me. Even Bell Crawford's—fool that I am! what can *they* be to me?' The expression of Mark's keen and—to her—hateful black eyes, was at that moment softened, and she was struck with a real or imaginary likeness to the said Bell Crawford. Glad to escape for a little from the degrading object of her visit, and perhaps curious too, she immediately said, 'Is Bell Crawford a niece of yours?'

" 'What! the bold impudent quean that cam at Whussunday? No a drap's bluid.'

" 'I beg your pardon; your eyes put me in mind of hers.'

" 'Ae, ma'am,' said Margaret, 'that's a compliment, for a' body's in love wi' Bell Crawford. I never heard as muckle about onybody; especially her een and her teeth. Our Tam cam in yesterday daft about her,'

“ ‘Did he?’ said Mark. ‘I wadna rede him. I can tell him something that will make him sober in a minute. Look at her bonnet next sabbath, and ye’ll see a pea-bloom ribbon.’

“ Mrs. Munro had scarcely attended to Mark’s scandal; for she now felt ashamed of her cowardly delay, and said, ‘I have come—I mean I am uneasy at Mr. Munro’s stay, especially as he went away without saying that he would dine out; and yesterday I heard a great deal about a bad ford in this neighbourhood; I hope there is no risk.’

“ ‘No a grain: ye mean Stany furd? A Heeland shelty could ride it at present; but stop till Martinmas, and than ye may be feared; for, though we’re thirty miles from the sea, when Arna’s in tap flood, horse and man that wad take Stany furd wad be at the river’s mouth in a couple of hours. Na, na; keep ye’ersel easy; Mr. Munro’s joust awa to Battin’s brae, and he’ll stay a’ night.’ He looked at her kindly, and added, ‘It wad really be a pity if ye were to make ye’ersel uneasy about Mr. Munro; for—’

“ ‘For what?’ said she, eagerly.

“ ‘Nothing. But he’s been muckle used wie his ain folk; and ye manna vex ye’ersel whun he’s away without saying onything about it; for he’s a wie close, except joust wie his ain folk.’

“ ‘Ain folk!’ repeated Mrs. Munro. ‘A man’s wife is surely his ain folk.’

“ ‘True, true; but use and wont, ye ken—Scotch law—use and wont; a man’s wife is but a new acquaintance, in a manner—’ a person who comes in,’ as I yence heard a young fallow say; but mothers, and aunts, and coosins, ken a’ about what has been dune, and what is to be dune—understands a man’s ways, and so on.”—Vol. ii. pp. 7—14.

We have already heard of Mr. Cayman; the next quotation gives a sketch of this gentleman’s history, and a change that was worked in his principles by the arguments of his mother.

“ Mr. Cayman, to whom we have alluded as incumbent at Preston, was the son of a neighbouring clergyman who had been dead for some years; and his mother, formerly a Miss Lacerta, the aunt of Mrs. Vengeur, was still in life. Mr. Cayman was a close contemporary of his cousin, Mrs. Vengeur, and like her had dabbled in the waters of perfectability; but he had also drank deep of the streams of a better philosophy, both ancient and modern. At the age of twenty-one he was a republican and a sceptic; but he was bred to the church, and had a certain indecision of habits, contracted by living amongst women, the household being composed of his mother, and three or four maternal aunts, who were his seniors only by eight, ten, and twelve years. These younger ladies had enjoyed the advantages of a more fashionable education than had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Cayman: that is, each of them had been one year at a boarding school, where they had learnt a little bad music, something denominating singing; and between themselves and an untaught governess, had each produced a pair of landscapes, besides divers curiosities in paste and paper. By these ladies their sister was religiously beloved and respected, as their senior in years and experience; but she was looked upon as entirely of an exploded school, and scarcely ever recognised in matters of taste and refinement, though consulted in whatever concerned the vulgar affairs of life.

“ Mrs. Cayman had listened with grief and unqualified disapprobation to many discourses between her son and his aunts, who were sometimes a little caught by the novelty of his ideas; but being well schooled by their sister as to temporalities, they endeavoured to crush in the bud every opinion which ran counter to their own.

“ As all of these aunts had washed his face and combed his flaxen hair, taught him his prayers, and listened to his catechism, he had, in spite of himself, and in spite of their general ignorance, a deference and respect for them which he could not shake off; and, besides, all their opinions ran

parallel with his own *first* principles and preconceived notions; so that, morally speaking, he was exactly in the situation of the Ancient Britons—philosophy threw him upon the wide ocean of doubt and uncertainty, and his aunts drove him back to the old confines. However, the time arrived when he must decide. The incumbent of Preston was dying, and the gift was in the hands of their immediate patron.

“ ‘Sandy,’ said his mother, ‘I understand Mr. Shanky is dying: I have written, at least your aunt Matty has written, to our cousin Mr. Clinksale, and he’ll write to my lord’s doer, who will represent you to my lord, and I have no doubt of your getting the kirk.’

“ ‘This communication was like the report of a cannon to the devoted Sandy. Most gladly would he have dreamt out his existence in weighing the different theological theories which have vexed and puzzled mankind for five thousand years; or reading poetry to his aunts, and accompanying them to snug tea-parties, where he argued with little opposition, except when his cousin, Miss Laterta, happened to differ from him.

“ ‘Mother,’ said he, after a pause, in which he had suffered true sickness of heart, ‘it will be extremely indelicate to use any interest while Mr. Shanky is alive.’

“ ‘Nonsense with your delicacy! What new-fashioned word’s that? In my young days we never heard of such a thing, but about bits o’ ministerial jokes, whun I’ve heard yen say to anither, that’s no very decent afore the leddies; but now I declare, delicate this, and delicate that, is never out of your mouths. What’s indelicate about it? The man must dee; and if ye wunna, another wull.’

“ ‘But really, mother, I have not made up my mind as to being a clergyman: I have many scruples.’

“ ‘Have ye made up ye’er mind to starve then? Will ye’er French philosophy feed ye and clead ye?’

“ ‘No; neither am I a French philosopher. I despise their jargon, at least a great part of it; but I cannot, with a safe and clear conscience, subscribe at this time to the rules of the church.’

“ ‘I’ll tell ye what, Sandy: I’m nae philosopher; but for the last three years of my life, that is, since ye cam frae college, I’ve listened to as much nonsense as might justly of itself bring down the curses upon our country that fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah; and what I make out is exactly this, that there’s no twa of ye’er philosophers that think the same way; and what man of common sense wad tie himself down to sic stuff?’

“ ‘Mother, are you a Christian?’

“ ‘Am I a Christian! What d’ye take me for? A heathen, man, and a publican?’

“ ‘But you are not aware,’ said he, smiling, ‘that you have just uttered the very sentiment which is the ground-work of pure scepticism. The great Hume —’

“ ‘Sandy, if ye compare me to that sinfu’ and sin-creating man, I’ll cut ye aff wi’ a sixpence.’

“ ‘With a good-natured sneer, Sandy assured her he never would be guilty of such a crime.

“ ‘Weel then, Sandy, dinna interrupt me again, and hear what I have to say. Your future bread, your very temporal existence, depends upon this application; for many years may clapse before such another chance occurs; and wad ye throw away two hundred pounds a-year, and a good manse and fair glebe, for a parcel of nonsensical notions? I tell ye that not twa o’ they fuils agree in one point. Have I not heard ye hammering ye’er nonsense into the heads of ye’er aunts, and have I not observed that ye’er Platos and ye’er Aristotles not only differ frae yen another, but that all the commentators differ about them? Now I desire that ye’ll banish a’ that stuff out of ye’er head, and shew that ye have a brain by getting yourself licensed forthwith, and be ready whun it pleases the Lord to call Mr. Shanky hence. Ye’ll

be pleased to remember that ye have just five hundred pounds patrimony, and that ye are at this present time living on your aunts and myself, that is, as to board; and unless ye accept o' this kirk, I must be so plain as to say, that ye must provide for yourself elsewhere; and besides that, ye'll bring doon my grey hairs wi' sorrow to the grave.'

"Sandy bit his nails, turned himself round in his seat, and again essayed to rally. 'Mother, you forget; for surely you know that the same thing may be said with regard to discrepancy—I mean differences in opinion; that hardly two commentators on the Bible give the same exposition; and ——'

" 'Tell me nothing of the sort—these are mere *human* differences ——'

" 'But if the other disagreements are a test of fallacy, so may these; and were all the various commentators brought together, they would go far to neutralise the Scriptures altogether.'

" 'There is just one test in the wide world, Sandy, and that's the Bible, Old and New Testament; and unless ye mak that the test of your future conduct, we part.'

"Sandy slept upon it; philosophy vanished before his eyes like a vision of the night; while the manse, glebe, and two hundred a-year, stood in substantial array before him; and in ten months the presentation was sent to him in due form."—Vol. iii. pp. 23—29.

The next and last quotation we can make is the account of the death and last illness of Mr. Munro.

"She had just returned to the library, when Nancy entered, with a face and manner that indicated a doubt as to how the news which she had to communicate might be received; and after a little hesitation she announced, 'That Frank had seen a man from Annan Glade, who said, 'that Mr. Munro had been last night seized with a vomiting of blood, and was this morning in a very weak and dangerous state.'

"It was evident that this intimation was left to chance; but she instantly determined on doing what seemed to be her own duty, and, attended by Clara, did not lose a moment in visiting her husband.

"She found him in a languid state, and surrounded by officious relations, who seemed very little calculated to the care of a man labouring under the most severe symptoms of incipient but rapid consumption.

"She approached him kindly, and taking his hand, said, 'that she had just heard of his illness, and that she had not lost a single instant in coming to inquire for him, and to bring him the comfort and pleasure of seeing his daughter.'

"He withdrew his hand, and made no reply; but looked at Clara, as if her presence, in the company of her mother, gave him no satisfaction.

"His wife, who saw and read every look, felt ready to faint; but she roused her whole courage, and, with as little apparent emotion as possible, seated herself; resolving, at whatever price of pain to her best and most honourable feelings, she would abide by her husband in his present situation. However, after a day or two, she began to hesitate as to the propriety of remaining; for it was but too evident that the attentions of any one were more agreeable than hers; and she feared that, instead of being a comfort she might be the reverse. The outrage that was done to her own reason in the whole mode of management, she resolved to overlook, since she saw that it was no way irksome to the patient. She was afraid too that her presence augmented the desire to pour forth exhortations which she thought were like a death-warrant to him; but in this she miscalculated altogether. It is true, he had been much removed at one period from his pristine walk in life; but since his marriage—especially during the last six years of that time—he had been so much in it, as to be entirely accustomed to that which is listened to with no sort of emotion. Many a time she recollected the ostentatious words of the great man, who said, 'Come, and see how a Christian dies;' and of another, 'Come, and learn to die.' She thought that it would

have been much better, in the first instance, to have been able to say, 'Come, and see how a Christian lives;' and, in the other, 'Come, and learn to live.'

"Dreading that her presence occasioned this perpetual recurrence to a talk of his decease, which tended to depress him, she almost resolved on returning to Preston Vale: but again she considered that, as a wife, she had an unalienable right to remain by the death-bed of her husband; and, aware as she was that she had never been guilty of one act which could entitle him reasonably to wish her absence, she resolved in this, as in every other instance, to pursue what seemed to her the broad and direct line of moral conduct. She tried, too, to persuade herself, that unless where the nervous system is very fine, which could not be her husband's case, their mode of treatment could not injure him, even though the vital parts were affected, and if not, it was less likely to do so. But on other important subjects endurance was more difficult. The complacent hypocrisy with which this man of many sins listened to his mother's eulogies on his walk and conversation in life, and on his assurances of acceptance in death, often made her blush when she looked back on his deceits, his neglect of herself, his unkindness to his children, and his daring robbery of Rosanna. Still she persevered, and often winced bitterly, in addition to other annoyances, under the total mismanagement to which, in spite of a skilful physician, she saw him subjected.

"If she implored, which she often did with tears, that one food might be substituted for another, he replied, 'My mother knows my constitution best.'

"If she wished to smooth his pillow, or to dress a blister, his mother pushed her aside, saying at the same time, 'I have been long practised in they matters.'

"All this she endured, and still with repressed feeling, until one day, when she wanted to raise his head, seeing that he suffered from the position in which it lay, Clara said, 'My grandmother knows my father's ways best.'

"'Great God!' exclaimed she; 'is this my only daughter?'

"Mr. Munro gave a look of severe and heavy disapprobation; for, in his opinion, that exclamation had in it more of crime than all he had been guilty of.

"His wife retired until she was composed, and then returned to the sick room; but from that moment she desisted to offer any assistance, and the old woman always kept an extra person by, lest any sudden necessity should call forth her daughter-in-law's aid; and there was not even the shadow of a duty left for the poor despised wife.

"In this situation she would have been perfectly justified in leaving the house; and in that case, what would have been the clamour of that very mother-in-law and of the country? 'That she had deserted her dying husband!' Such is report. Without any view to this, she remained, as a matter of duty and right, until her husband was committed to his kindred dust. Kindred indeed to him!

"Such was the end of Mr. Munro, 'who died, much and justly regretted, on the 28th of February, 1808. A man of such inestimable worth, that whether we consider him as a son, a husband, a father, or a friend, we are at a loss in which character to admire him most.' Such, we again say, is report!"—Vol. iii. pp. 312—317.

#### SIR MICHAEL SCOTT.

*Sir Michael Scott, a Romance.* By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. 1827.

MR. CUNNINGHAM considers himself ill treated by a paragraph which we some time ago printed, concerning his Paul Jones, and the unreadableness and unreasonableness of the same. He opines, that



neither as an author, nor as a man, does he deserve to be treated with a sneering levity. As to Mr. Cunningham, as a man, we have neither said nor do we know any thing of him: as an author, otherwise than as a song-writer, levity is out of the question: one of his novels is a serious thing. In Sir Michael Scott, the author has excluded himself from any court of criticism where the laws of rationality are respected, and where to be deemed readable is esteemed a merit. We at least never denied to Mr. Cunningham the power of spinning ideas to an unlimited strength: his mind is a loom, and his supply of materials as endless as his power of weaving. But does it follow that wild inventions are pleasant to pursue, simply because they are inventions? Does a fiction, merely as a fiction, possess the power of interesting the attention? Imagination is Mr. Cunningham's forte; but he lacks the secret of combining his images in such a sort as to excite the sympathy of any human being. Sir Michael Scott goes through every superstition that has ever made a part of the northern mythology, and re-creates it wholly, and with an elaborate display of beauty and grace: and, if beauty and grace alone were capable of exciting attention, Mr. Cunningham would not fall short of Walter Scott in popularity. They are, however, but cold things, when unconnected with human interest. No man would love a creature of moonshine, though every beam which went to her composition should fall in the true line of beauty. In this romance, it was Mr. Cunningham's intention to produce a kind of Gothic Arabian Nights; in which he has wholly failed, by taking the accidents of the eastern stories for their substance. Because the agency of many of these tales is superhuman, and much of their scenery and many of their incidents marvellous, Mr. Cunningham has given us nothing but a bale of superstitious wonders. Michael Scott is the well known wizard, who takes a fancy, for no earthly purpose, to resuscitate the body of James, king of Scotland, as it lies a corpse on the field of Flodden, and leads him through every world of uncreated being that has ever been imagined, dreamed, or thought of, pretty much after the manner of Dante, in his great poem; but not like him, mixing up human sympathy and worldly experience with the imaginations of the poet. But perhaps Mr. Cunningham cares little about popularity, if he prefers the estimation of a few persons, who have such a love of art that the contemplation alone of an artist's power is a sufficient satisfaction; he may be certain of a few, and a very few, such readers. One short example of the cold splendour of Mr. Cunningham's production will be as good as a thousand: the whole work is a tissue of such inventions:—

“As he spoke, ten thousand jasper couches, which were empty when he entered, were filled with forms of surpassing loveliness; ten thousand sea-maidens, in the bloom of youth, came with the speed of light from the seacaves and chambers, and set the whole palace in a glow with their beauty. He could not but gaze in silence for a minute's space or more on the splendour of the palace, and the beauty of its inhabitants. There they sat on their glittering couches, their locks shedding a light like that of the sun, and their snowy necks and shoulders looking like wreaths of snow, touched by the light of the morning; while on all sides, underfoot and overhead, architecture had

wrought its miracles, uniting marbles and spars of all colours, and blending them into one curious and harmonious whole. On the walls were shown many wondrous scenes, painted from the processions and ceremonies—the joys and the loves, of the sea-maids; the colours in which they were limned seemed those of heaven. On one side a monster stretched out his immense and scaly train, while two laughing sea-maids sat on his back, and with wreaths of shells and pearls crowned his dark head, and struck on his sides, to urge him through the sea; the monster threw a river from his nostrils high into the sunny air, and glanced back his small and swarthy eyes with pleasure on the maidens.

“ Elsewhere a secluded and sunny nook of ocean was painted, the waves all around the quiet bay seemed sleeping in gold, while in the middle six sea-nymphs were sporting amid the element; their snow-white bodies shone brightly amid the brine. One swam freely along, and her long tresses flowed amid the agitated water, like melted gold amid silver. Another maiden stood up amid the sea, and shed her long hair into ringlets, showing, through the abundance of her locks the brightness of her brow, the whiteness of her bosom, and the dark sparkling of a pair of very deluding eyes. A third threw herself at full-length on the pale-green sea, and lay motionless and still, sleeping like the light of the sun, which gleamed in long straggling lines through a neighbouring grove on the water, nor did she move but with the impulse of the sea.

“ A fourth dived perpendicularly down into the flood: the body descended like a sunbeam, and with its white beauty seemed to stain the element; while a fifth sprung upward into the air, and the brine flew from her tresses in showers. The sixth sat on a rock, which sprang up amid the sea, shading the sun from her dark eyes with her hands, and smiling in gladness with the delicious warmth of the luminary. Upon this scene of freedom and beauty two eyes were seen to intrude from a neighbouring thicket; but whether they were those of man or woman, the artist had left undefined.”

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#### THE RED ROVER.

The Red Rover, a Tale. By the Author of the Spy, the Pilot, the Prairie, &c. &c. 3 vols. London. Colburn. 1828.

THE Red Rover is a tale of the sea, by an author who has taken the ocean for his element. A ship is the heroine of his stories, and men and women are merely accessories in his plot. He invests a vessel with life; he describes its walk on the waters with the enthusiasm of a lover; and dwells on its manifold perfections with an enjoyment that ensures the warm sympathy of his reader. After a ship, Mr. Cooper is great in his conception of a sailor—a true seaman; an amphibious creature, that only lives and breathes in connexion with the boards he treads, and the sail he handles—an animal incapable of a separate existence. This writer's Tom Coffins, Ben Boscawens, and Dick Fids, are made to sink with their ships, but to exist eternally in

the imagination. When Dick Fid is told by his commander that he is going on a service of an arduous and a dangerous kind, Richard in his simplicity says, "Not much more travelling by land, sir, I hope?" Dick Fid was aware of his own incapacity to steer a true course on *terra firma*: his author and creator, however, is equally awkward under the same circumstances; but he is not so well aware of his defect. Mr. Cooper, in short, is only a man of talent when his foot is on deck—like Rob Roy, treading his own heather, at the first touch of the wood, at the first snuff of the sea breeze, he feels the inspiration of his genius, while we must in justice say, a duller, more prosy, tedious dog never had his day than the same Mr. Cooper, among builded houses, paved streets, and green fields. The Red Rover, as a story, is undoubtedly a puerile affair, and contains a vast deal of arrant stuff, by way of dialogue and description: but the portions of it which are good at all, are truly admirable displays of power.

In the days previous to the independence of the United States, the seas of America were infested with a notorious pirate, whose ship was termed the Red Rover, from a streak of that colour which begirded it, and by which name he also passed himself. At the opening of the story, this vessel is lying at anchor in the harbour of Newport, in Rhode Island, under the assumed character of a slaver. The beauty of the Red Rover's, otherwise the Dolphin's, proportions, her complete state of preparation for resistance or attack, together with the mysterious conduct of the crew, have excited the suspicions of the town's people; at this moment we are introduced to a young sailor, with two adherents, the one a black and the other a veteran seaman, and the slaver becomes a subject of speculation to these persons, one of whom evidently takes a deep interest in her proceedings. This sailor is, for we shall not preserve the mystery Mr. Cooper affects, a lieutenant on board his Britannic Majesty's ship Dart, who has volunteered, absurdly enough it must be allowed, to entrap the Red Rover into the hands of the English vessels of war, by treacherously entering into his service, and then betraying his trust.

This is but poor material for a hero, nevertheless in that capacity this Wilder, alias Lieutenant Henry Ark, is the rival of the Rover himself, in his claims to the consideration of the reader. His purpose is forwarded by accidentally falling in with the Rover himself, as he is watching the vessel which circumstances have led him to suspect is the object of his search. The Red Rover, at the time in the disguise of a lawyer (forsooth!) is pleased with the lieutenant; and when he subsequently visits the vessel itself, a compact is made between them, and Wilder becomes the first lieutenant of the pirate. Previous to this ill-assorted pair setting sail together, the Rover assigns his new mate a separate service. The Royal Caroline, a merchant ship, laden with a wealthy cargo, and moreover a vessel of excellent character, is about to sail from the harbour, when an accident happens to her commander. The Rover contrives his own lieutenant to be chosen in his place, of course intending to save the trouble of a capture, by guiding the vessel into his own clutches. Wilder is thus placed in the situation of a double traitor. Besides a natural objection to betray the Royal Caroline into the hands of the very man he is plotting against, two of the passengers on board are ladies, for whom Wilder conceives a deep

interest; and his struggle to escape the fangs of the pirate is invigorated by his dread of these women falling into the Rover's hands. The Royal Caroline has not been very long at sea before a sail is observed, apparently of a vessel closely following their course. Wilder alone is aware of the dangerous character of the stranger, and strains every resource of art and activity to elude its grasp. The unknown vessel is however an unrivalled sailor, and its crew is perfect. The Caroline has no sooner changed its course in the night, than the stranger as suddenly makes an alteration in his course. The object of its commander becomes evident, and as the Royal Caroline is evidently losing ground, Wilder determines to retrace his course, and seek again the harbour he has left. A violent gale of wind, however, thwarts his purpose, and after a long struggle, admirably depicted by the author, the Royal Caroline is deserted by her crew, and founders. Wilder alone of the seamen sticks to the sinking ship, and with him remain the two ladies. They are ultimately saved by taking refuge in a launch, which floats as the vessel reaches the water, and are picked up accidentally by the—Pirate himself!

Wilder takes his place of second in command under the Red Rover, as if no chace—no wreck had happened, but leaving Mr. Cooper to account for the manner in which he excused himself to his employer, we shall continue our outline. After sailing various courses without apparent end or aim, the man at the mast-head, one day, detects a sail, which turns out to be the Dart, the very ship to which the pirate's lieutenant belongs. Now, then, had the honourable Briton been in good earnest in his plan, the accomplishment of his purpose was at hand. But struck, it seems, by the magnanimity, generosity, talent, &c. &c. of the Rover, he becomes faint-hearted, and advises the pirate not to fight. The Rover perceiving the match equal, and the chances doubtful, inclines to the same opinion; but the ships are however too near to get off without communication; and the Rover, who is never at a loss for either a disguise or a manœuvre, visits the commander of the Dart, an old, weather-beaten seaman, and passes himself off as the Honourable Captain Howard, lately promoted to the command of H. M. S. Antelope. Captain Bignall, deceived by the assumed foppery of the pirate, and disgusted by his airs of consequence and patronage, gladly sends him back to his own ship, but not before he has let out in conversation the fact, that his lieutenant, Ark (alias Wilder) is absent, on the notable scheme already mentioned, of entrapping the ruffian known by the name of the Red Rover. On his return to his ship, instead of hanging up his lieutenant at the yard-arm, as an ordinary pirate would have done, he assumes the sentimental and the heroic, and dismisses Wilder, with his two adherents, to their own ship. When Wilder rejoins his commander, he informs him of the real character of his late visitor. The old captain is enraged that the prey has slipped between his fingers, and nothing will satisfy him but a chace. The Red Rover is in no hurry to run, and an engagement ensues, in which the Dart is captured and the captain killed. The pirate's crew proceed to hang up the spy Wilder and his men, when the execution is delayed by an *eclaircissement*. Wilder proves to be the son of one of the ladies he has protected, and, ultimately, the Red Rover turns out to be her brother. After

this piece of signal success, and disgusted apparently by some of the circumstances of the late affair, a sudden fit of repentance seizes the Rover; he discharges his crew—gives the Dart to Wilder, and blows up his own vessel. What further takes place is not worth recording.

In making our extracts we shall confine ourselves to that portion of the work which shows the peculiar excellence of the author. The first exhibits a delicate manœuvre of Wilder, in extracting the Royal Caroline from a situation of considerable peril, and conducting her out of the harbour of Newport:—

“ Calling to the pilot, he told him the attempt to pass to windward was of very doubtful success, and reminded him that the safer way would be to go to leeward of the slaver lying at anchor.

“ ‘ No fear, no fear, captain,’ returned the stubborn conductor of the ship, who, as his authority was so brief, was only the more jealous of its unrestrained exercise, and who, like an usurper of the throne, felt a jealousy of the more legitimate power which he had temporarily dispossessed: ‘ no fear of me, captain. I have trolled over this ground oftener than you have crossed the ocean, and I know the name of every rock on the bottom as well as the town-crier knows the streets of Newport. Let her luff, boy; luff her into the very eye of the wind; luff, you can —’

“ ‘ You have the ship shivering as it is, sir,’ said Wilder sternly: ‘ should you get us foul of the slaver, who is to pay the cost?’

“ ‘ I am a general underwriter,’ returned the opinionated pilot; ‘ my wife shall mend every hole I make in your sails with a needle no bigger than a hair, and with such a palm as a fairy’s thimble!’

“ ‘ This is fine talking, sir, but you are already losing the ship’s way; and, before you have ended your boasts, she will be as fast in irons as a condemned thief. Keep the sails full, boy; keep them a rap full, sir.’

“ ‘ Ay, ay, keep her a good full,’ echoed the pilot, who, as the difficulty of passing to windward became at each instant more obvious, evidently began to waver in his resolution. ‘ Keep her full-and-by—I have always told you full-and-by—I don’t know, captain, seeing that the wind had hauled a little, but we shall have to pass to leeward yet; but you will acknowledge that, in such case, we shall be obliged to go about.’

“ Now in point of fact, the wind, though a little lighter than it had been, was, if any thing, a trifle more favourable: nor had Wilder ever, in any manner, denied that the ship would not have to tack some twenty minutes sooner, by going to leeward of the other vessel, than if she had succeeded in her delicate experiment of passing on the more honourable side; but, as the vulgarest minds are always the most reluctant to confess their blunders, the discomfited pilot was disposed to qualify the concession he found himself compelled to make, by some salvo of the sort, that he might not lessen his reputation for foresight among his auditors.

“ ‘ Keep her away at once,’ cried Wilder, who was beginning to change the tones of remonstrance for these of command; ‘ keep the ship away, sir, while you have room to do it.’ - - - -

“ ‘ I believe that it must be done, seeing that the wind is hauling.

Hard up, boy, and run her under the stern of the ship at anchor. Hold ! keep your luff again ; eat into the wind to the bone, boy ; lift again ; let the light sails lift. The slaver has run a warp directly across our track. If there's law in the plantations, I'll have her captain before the courts for this !'

" ' What means the fellow ? ' demanded Wilder, jumping hastily on a gun, in order to get a better view.

" His mate pointed to the lee quarter of the other vessel, where, sure enough, a large rope was seen whipping the water, as though in the very process of being extended. The truth instantly flashed on the mind of our young mariner. The Rover lay secretly moored with a spring, with a view to bring his guns more readily to bear upon the battery, should his defence become necessary, and he now profited by the circumstance, in order to prevent the trader from passing to leeward. The whole arrangements excited a good deal of surprise, and not a few execrations among the officers of the *Caroline*, though none but her commander had the smallest twinkling of the real reason why the kedge had thus been laid, and why a warp was so awkwardly stretched across their path. Of the whole number, the pilot alone saw cause to rejoice in the circumstance. He had, in fact, got the ship in such a situation as to render it nearly as difficult to proceed in one way as in the other ; and he was now furnished with a sufficient justification, should any accident occur, in the course of the exceedingly critical manœuvre, from whose execution there was now no retreat.

" ' This is an extraordinary liberty to take in the mouth of a harbour,' muttered Wilder, when his eyes put him in possession of the fact just related. ' You must shove her by to windward, pilot ; there is no remedy.'

" ' I wash my hands of the consequences, as I call all on board to witness,' returned the other, with the air of a deeply offended man, though secretly glad of the appearance of being driven to the very measure he was a minute before so obstinately bent on executing. ' Law must be called in here, if sticks are snapped, or rigging parted. Luff to a hair, boy ; luff her short into the wind, and try a half-board.'

" The man at the helm obeyed the order. Releasing his hold of its spokes, the wheel made a quick evolution ; and the ship, feeling a fresh impulse of the wind, turned her head heavily towards the quarter whence it came, the canvas fluttering with a noise like that produced by a flock of water-fowl just taking wing. But met by the helm again, she soon fell off as before, powerless from having lost her way, and settling bodily down towards the fancied slaver, impelled by the air, which seemed, however, to have lost much of its force, at the critical instant it was most needed.

" The situation of the *Caroline* was one which a seaman will readily understand. She had forged so far a-head as to lie directly on the weather-beam of the stranger, but too near to enable her to fall-off in the least, without imminent danger that the vessels would come foul. The wind was inconstant, sometimes blowing in puffs, while at moments there was a perfect lull. As the ship felt the former, her tall masts bent gracefully towards the slaver, as if to make the parting salute ; but, relieved from the momentary pressure of the in-

constant air, she as often rolled heavily to windward without advancing a foot. The effect of each change, however, was to bring her still nigher to her dangerous neighbour, until it became evident, to the judgment of the youngest seaman in the vessel, that nothing but a sudden shift of wind could enable her to pass a-head, the more especially as the tide was on the change.

"As the inferior officers of the *Caroline* were not delicate in their commentaries on the dulness which had brought them into so awkward and so mortifying a position, the pilot endeavoured to conceal his own vexation, by the number and vociferousness of his orders. From blustering, he soon passed into confusion, until the men themselves stood idle, not knowing which of the uncertain and contradictory mandates they received ought to be first obeyed. - - - - -

"*'Haul the spanker-boom to windward,'* shouted the pilot; *'lower away the boats, and tow the ship's head round—clear away the stream anchor—aft gib sheet—board main tack, again.'*

"The astonished men stood like statues, not knowing whither to turn, some calling to the rest to do this or that, and some as loudly countermanding the order; when an authoritative voice was heard calmly to say—*'Silence in the ship.'*

"The tones were of that sort which, while they denote the self-possession of the speaker, never fail to inspire the inferior with a portion of the confidence of him who commands. Every face was turned towards the quarter of the vessel whence the sound proceeded, as if each ear was ready to catch the smallest additional mandate. Wilder was standing on the head of the capstan, where he could command a full view on every side of him. With a quick and understanding glance, he had made himself a perfect master of the situation of his ship. His eye was at the instant fixed anxiously on the slaver, as if it would pierce the treacherous calm which still reigned on all about her, in order to know how far his exertions might be permitted to be useful. But it appeared as if the stranger lay like some enchanted vessel on the water, not a human form appearing about all her complicated machinery, except the seaman already named, who still continued his employment, as though the *Caroline* was not within a hundred miles of the place where he sat. The lips of Wilder moved: it might be in bitterness; it might be in satisfaction; for a smile of the most unequivocal nature lighted his features, as he continued, in the same deep, commanding voice as before—

"*'Throw all aback—lay every thing flat to the masts, forward and aft.'*

"*'Ay!'* echoed the pilot, *'lay every flat to the masts.'*

- "*'Is there a shove-boat alongside the ship?'* demanded our adventurer.

: "*'The answer, from a dozen voices, was in the affirmative.*

\* "*'Shew that pilot into her.'*

"*'This is an unlawful order,'* exclaimed the other; *'and I forbid any voice but mine to be obeyed.'*

"*'Throw him in,'* sternly repeated Wilder.

"Amid the bustle and exertion of bracing round the yards, the resistance of the pilot produced little or no sensation. He was soon raised on the extended arms of the two mates; and after exhibiting

his limbs in sundry contortions in the air, he was dropped into the boat with as little ceremony as though he had been a billet of wood. The end of the painter was cast after him; and then the discomfited guide was left, with singular indifference, to his own meditations.

"In the mean time, the order of Wilder had been executed. Those vast sheets of canvas which, a moment before, had been either fluttering in the air, or were bellying inward or outward, as they touched or filled, as it is technically called, were now all pressing against their respective masts, impelling the vessel to retrace her mistaken path. The manœuvre required the utmost attention, and the nicest delicacy in its direction. But her young commander proved himself, in every particular, competent to his task. Here, a sail was lifted; there, another was brought with a flatter surface to the air; now, the lighter canvas was spread; and now it disappeared like thin vapour suddenly dispelled by the sun. The voice of Wilder throughout, though calm, was breathing with authority. The ship itself seemed like an animated being, conscious that her destinies were reposed in different and more intelligent hands than before. Obedient to the new impulse they had received, the immense cloud of canvas, with all its tall forest of spars and rigging, rolled to and fro; and then, having overcome the state of comparative rest in which it had been lying, the vessel heavily yielded to the pressure, and began to recede.

"Throughout the whole of the time necessary to extricate the Caroline, the attention of Wilder was divided between his own ship and his inexplicable neighbour. Not a sound was heard to issue from the imposing and death-like stillness of the latter. Not a single anxious countenance, not even one lurking eye, was to be detected, at any of the numerous outlets by which the inmates of an armed vessel can look abroad upon the deep. The seaman on the yard continued his labour, like a man unconscious of any thing but his own existence. There was, however, a slow though nearly imperceptible, motion in the ship itself, which was apparently made, like the lazy movement of a slumbering whale, more by listless volition, than through any agency of human hands.

"Not the smallest of these changes escaped the keen and understanding examination of Wilder. He saw, that as his own ship retired, the side of the slaver was gradually exposed to the Caroline. The muzzles of the threatening guns gaped constantly on his vessel, as the eye of the crouching tiger follows the movement of its prey; and at no time, while nearest, did there exist a single instant that the decks on the latter ship could not have been swept by a general discharge from the battery of the former. At each successive order issued from his own lips, our adventurer turned his eye with increasing interest, to ascertain whether he would be permitted to execute it; and never did he feel certain that he was left to the sole management of the Caroline until he found that she had backed from her dangerous proximity to the other; and that, obedient to a new disposition of her sails, she was falling off before the light air, in a place where he could hold her entirely at command.

"Finding that the tide was getting unfavourable, and the wind too light to stem it, the sails were then drawn to her yards in festoons, and an anchor was dropped to the bottom,



“ ‘ Man the windlass there! We will try the breeze again, and work the ship into the offing while there is light.’ ”

“ The clattering of handspikes preceded the mariners’ song. Then the heavy labour, by which the ponderous iron was lifted from the bottom, was again resumed, and in a few more minutes, the ship was once more released from her hold upon the land.

“ The wind soon came fresh off the ocean, charged with the saline dampness of the element. As the air fell upon the distended and balanced sails, the ship bowed to the welcome guest; and then, rising gracefully from its low inclination, the breeze was heard singing through the maze of rigging, the music that is ever grateful to a seaman’s ear. The welcome sounds, and the freshness of the peculiar air, gave additional energy to the movements of the men. The anchor was stowed, the ship cast, the lighter sails set, the courses had fallen, and the bows of the *Caroline* were throwing the spray before her, ere another ten minutes had gone by.

“ Wilder had now undertaken himself the task of running his vessel between the islands of Connannicut and Rhode. Fortunately for the heavy responsibility he had assumed, the channel was not difficult, and the wind had veered so far to the east as to give him a favourable opportunity, after making a short stretch to windward, of laying through in a single reach. But this stretch would bring him under the necessity of passing very near the *Rover*, or of losing no small portion of his ‘vantage ground.’ He did not hesitate. When the vessel was as nigh the weather shore as his busy lead told him was prudent, the ship was tacked, and her head laid directly towards the still motionless and seemingly unobservant slaver.

“ The approach of the *Caroline* was far more propitious than before. The wind was steady, and her crew held her in hand, as a skilful rider governs the action of a fiery and mettled steed.

“ Still the passage was not made without exciting a breathless interest in every soul in the Bristol trader. Each individual had his own secret cause of curiosity. To the seamen, the strange ship began to be the subject of wonder; the governess and her ward, scarce knew the reasons of their emotions; while Wilder was but too well instructed in the nature of the hazard that all but himself were running. As before, the man at the wheel was about to indulge his nautical pride, by going to windward; but, although the experiment would now have been attended with but little hazard, he was commanded to proceed differently.

“ ‘ Pass the slaver’s lee-beam, Sir,’ said Wilder to him, with a gesture of authority; and then the young captain went himself to lean on the weather rail like every other idler on board, to examine the object they were so fast approaching. As the *Caroline* came boldly up, seeming to bear the breeze before her, the sighing of the wind, as it murmured through the rigging of the stranger, was the only sound that issued from her. Not a single human face, not even a secret and curious eye, was any where to be seen. The passage was of course rapid; and as the two vessels for an instant lay, with heads and sterns nearly equal, Wilder thought it was to be made without the slightest notice from the imaginary slaver. But he was mistaken. A light, active form, in the undress attire of a naval officer, sprang upon the

taffrail, and waved a sea-cap in salute. The instant the fair hair was blowing about the countenance of this individual, Wilder recognized the quick keen eye and features of the Rover.

The next extract exhibits a very powerful and spirit-stirring piece of sea painting; it is a description of the storm in which the Royal Caroline went down.

"The ocean itself appeared admonished that a quick and violent change was nigh. The waves had ceased to break in their former foaming and brilliant crests; but black masses of the water were seen lifting their surly summits against the eastern horizon, no longer relieved by their scintillating brightness, or shedding their own peculiar and lucid atmosphere around them. The breeze which had been so fresh, and which had even blown, at times, with a force that nearly amounted to a little gale, was lulling and becoming uncertain, as though awed by the more violent power that was gathering along the borders of the sea, in the direction of the neighbouring continent. Each moment, the eastern puffs of air lost their strength, and became more and more feeble, until, in an incredibly short period, the heavy sails were heard flapping against the masts—a frightful and ominous calm succeeded." - - - - -

"'Lay the after yards square!' he said, in a voice which was heard by every man on deck, though his words were apparently spoken but little above his breath. Even the creaking of the blocks, as the spars came slowly and heavily round to the indicated position, contributed to the imposing character of the moment, and sounded, in the ears of all the instructed listeners, like notes of fearful preparation.

"'Haul up the courses!' resumed Wilder, after a thoughtful, brief interval, with the same eloquent calmness of manner. Then, taking another glance at the threatening horizon, he added with emphasis, 'Furl them—furl them both. Away aloft, and hand your courses,' he continued, in a shout; 'roll them up, cheerily; in with them, boys, cheerily; in!'

"The conscious seamen took their impulses from the tones of their commander. In a moment, twenty dark forms were seen leaping up the rigging, with the alacrity of so many quadrupeds; and, in another minute, the vast and powerful sheets of canvas were effectually rendered harmless, by securing them in tight rolls to their respective spars. The men descended as swiftly as they had mounted to the yards; and then succeeded another short and breathing pause. At this moment, a candle would have sent its flame perpendicularly towards the heavens. The ship, missing the steadying power of the wind, rolled heavily in the troughs of the seas, which, however, began to be more diminutive, at each instant; as though the startled element was recalling, into the security of its own vast bosom, that portion of its particles which had, just before, been permitted to gambol so madly over its surface. The water washed sullenly along the side of the ship, or, as she labouring rose from one of her frequent falls into the hollows of the waves, it shot back into the ocean from her decks, in numberless little glittering cascades. Every hue of the heavens, every sound of the element, and each dusky and anxious

countenance that was visible, helped to proclaim the intense interest of the moment." - - - - -

"As the gust approached, Wilder had seized the slight opportunity afforded by the changeful puffs of air, to get the ship as much as possible before the wind; but the sluggish movement of the vessel met neither the wishes of his own impatience nor the exigencies of the moment. Her bows had slowly and heavily fallen off from the north, leaving her precisely in a situation to receive the first shock on her broadside. Happy it was for all who had life at risk in that defenceless vessel, that she was not fated to receive the whole weight of the tempest at a blow. The sails fluttered and trembled on their massive yards, bellying and collapsing alternately for a minute, and then the rushing wind slept over them in a hurricane.

"The Caroline received the blast like a stout and buoyant ship, yielding readily to its impulse, until her side lay nearly incumbent on the element in which she floated; and then, as if the fearful fabric were conscious of its jeopardy, it seemed to lift its reclining masts again, struggling to work its way heavily through the water.

"'Keep the helm a-weather! Jam it a-weather, for your life!' shouted Wilder, amid the roar of the gust.

"The veteran seaman at the wheel obeyed the order with steadiness; but in vain he kept his eyes rivetted on the margin of his headsail, in order to watch the manner the ship would obey its power. Twice more, in as many moments, the tall masts fell towards the horizon, waving as often gracefully upward, and then they yielded to the mighty pressure of the wind, until the whole machine lay prostrate on the water.

"'Reflect!' said Wilder, seizing the bewildered Earing by the arm, as the latter rushed madly up the steep of the deck; 'it is our duty to be calm: bring hither an axe.'

"Quick as the thought which gave the order, the admonished mate complied, jumping into the mizzen-channels of the ship, to execute, with his own hands, the mandate that he well knew must follow.

"'Shall I cut?' he demanded, with uplifted arms, and in a voice that atoned for his momentary confusion, by its steadiness and force.

"'Hold! Does the ship mind her helm at all?'

"'Not an inch, sir.'

"'Then cut,' Wilder clearly and calmly added.

"A single blow sufficed for the discharge of the momentary act. Extended to the utmost powers of endurance, by the vast weight it upheld, the lanyard struck by Earing no sooner parted, than each of its fellows snapped in succession, leaving the mast dependent on itself alone for the support of all its ponderous and complicated hamper. The cracking of the wood came next; and then the rigging fell, like a tree that had been sapped at its foundation, the little distance that still existed between it and the sea.

"'Does she fall off?' instantly called Wilder to the observant seaman at the wheel.

"'She yielded a little, Sir; but this new squall is bringing her up again.'

" ' Shall I cut ? ' shouted Earing from the main rigging, whither he had leaped, like a tiger who had bounded on his prey.

" ' Cut ! ' was the answer.

" A loud and imposing crash soon succeeded this order, though not before several heavy blows had been struck into the massive mast itself. As before, the seas received the tumbling maze of spars, rigging, and sails ; the vessel surging, at the same instant, from its recumbent position, and rolling far and heavily to windward.

" ' She rights ! she rights ! ' exclaimed twenty voices which had been hitherto mute, in a suspense that involved life and death.

" ' Keep her head away ! ' added the still calm but deeply authoritative voice of the young commander. ' Stand by to furl the fore-topsail—let it hang a moment to drag the ship clear of the wreck—cut, cut—cheerily, men—hatchets and knives—cut *with* all, and cut *off* all ! '

" As the men now worked with the freshened vigour of revived hope, the ropes that still confined the fallen spars to the vessel were quickly severed ; and the Caroline, by this time dead before the gale, appeared barely to touch the foam that covered the sea, like a bird that was swift upon the wing skimming the waters. The wind came over the waste in gusts, that rumbled like distant thunder, and with a power that seemed to threaten to lift the ship and its contents from its proper element, to deliver it to one still more variable and treacherous. As a prudent and sagacious seaman had let fly the hal-yards of the solitary sail that remained, at the moment when the squall approached, the loosened but lowered topsail was now distended in a manner that threatened to drag after it the only mast which still stood. Wilder instantly saw the necessity of getting rid of the sail, and he also saw the utter impossibility of securing it. Calling Earing to his side, he pointed out the danger, and gave the necessary order.

" ' Yon spar cannot stand such shocks much longer,' he concluded ; ' and should it go over the bows, some fatal blow might be given to the ship at the rate she is moving. A man or two must be sent aloft to cut the sail from the yards.'

" ' The stick is bending like a willow whip,' returned the mate, ' and the lower mast itself is sprung. There would be great danger in trusting a life in that top, while such wild squalls as these are breathing around us.'

" ' You may be right,' returned Wilder, with a sudden conviction of the truth of what the other had said. ' Stay you then here ; and if any thing befall me, try to get the vessel into port as far north as the Capes of Virginia, at least ; on no account attempt Hatteras in the present condition of—'

" ' What would you do, Captain Wilder ? ' interrupted the mate, laying his hand powerfully on the shoulder of his commander, who he observed had already thrown his sea-cap on the deck, and was preparing to divest himself of some of his outer garments.

" ' I go aloft, to ease the mast of that topsail, without which we lose the spar, and possibly the ship.'

" ' Ay, ay, I see that plain enough ; but shall it be said another did the duty of Edward Earing ? It is your business to carry the vessel

into the Capes of Virginia, and mine to cut the topsail adrift. If harm comes to me, why, put it in the log, with a word or two about the manner in which I played my part. 'This is always the best and proper epitaph for a sailor.'

"Wilder made no resistance; but resumed his watchful and reflecting attitude, with the simplicity of one who had been too long trained to the discharge of certain obligations himself, to manifest surprise that another should acknowledge their imperative character. In the mean time, Earing proceeded steadily to perform what he had just promised. Passing into the waist of the ship, he provided himself with a suitable hatchet, and then, without speaking a syllable to any of the mute but attentive seamen, he sprang into the fore-rigging, every strand and rope-yard of which was tightened by the strain nearly to snapping. The understanding eyes of his observers comprehended his intention; and, with precisely the same pride of station as had urged him to the dangerous undertaking, four or five of the elder mariners jumped upon the ratlings, to mount with him into an air that apparently teemed with a hundred hurricanes.

"'Lie down out of that fore-rigging!' shouted Wilder, through a deck-trumpet; 'lie down; all, but the mate, lie down!' His words were borne past the inattentive ears of the excited and mortified followers of Earing, but they failed of their effect. Each man was too much bent on his own earnest purpose to listen to the sounds of recal. In less than a minute, the whole were scattered along the yards, prepared to obey the signal of their officer. The mate cast a look about him; and, perceiving that the time was comparatively favourable, he struck a blow upon the large rope that confined one of the angles of the distended and bursting sail to the lower yard. The effect was much the same as would be produced by knocking away the key-stone of an ill-cemented arch. The canvas broke from all its fastenings with a loud explosion, and for an instant, was seen sailing in the air ahead of the ship, as though sustained on the wings of an eagle. The vessel rose on a sluggish wave—the lingering remains of the former breeze—and then settled heavily over the rolling surge, borne down alike by its own weight and the renewed violence of the gusts. At this critical instant, while the seamen aloft were still gazing in the direction in which the little cloud of canvas had disappeared, a lanyard of the lower rigging parted, with a crack that even reached the ears of Wilder.

"'Lie down!' he shouted fearfully through his trumpet; 'down by the backstays; down for your lives; every man of you, down!'

'A solitary individual of them all profited by the warning, and was seen gliding towards the deck with the velocity of the wind. But rope parted after rope, and the fatal snapping of the wood instantly followed. For a moment the towering maze tottered, and seemed to wave towards every quarter of the heavens; and then, yielding to the movements of the hull, the whole fell with a heavy crash into the sea. Each cord, lanyard, or stay snapped, when it received the strain of its new position, as though it had been made of thread, leaving the naked and despoiled hull of the *Caroline* to drive onward before the tempest, as if nothing had occurred to impede its progress.

'A mute and eloquent pause succeeded this disaster. It appeared

as if the elements themselves were appeased by their work, and something like a momentary lull in the awful rushing of the winds might have been fancied. Wilder sprang to the side of the vessel, and distinctly beheld the victims who still clung to their frail support. He even saw Earing waving his hand in adieu, with a seaman's heart, and like a man who not only felt how desperate was his situation, but one who knew how to meet his fate with resignation. Then the wreck of spars, with all who clung to it, was swallowed up in the body of the frightful, preternatural-looking mist, which extended on every side of them, from the ocean to the clouds.

" 'Stand by, to clear away a boat!' shouted Wilder, without pausing to think of the impossibility of one's swimming, or of effecting the least good in so violent a tornado.

" But the amazed and confounded seamen who remained needed not instruction in this matter. No man moved, nor was the smallest symptom of obedience given. The mariners looked wildly around them, each endeavouring to trace, in the dusky countenance of the other, his opinion of the extent of the evil; but not a mouth was opened among them all.

" 'It is too late, it is too late!' murmured Wilder to himself; 'human skill and human efforts could not have saved them.'

" 'Sail, ho!' Nighthead muttered at his elbow, in a voice that teemed with a species of superstitious awe.

" 'Let him come on,' returned his young commander bitterly; 'the mischief is ready finished to his hands!'

Character is not the forte of the author; but in the portraiture of the sons of the Ocean he has peculiar excellence. The Rover himself is, however, a complete failure: the author has tricked him out in too many strange attributes; he is, in fact, a sea-monster. Two of the humbler personages of the novel are drawn with uncommon freshness and vigour; they are fine racy specimens of nautical life. Richard Fid, and his humble friend Scipio Africanus, otherwise Guinea, as Dick, with some little pretension to facetiousness, calls him, are the persons in question. The character of Dick Fid is perfectly developed in the parts we shall extract. Dick needs no historian; he is his own chronicler, and in a fine protesting air: but with the real spirit of humanity he acts as the chronicler of Guinea too—and lucky is it for Guinea's fame that he does so, for Scipio meddles not with matters of speech; his disinterestedness and self-devotion could only be learned from his unpretending actions, were it not that he had a friend of superior education in his comrade Dick Fid. He is no better than a "nigger," observes Dick, but his colour has got into my eye, and it is now as good as another. Honest Scipio takes all that *Misser Dick* says with the most perfect submission. They had lived as companions for four-and-twenty years, and their attachment to each other seems only exceeded by their attachment to Master Harry, who was a sort of half-protégé and half-master. When honest Dick, in allusion to the supposed connection of Wilder with pirates, is asked if he would follow his master to the gallows, he rolls his quid about his mouth for some minutes, and then exclaims, "May I be d—d if I would not. Such a trifle as a gibbet should not part us." And when Scipio has shuffled off this mortal coil, and the pirates are about to

cast his body, which has hardly ceased to breathe, into the sea, Fid, indignant at such unchristian conduct, though himself in danger of following his friend in a few seconds, lashes the black body to his own to prevent it.—But Dick shall speak for himself: he is giving an account of the manner in which they found Wilder when an infant.

“ ‘Ay; then you fell in with the African,’ said the Rover.

“ ‘Then we made our acquaintance; and although his colour is no whiter than the back of a whale, I care not who knows it, after Master Harry, there is no man living who has an honest way with him, or in whose company I take greater satisfaction. To be sure, your Honour, the fellow is something contradictory, and has a great opinion of his strength, and thinks his equal is not to be found at a weather-earring, or in the bunt of a topsail; but then he is no better than a black, and one is not to be particular in looking into the faults of such as are not actually his fellow-creatures.’

“ ‘No, no; that would be uncharitable in the extreme.’

“ ‘The very words the chaplain used to let fly aboard the ‘Brunswick!’ It is a great thing to have schooling, your Honour; since, if it does nothing else, it fits a man for a boatswain, and puts him in the track of steering the shortest course to Heaven. But, as I was saying, there was I and Guinea shipmates, and in a reasonable way friends, for five years more; and then the time arrived when we met with the mishap of the wreck in the West Indies.

“ ‘Well, there were I and Guinea, rowing about in the ocean, on short allowance of all things but work, for two nights and a day, heading-in for the islands; for, though no great navigators, we could smell the land, and so we pull’d away lustily, when you consider it was a race in which life was the wager, until we made, in the pride of the morning, as it might be here, at east-and-by-south, a ship under bare poles; if a vessel can be called bare that had nothing better than the stumps of her three masts standing, and they without rope or rag to tell one her rig or nation. Howsoever, as there were three naked sticks left, I have always put her down for a full-rigged ship; and when we got nigh enough to look at her hull, I made bold to say she was of English build.’

“ ‘You boarded her?’ observed the Rover.

“ ‘A small task that, your Honour, since a starved dog was the whole crew she could muster to keep us off. It was a solemn sight when we got on her decks, and one that bears hard on my manhood,’ continued Fid, with an air that grew more serious as he proceeded, ‘whenever I have occasion to overhaul the log-book of memory.’

“ ‘You found her people suffering of want?’

“ ‘We found a noble ship as helpless as a halibut in a tub. There she lay, a craft of some four hundred tons, water-logged, and motionless as a church. It always gives me great reflection, Sir, when I see a noble vessel brought to such a strait; for one may liken her to a man who has been docked of his fins, and who is getting to be good for little else than to be set upon a cat-head to look out for squalls.’

“ ‘The ship was then deserted?’

“ ‘Ay, the people had left her, Sir, or had been washed away in the gust that laid her over. I never could come at the truth of them particulars. The dog had been mischievous, I conclude, about the

decks, and so he had been lashed to a timber-head, the which saved his life, since, happily for him, he found himself on the weather-side when the hull righted a little, after her spars gave way. Well, Sir, there was the dog, and not much else, as we could see, though we spent half a day in rummaging round, to pick up any small matter that might be useful; but then, as the entrance to the hold and cabin was full of water, why, we made no great affair of the salvage, after all.'

" ' And then you left the wreck ? '

" ' Not yet, your Honour. While knocking about among the bits of rigging and lumber above board, says Guinea, says he, ' Mister Dick, I hear some one making their complaints below.' Now, I had heard the same noises myself, Sir; but had set them down as the spirits of the people mourning over their losses, and had said nothing of the same, for fear of stirring up the superstition of the black; for the best of them are no better than superstitious niggers, my lady; so I said nothing of what I had heard, until he thought fit to broach the subject himself. Then we both turned to listening with a will; and sure enough the groans began to take a human sound. It was a good while, howsomever, before I could make up whether it was any thing more than the complaining of the hulk itself; for you know, my lady, that a ship which is about to sink makes her lamentations just like any other living things.'

" ' I do, I do,' returned the governess, shuddering; ' I have heard them, and never will my memory lose the recollection of the sounds.'

" ' Ay, I thought you might know something of the same; and solemn groans they are: but, as the hulk kept rolling on the top of the sea, and no further signs of her going down, I began to think it best to cut into her abaft, in order to make sure that some miserable wretch had not been caught in his hammock, at the time she went over. Well, good will, and an axe, soon let us into the secret of the moans ! '

" ' You found a child ? '

" ' And its mother, my lady. As good luck would have it, they were in a berth on the weather-side, and as yet the water had not reached them. But pent air and hunger had nearly proved as bad as the brine. The lady was in the agony when we got her out; and as to the boy, proud and strong as you now see him there on yonder gun, my lady, he was just so miserable, that it was no small matter to make him swallow the drop of wine and water that the Lord had left us, in order, as I have often thought since, to bring him up to be, as he at this moment is, the pride of the ocean ! '

" ' But, the mother ? '

" ' The mother had given the only morsel of biscuit she had to the child, and was dying, in order that the urchin might live. I never could get rightly into the meaning of the thing, my lady, why a woman, who is no better than a Lascar in matters of strength, nor any better than a booby in respect of courage, should be able to let go her hold of life in this quiet fashion, when many a stout mariner would be fighting for each mouthful of air the Lord might see fit to give. But there she was, white as the sail on which the storm has long beaten, and limber as a pennant in a calm, with her poor skinny arm around



the lad, holding in her hand the very mouthful that might have kept her own soul in the body a little longer.'

" 'What did she, when you brought her to the light?'

" 'What did she!' repeated Fid, whose voice was getting thick and husky, 'why, she did a d——d honest thing; she gave the boy the crumb, and mentioned, as well as a dying woman could, that we should have an eye over him till the cruise of life was up.'

" 'And was that all?'

" 'I have always thought she prayed; for something passed between her and one who was not to be seen, if a man might judge by the fashion in which her eyes were turned aloft, and her lips moved. I hope, among others, she put in a good word for one Richard Fid; for certain she had as little need to be asking for herself as any body. But no man will ever know what she said, seeing that her mouth was shut from that time for ever after.'

" 'She died?'

" 'Sorry am I to say it. But the poor lady was past swallowing when she came into our hands, and then it was but little we had to offer her. A quart of water, with mayhap a gill of wine, a biscuit, and a handful of rice, was no great allowance for two hearty men to pull a boat some seventy leagues within the tropics. Howsomer, when we found no more was to be got from the wreck, and that, since the air had escaped by the hole we had cut, she was settling fast, we thought it best to get out of her; and sure enough we were none too soon, seeing that she went under just as we had twitched our jolly-boat clear of the suction.'

" 'And the boy—the poor deserted child!' exclaimed the governess, whose eyes had now filled to overflowing.

" 'There you are all aback, my lady. Instead of deserting him, we brought him away with us, as we did the only other living creature to be found about the wreck. But we had still a long journey before us, and to make the matter worse, we were out of the track of the traders. So I put it down, as a case for a council of all hands, which was no more than I and the black, since the lad was too weak to talk, and little could he have said otherwise in our situation. So I begun myself, saying, says I, 'Guinea, we must either eat this here dog, or this here boy. If we eat the boy, we shall be no better than the people in your own country, who, you know, my lady, are cannibals; but if we eat the dog, poor as he is, we may make out to keep soul and body together, and to give the child the other matters.' 'So Guinea,' says he, 'I've no occasion for food at all; give 'em to the boy,' says he, 'seeing that he is little, and has need of strength.' Howsomer, Master Harry took no great fancy to the dog, which we soon finished between us; for the plain reason that he was so thin. After that, we had a hungry time of it ourselves; for, had we not kept up the life in the lad, you know, it would have slipt through our fingers.'

" 'And you fed the child, though fasting yourselves?'

" 'No, we wer'n't altogether idle, my lady, seeing that we kept our teeth jogging, on the skin of the dog, though I will not say the food was over savoury. And then, as we had no occasion to lose time in eating, we kept the oars going so much the livelier. Well, we got in

at one of the islands after a time, though neither I nor the nigger had much to boast of as to strength or weight when we made the first kitchen we fell in with.'

" 'And the child?'

" 'Oh! he was doing well enough: for, as the doctors afterwards told us, the short allowance on which he was put did him no harm.'

" 'You sought his friends?'

" 'Why, as for that matter, my lady, so far as I have been able to discover, he was with his best friends already. We had neither chart nor bearings by which we knew how to steer in search of his family. His name he called Master Harry, by which it is clear he was a gentleman born, as indeed any one may see by looking at him; but not another word could I learn of his relations or country, except that, as he spoke the English language, and was found in an English ship, there is a natural reason to believe he is of English build himself.'

" 'Did you not learn the name of the ship!' demanded the attentive Rover, in whose countenance the traces of a lively interest were very distinctly discernible.

" 'Why, as to that matter, your Honour, schools were scarce in my part of the country; and in Africa, you know, there is no great matter of learning; so that, had her name been out of water, which it was not, we might have been bothered to read it. Howsomever, there was a horse-bucket kicking about her decks, and which, as luck would have it, got jammed in with the pumps in such a fashion that it did not go overboard until we took it with us. Well, this bucket had a name painted on it; and, after we had leisure for the thing, I got Guinea, who had a natural turn at tattooing, to rub it into my arm in gunpowder, as the handiest way of logging these small particulars. Your Honour shall see what the black has made of it.'

" So saying, Fid very coolly doffed his jacket, and laid bare, to the elbow, one of his brawny arms, on which the blue impression was still very plainly visible. Although the letters were rudely imitated, it was not difficult to read in the skin, the words, 'Ark, of Lynnhaven.'

" 'Here, then, you had a clue at once to find the relatives of the boy,' observed the Rover, after he had deciphered the letters.

" 'It seems not, your Honour; for we took the child with us aboard the Proserpine, and our worthy captain carried sail hard after the people; but no one could give any tidings of such a craft as the 'Ark, of Lynnhaven;' and, after a twelvemonth or more, we were obliged to give up the chase.'

We cannot forbear one other extract in illustration of the characters and merits of these two worthies, and of the author too. A sail is espied, and after the officers have tried for some time to make her out, Scipio, who is at hand, is requested to try his sight. Scipio sees at a glance that it is the Dart. The following dialogue takes place:—

" 'Did you see the sail?' demanded the Rover.

" 'Masser can him wld he naked eye.'

" 'Ay, but what make you of him by the aid of the glass?'

" 'He'm ship, Sir.'

" 'True. On what course?'

" 'He got he starboard tacks aboard, Sir.'

" 'Still true. But has he signals abroad ?'

" 'He'm got t'ree new cloths in he maintop-gallant-royal, Sir.'

" 'His vessel is all the better for the repairs. Did you see his flags ?'

" 'He'm shew no flag, masser.'

" 'I thought as much myself. Go forward, lad—stay—one often gets a true idea by seeking it where it is not thought to exist. Of what size do you take the stranger to be ?'

" 'He'm just seven hundred and fifty tons, masser.'

" 'How's this ! The tongue of your negro, Mr. Wilder, is as exact as a carpenter's rule. The fellow speaks of the size of a vessel that is hull down, with an air as authoritative as the runner of the king's customs could pronounce on the same, after she had been submitted to the office admeasurement.'

" 'You will have consideration for the ignorance of the black ; men of his unfortunate state are seldom skilful in answering interrogatories.'

" 'Ignorance !' repeated the Rover, glancing his eye uneasily, and with a rapidity peculiar to himself, from one to the other, and from both to the object rising in the horizon : 'Skilful ! I know not : the man has no air of doubt. You think her tonnage to be precisely that which you have said ?'

" The large dark eyes of Scipio rolled, in turn, from his new commander to his ancient master, while, for a moment, his faculties appeared to be lost in inextricable confusion. But the uncertainty continued only for a moment. He no sooner read the frown that was gathering deeply over the brow of the latter, than the air of confidence with which he had pronounced his former opinion vanished in a look of obstinacy so settled, that one might well have despaired of ever driving, or enticing him again to seem to think.

" 'I ask you, if the stranger may not be a dozen tons larger or smaller than what you have named ?' continued the Rover, when he found his former question was not likely to be soon answered.

" 'He'm just as masser wish 'em,' returned Scipio.

" 'I wish him a thousand ; since he will then prove the richer prize.'

" 'I s'pose he'm quite a t'ousand, Sir.'

" 'Or a snug ship of three hundred, if lined with gold, might do.'

" 'He look berry like a t'ree hundred.'

" 'To me it seems a brig.'

" 'I t'ink him brig too, masser.'

" 'Or possibly, after all, the stranger may prove a schooner, with many lofty and light sails.'

" 'A schooner often carry a royal,' returned the black, resolute to acquiesce in all the other said.

" 'Who knows it is a sail at all ! Forward there ! It may be well to have more opinions than one on so weighty a matter. Forward there ! send the foretopman, that is called Fid, upon the poop. Your companions are so intelligent and so faithful, Mr. Wilder, that you are not to be surprised if they shew an undue desire for their information.'

" Wilder compressed his lips, and the rest of the groupe manifested a good deal of amazement ; but the latter had been too long accustomed to the caprice of their commander, and the former was too wise,

to speak at a moment when his humour seemed at the highest. The topman, however, was not long in making his appearance, and then the chief saw fit again to break the silence.

" 'And you think it questionable whether it be a sail at all?' he continued.

" 'He'm sartain nothing but a fly-away,' returned the obstinate black.

" 'You hear what your friend the negro says, master Fid; he thinks that yonder object, which is lifting so fast to leeward, is not a sail.'

" As the topman saw no sufficient reason for concealing his astonishment at this wild opinion, it was manifested with all the embellishments with which the individual in question usually set forth any of his more visible emotions. After casting a short glance in the direction of the sail, in order to assure himself there had been no deception, he turned his eyes in great disgust on Scipio, as if he would vindicate the credit of the association at the expense of some little contempt for the ignorance of his companion.

" 'What the devil do you take it for, Guinea? a church?'

" 'I t'ink he'm church,' responded the acquiescent black.

" 'Lord help the dark-skinn'd fool! Your honour knows that conscience is d—mnably overlooked in Africa, and will not judge the nigger hardly for any little blunder he may make in the account of his religion. But the fellow is a thorough seaman, and should know a top-gallant sail from a weathercock. Now, look you S'ip, for the credit of your friends, if you've no great pride on your own behalf, just tell his——'

" 'It is of no account,' interrupted the Rover. 'Take you this glass, and pass an opinion on the sail in sight yourself.'

" Fid scraped his foot, and made a low bow, in acknowledgment of the compliment; and then, deposing his little tarpaulin hat on the deck of the pop, he very composedly, and, as he flattered himself, very understanding, disposed of his person to take the desired view. The gaze of the topman was far longer than had been that of his black companion; and it is to be presumed, in consequence, much more accurate. Instead, however, of venturing any sudden opinion, when his eye was wearied, he lowered the glass, and with it his head, standing long in the attitude of one whose thoughts had received some subject of deep cogitation. During the process of thinking, the weed was diligently rolled over his tongue, and one hand was stuck a-kimbo into his side, as if he would brace all his faculties to support some extraordinary mental effort.

" 'I wait your opinion,' resumed his attentive commander, when he thought sufficient time had been allowed to mature the opinion even of Richard Fid.

" 'Will your honour just tell me what day of the month this here may be, and mayhap, at the same time, the day of the week too, if it shouldn't be giving too much trouble?'

" His questions were directly answered.

" 'We had the wind at east-with-southing, the first day out, and then it chopp'd in the night, and blew great guns at north-west, where it held for the matter of a week. After which there was an Irishman's

hurricane, right up and down, for a day ; then we got into these here trades, which have stood as steady as a ship's chaplain over a punch bowl, ever since——'

"Here the topman closed his soliloquy, in order to agitate the tobacco again, it being impossible to conduct the process of chewing and talking at one and the same time.

" 'What of the stranger?' demanded the Rover, a little impatiently.

" 'It's no church, that's certain, your honour,' said Fid, very decidedly.

" 'Has he signals flying?'

" 'He may be speaking with his flags, but it needs a better scholar than Richard Fid to know what he would say. To my eye, there are three new cloths in his main-top-gallant royal, but no bunting abroad.'

" 'The man is happy in having so good a sail. Mr. Wilder, do *you*, too, see the darker cloths in question?'

## MAGAZINIANA.

### ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

FROM GRIFFITH'S TRANSLATION OF CUVIER.

**THE HARVEST MOUSE.**—These mice are much smaller and more slender than the *Mus domesticus medius* of Ray, and have more of the squirrel or dormouse colour ; their belly is white ; a straight line along their sides divides the shades of their back and belly. They never enter into houses ; are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves : abound in harvest, and build their nest amidst the straws of corn above ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little brown nest, composed of blades of grass or wheat. The nest is most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat, perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball, with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there is no discovering to what part it belongs. It is so compact and well fitted, that it will roll across a table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice, which are naked and blind. As the nest is perfectly full, how could the dam, asks Mr. White, come at her litter respectively, so as to administer a teat to each ? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting them again when the business is over ; but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk.

**THE BURROW OF THE MARMOT.**—The burrow of the marmot is generally in the elevated parts of the southern European mountains, above the limits of the forest, and in the regions of perpetual snow. It is formed of an alley or gallery five or six feet long, sufficient only in size to permit the animal to pass ; at the extremity of this alley is a circular excavation, in which the marmot retires, and hybernates ; sometimes the circular cave has two outlets, forming an acute angle like the letter Y. An excavation is said always to be found in one

of the alleys, which is presumed to be made by the animal, in procuring earth to stop the mouth of the burrow previous to its entering on its long winter sleep. The commencement of their lethargy seems to depend on the beginning of the cold, which varies from the middle of September to the middle of October—the newly formed families then begin their excavations, and provide dried grass to lie on. M. F. Cuvier informs us that they make a spherical bundle of this dried grass, and press it into a state of tolerable consistency, and lie upon it, with the head brought down between the legs; and he adds, that in order to close the entrance of their retreat, they at last enter it backward with a bundle of hay in the mouth, which they contrive to leave at the opening, so as effectually to close it up.

**THE AÏ.**—Old travellers have related a pleasant passage connected with the love affairs of these interesting animals; they say, that at the approach of the female aï, the male, by way of preliminary endearment, falls fast asleep several times. This is a sort of amorous eagerness not unworthy of a being that is equally sluggish in its sensations and in its motions. The female has but two mamæ, situated on the breast. She usually produces but one young one, which is covered with hair at its birth, and which the mother drags languidly about on her back.

The aï is an inhabitant of the southern regions of the New Continent, from Brazil as far as Mexico. The application of the term *sloth* to these animals, and to the other species of *Bradypus*, is not, strictly speaking, perfectly correct; their extraordinary slowness of motion is not the effect of indolence or sloth; it is a part of the organization of the animal, an essential of its nature, and it is no more in his power to accelerate his movements, than it is permitted to the hare to creep, or the stag to crawl; it is in vain to urge, to stimulate, or to strike him; nothing in the world can quicken him. Leaning upon one side, he raises one of his fore-legs, makes it describe a long arch, and then lets it fall again with the most extreme indifference; afterwards, as if fatigued by such an amazing effort, the animal rests on the side where the leg was advanced with so much difficulty, and in a few moments puts the other in motion in a similar manner. The hinder part of the body follows with equal slowness. It has been calculated that the aï would employ an entire day to make fifty steps; from this it follows, that, supposing it to proceed without interruption, it would take nearly a month to travel a single mile. The tenacity of life in the aï approximates it to the reptile tribe: this is so great, that on one of these animals being opened and dissected, he did not die immediately, but the palpitation of the heart continued for a considerable time after the operation.

**GREGARIOUS HABITS OF THE WILD HORSES OF AMERICA.**—From the first period of the arrival of Europeans in the New World, many horses were left to themselves, and propagated very rapidly. They were formerly very common at St. Domingo, and even then differed in some traits of character from the Spanish race, to which they owe their birth. The head was thicker, and the ears and neck longer; but where these animals have more particularly multiplied, is in the southern continent of America, and to the south of La Plata. There they

may be sometimes met in troops to the number of ten thousand each. They also proceed from some Spanish race, but have lost much of the elegance, beauty, lightness, and grace of their primitive stock. They are not so tall, their heads are thicker, the limbs more clumsy, the ears longer, and the coat much rougher. Their usual colour is chestnut-bay, and sometimes, but very rarely, black. These numerous troops of wild horses are found in the immense and thinly-inhabited plains which extend from the shores of La Plata, to the country of the Patagonians. Each inhabits a canton or district peculiar to itself, which it defends from all foreign intrusion as its own especial property, nor will it ever abandon it, except when compelled by hunger, or some enemy of very superior strength. They march in serried columns, and when disturbed by any object, they approach it within a certain distance, having the strongest individuals at their head, examine it attentively, describing one or many circles around it. If it does not appear dangerous, they approach with precaution; but if the chiefs recognize any danger, and give an example of flight, they are instantly followed by the entire troop.

The instinct which induces horses thus continually to unite in families, renders it very dangerous for travellers to fall in with these wild troops, for it exposes them to the liability of losing their own horses for ever. The moment these hordes perceive any domestic horses, they call to them with the utmost eagerness, approaching as near them as prudence will permit. If the others are not guarded with the utmost care, they will take to their heels, and it is utterly vain to attempt to catch them again.

These wild horses can be tamed and brought back to a domestic state with great facility, even though they are adult when caught. The South Americans are extremely dexterous in taking them with long cords, or as they are called, *lassos*, which they throw with wonderful address and precision, and thus entwine the animals which they are desirous of possessing. Those of the wild studs are watched by men in the districts they inhabit, appointed for this purpose, and who have no other occupation. They are mounted on some of those horses which have been already tamed, and they reconduct the troop to the lands of the proprietor whenever they happen to wander. Those men are also employed to catch them when there is a necessity. They mount on horseback, summon the troop to a quarter from which it cannot escape, mingle among them, provided with the instrument above mentioned. They fling it on the neck of the animal, which, finding itself caught, fastens the knot still tighter by its endeavours to break loose. He falls at last when respiration fails, the men throw themselves upon him, bind him, and put a strong halter round his neck.

In each of these wild troops the chief possesses peculiar privileges. He is the grand sultan, and his harem is very extensive. Should any other have the temerity to invade his rights in this way, or annoy him in his amours, he would soon pay the forfeit of his audacity. In a case of this sort the rage of the chief knows no bounds; he immediately attacks his unhappy rival, obliges him to fly, and not unfrequently deprives him of life.

Sometimes, like a proud conqueror, he deigns to admit him in his train, as if to witness his enjoyments. He would not, in all pro-

bability, prove so generous, if he could reflect and foresee that the conquered enemy of to-day may become in his turn the conqueror of to-morrow, and take an ample vengeance for the affronts he has received.

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**NOLLEKENS.**—Mr. Nollekens left 240,000*l.* behind him, and the name of one of our best English sculptors. There was a great scramble among the legatees—a codicil to a will with large bequests unsigned, and that last triumph of the dead or dying over those who survive—hopes raised and defeated without a possibility of retaliation, or the smallest use in complaint. The king was at first said to be left residuary legatee. This would have been a fine instance of romantic and gratuitous homage to majesty, in a man who all his life-time could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinction of ranks, or even of persons. He would go up to the Duke of York or Prince of Wales (in spite of warning,) take them familiarly by the button like common acquaintance, ask them *how their father did*, and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, “when he was gone we should never get such another.” He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose, to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world ignorant of that vast interval which separated him from every other man. Nollekens, with all his loyalty, hardly liked the man, and cared nothing about the king (which was one of those mixed modes, as Mr. Locke calls them, of which he had no more idea than if he had been one of the cream-coloured horses)—handled him like so much common clay, and had no other notion of the matter, but that it was his business to make the best bust of him he possibly could, and to set about it in the regular way. There was something in this plainness and simplicity that savoured perhaps of the hardness and dryness of his art, and of his own peculiar severity of manners. Nolleken’s style was comparatively hard and dry. He had as much truth and character, but none of the polished graces or transparent softness of Chantrey. He had more of the rough, plain, downright honesty of his heart. It seemed to be his character. Mr. Northcote was once complimenting him on his acknowledged superiority—“Ay, *you* made the best busts of anybody!” “I don’t know about that,” said the other, his eyes (though their orbs were quenched) smiling with a gleam of smothered delight, “I only know I always tried to make them as like as I could.”—*Haslitt’s Table Talk.*

**FIELDING.**—During the rehearsal of the *Wedding Day*, Garrick, who performed a principal part, told Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; and remarked, that as a repulse might disconcert him during the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted. “No, damn ’em,” replied he, “if the scene is not a good one, let them find *that* out.” Accordingly the play was brought out without alteration, and as had been foreseen, marks of disapprobation appeared. Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle of cham-



pagne. He had by this time drank pretty freely, and glancing his eye at the actor, while clouds of tobacco issued from his mouth, cried out, "What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?"—"Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench," replied the actor: "I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself the whole night,"—"Oh! damn 'em," rejoined he with great coolness, "they *have* found it out, have they?"

PETITION FOR A SINECURE.

[The author of *Tom Jones*, at a period when many inferior writers were largely paid by the ministers, addressed the following lines to Sir Robert Walpole, who, however, paid no sort of attention to the wishes of the facetious and courtly applicant.]

WHILE at the helm of state you side,  
Our nation's envy and its pride;  
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,  
And cause those councils which they praise,  
Would you not wonder, sir, to view  
Your bard a greater man than you?  
Which that he is you cannot doubt,  
When you have read the sequel out.

You know, great sir, that ancient fellows,  
Philosophers, and such folks, tell us,  
No great analogy between  
Greatness and happiness is seen.  
If then, as it might follow straight,  
*Wretched* to be, is to be *great*,  
Forbid it, gods, that you should try  
What 'tis to be so great as I.

The family that dines the latest  
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;  
But latest hours must surely fall  
'Fore him who never dines at all.

Your taste in architect, you know,  
Hath been admired by friend and foe;  
But can your earthly domes compare  
With all my castles—in the air?

We're often taught it doth behove us  
To think those greater who're above us;  
Another instance of my glory,  
Who live ~~above~~ you twice two story,  
And from my garret can look down  
On the whole street of Arlington.

Greatness by poets still is painted  
With many followers acquainted;  
This too doth in my favour speak;  
Your levee is but twice a week;  
From mine I can exclude but one day—  
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

Nor in the manner of attendance  
Doth your great bard claim less ascendance;  
Familiar you, to admiration,  
May be approach'd by all the nation;  
While I, like the Mogul in India,  
Am never seen but at the window.

If with my greatness you're offended,  
The fault is easily amended,  
For I'll come down with wond'rous ease  
Into whatever *place* you please.

I'm not ambitious ; little matters  
Will serve us great but humble creatures :  
Suppose a secretary of this isle,  
Just to be doing with antile ;  
Admiral, general, judge, or bishop ;  
Or I can foreign treatise dish up :  
If the good genius of the nation  
Should call me to negociation,  
Tuscan and French are in my head ;  
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.

If you should ask, what pleases best ?  
To get the most and do the least :  
What fittest for ? You know, I'm sure,  
I'm fittest for—a sinecure.

**USEFUL WOMEN.**—The generality of women are brought up to be what i called *useful*, in the first instance,—with as great a display of this usefulness as can possibly be played off; and in the next to be—what shall I call them? *Menculchers*. Their usefulness, generally speaking, consists in doing that which is useless, often worse; but it is all subservient to the grand end. In middle life, they must be exhibited as notables; that is, in spending three or four hours every day in what the English call dawdling, and the Scotch sysling; or, in other words, being a nuisance and hindrance to good servants, and vainly attempting to mend bad ones. If in easy or high life, an equal portion of time is thrown away in making themselves butterfly *élégantes*, but with still the same object in view. Their mothers, aunts, and provident elderly female friends, all teach them the arts of catching; and having little to do that is worth doing, and that can really occupy what was intended for a rational mind, they give a large portion of their attention to the study of man; but alas! not in Pope's sense. What they are chiefly adepts in, is the language of the eyes; not that language which may enable them to trace the wonders of the mind, but that which leads to a knowledge of what they call the heart; that is, of the idle short-lived vagaries which occupy for a few days the fools with whom they are acquainted.—*Elizabeth Evanshaw*.

**THE SECRET OF CROMWELL'S SUCCESS.—THE FANATICISM OF RELIGION SET UP AGAINST THE FANATICISM OF HONOUR.**—“At the beginning of the late war between the king and parliament, I observed that in all encounters the royalists prevailed; and our men, though superior in number, or other advantages, were shamefully routed, dispersed, and slaughtered; and discoursing upon this subject with my worthy friend, Mr. John Hampden, a name remembered by most of you with reverence, I told him that this calamity, formidable as it was, admitted in my opinion, of a remedy, and that by a proper choice of soldiers the state of the war might soon be changed. You are, says I, in comparing our forces with those of the enemy, to regard, in the first place, the difference between their education and habitual sentiments. Our followers are, for the most part, the gleanings of the lowest rank of the people, serving men discarded, and mechanics without employments, men used to insults and servility from their cradles, without any principles of honour, or incitements to overbalance the sense of immediate danger. Their army is crowded with men whose profession is courage, who have been by their education fortified against cowardice, and have been esteemed throughout their lives in proportion to their bravery. All their officers are men of quality, and their soldiers the sons of gentlemen; men

animated by a sense of reputation, who had rather die than support the ignominy of having turned their backs. Can it be supposed, that education has no force, and that principles exert no influence upon actions? Can men that fight only for pay, without any sense of honour from conquest, or disgrace from being overcome, withstand the charge of gentlemen, of men that act upon principles of honour, and confirm themselves and each other in their resolutions by reason and reflection? To motives such as these, what can be opposed by our men that may exalt them to the same degree of gallantry, and animate them with the same contempt of danger and of death? Zeal for religion is the only motive more active and powerful than these, and that is in our power to inculcate. Let us choose men warm with regard for their religion, men who shall think it an high degree of impiety to fly before the wicked and profane, to forsake the cause of heaven, and prefer safety to truth; and our enemies will quickly be subdued.

"This advice was not otherways disapproved than as difficult to be put in execution. This difficulty I imagined myself in some degree able to surmount, and applied all my industry to levy such men as were animated with the zeal of religion, and to inflame their fervour: nor did the effect deceive my expectation; for when these men were led to the field, no veterans could stand before them, no obstructions could retard, or danger affright them; and to these men are attributed the victories that we have gained, and the peace that we enjoy."—*Cromwell's Answer to the House of Commons.*

**METHOD OF PREPARING MISHLAW, AN INTOXICATING DRINK OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.**—The root of the cassava, after being mashed and peeled, is boiled to the same consistence as when to be used for food. On its being taken from the fire, the water is poured off, and the roots allowed to cool. The pots were then surrounded by all the women, old and young, who being provided with large wooden bowls, commenced an attack upon the cassava, which they chewed to a consistence of thick paste, and then put their mouthfuls into the bowls before them, until these vessels were filled; the bowls were then carried to the king's house, and the contents tumbled into a new canoe which had been hauled up from the landing-place, and put there for that purpose, there being no cask in the settlement sufficiently capacious. I observed that some few of the young men also joined in the masticating process, which was continued with much perseverance, until the joint produce of the wooden bowls, from every house in the settlement, had filled the canoe about one-third. Other cassava was then taken, and bruised in a kind of large wooden mortar, with a wooden pestle, to a consistence of dough, which was afterwards diluted with cold water, to which was added a quantity of Indian corn, partly boiled and masticated, in the same manner as the cassava; the whole was then poured into the canoe, which was afterwards filled with water, and frequently stirred with a paddle, until, in a few hours, it was in a high and abominable state of fermentation. The admiral affirmed that the saliva imbibed, was the principal cause of the sudden fermentation; that if the whole had been bruised and prepared with water only, the liquor would, before fermentation, become too sour for use; and that the liquor was more or less esteemed, according to the health, age, and constitution of the masticators; that, therefore, when he himself wished to give a private Chichee drink, he took care that none but his own wives, and young girls should be employed; but as there had been few old women engaged in its preparation, he thought the liquor before us would be tolerable, and "make drunk come soon."—*Robert's Voyages on the East Coast of Central America.*

**THE SOUPA TREE.**—The soupa merits particular attention. It is a species of palm; the trunk, completely armed with prickles or thorns, is from fifty to sixty feet high: on the top, the leaves branch out similar to those of the cocoa tree—they are pinnated, very thin, undulated, and frizzled towards the

points. It bears several clusters of fruit, each cluster containing from eighty to a hundred. They are first green, then yellow like an apple, and grow red as they ripen. They are the size of a hen's egg, and sometimes without any kernel; the fruit is farinaceous, and an excellent substitute for bread or vegetables. The wood of the tree is extremely hard, heavy, and close-grained; it is used for bows, staves for striking turtle, and for spear shafts. The stem is so prickly that the fruit can only be gathered by means of long bamboos, or when it becomes so ripe as to fall from the tree.—*Robert's Voyages on the East Coast of Central America.*

**SIZE AND VALUE OF MAHOGANY.**—These boats were each cut out of a single tree, one mahogany, the other cedar; measuring about thirty-five feet in length; nearly six feet in breadth; and above five feet in depth. Few people are acquainted with the immense size and value of some logs of mahogany brought to this country. The following may serve as an example. "The largest and finest log of mahogany ever imported into this country has been recently sold by auction at the docks in Liverpool. It was purchased by James Hodgson, Esq. for three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, and afterwards sold by him for five hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if it open well, it is supposed to be worth one thousand pounds. If sawn into vineers it is computed that the cost of labour in the process will be seven hundred and fifty pounds. The weight at the King's beam is six tons thirteen hundred weight."—*Robert's Voyages to the East Coast on Central America.*

**MANNERS OF THE INDIANS ON THE MOSQUITO SHORE.**—The wet season is not, with them, considered an unhealthy period; on the contrary, it is one of rest and enjoyment, during which they form parties for drinking weak preparations of cocoa, of which they take immense quantities. Their method of preparing it is extremely simple, it being merely bruised, or crushed between two stones, and ground to a consistence of paste, diluted with warm water; and, in this state, passed round to the company in calabashes containing each about a quart: some Indians drink eight or ten quarts at a sitting, which induces a state of sleepy insensibility. At these meetings, it is a favourite amusement to tell long stories, or make harangues, in a singing monotonous tone of voice, to which all listen without interrupting the speaker, however improbable the story may be. I have frequently in my turn, endeavoured to give them an account of some remarkable occurrence of my life, or some idea of European power and attainments:—however incomprehensible and impossible some of these things must have appeared to ignorant Indians, they never offered the least interruption. When a story was ended, some of the elders would perhaps consider a few minutes, and after looking round to collect, as it were, the opinions of the company, would gravely say "lie, Robert, lie."—to which I would answer, "no lie, all true English fashion," "but now," I would add, "I am going to tell you a lie story"—when they would with the greatest good nature gather round to hear "Robert tell story."—*Robert's Voyages on the East Coast of Central America.*

**ZOOLOGY.**—In the district of Cuyo, at the foot of the Andes, on the eastern side, is occasionally discovered a very curious little quadruped, which unites the habits of the mole to the appearance of the armadillo. Its upper parts and sides are defended by a coat, or rather cloak, of mail, of a coriaceous nature, but exceeding in inflexibility sole-leather of equal thickness. This cloak does not adhere, like that of the armadillo, to the whole surface, occupying the place of the skin—but is applied over the skin and fur, forming an additional covering, which is attached only along the middle of the back and on the head. The hinder parts of the animal are also protected by it, to cover which, it is suddenly bent downwards at nearly a right angle. The tail is short, and is directed forwards along the under surface of the body. Owing to the rigidity of the case which so nearly encloses the animal, its motions must be limited almost entirely to those of mere progression, and even for these, the structure of its fore-feet is ill suited. The anterior limbs

are, indeed, scarcely fitted for any other purpose than that of burrowing. For this operation, the long and broad claws with which they are furnished are admirably adapted; and their sharp points and cutting lower edges must materially assist in clearing away through the entangled roots which it may encounter in its subterranean travels. Its teeth resemble those of the sloth more nearly than any other animal's; and it seems to represent, beneath the earth, that well-known and singular inhabitant of trees—for its motions, so far as can be conjectured from its conformation, must also be executed with extreme slowness. A specimen, preserved in spirit, has recently been added to the Museum of the Zoological Society, by the Hon. Captain Percy, R.N. who received it from Woodbine Parish, Esq. British Consul at Buenos Ayres.

THE WHITE BEAR IN THE UNITED STATES.—The white bear is the only wild beast of these regions that is dangerous. He almost always attacks the traveller, and when hungry never fails to do so. One of these animals, last year, rushed into the canoe of two *Bois-brûlés* while they were resting near the bank, and seizing one of them, dragged him into the forest, while the other, whose musket had become wet, was totally disabled from assisting him. Fortunately, however, a party of Indians were hunting near the spot, who ran to his assistance and killed the bear while still grasping his prey. The unfortunate man was merely wounded, and gave me the recital of the circumstance himself, and likewise sold me the animal's skin. The black bear, on the contrary, is extremely timid, and always on the approach of man betakes itself to flight. Next to the buffalo it is the most valuable of all animals to the Indians. Its skin, its flesh, its fat, its tendons, even its nails and teeth, are all convertible to purposes of utility.

Nature has distinguished this animal by peculiar characters. He feeds entirely on fruits during summer and autumn, and it is at those seasons that the Indians go in search of him in places where fruits are abundant, and destroy him. When the cold weather commences he proceeds to hide himself in the hollow of some tree, or in a hole which he digs for himself in the earth. Here he remains completely motionless, apparently under the influence of the soundest sleep, for the whole of the winter. He sustains himself by sucking his paws, from which the fat with which his body is covered seems to pass for his nourishment. The Indians discover his abode sometimes by means of dogs which scent him, sometimes by the place which his breathing marks in the snow, and they destroy him without his making the least resistance or even motion, so that a single pike or lance is sufficient for the purpose. In the spring, the season when he quits his den, he in the first place exerts himself to regain possession as it were of those natural powers which have remained suspended or paralysed during the whole winter. He cleanses himself by purgative and diuretic simples, which nature points out to him with more clearness than they are indicated by our physicians and botanists. As, however, so long an abstinence, and this succeeding purgation, must necessarily have weakened his stomach, and it is consequently necessary for him to follow a light regimen, he commences with fish.

The manner of his conducting his fishing is truly extraordinary. Sitting on his hind paws on the bank of a river or a lake, he continues so perfectly motionless that he might be mistaken for a burnt trunk of some tree, which frequently deceives even the keen and practised eye of an Indian himself. With his right paw he seizes with incredible celerity and skill the fish which unsuspectingly pass under his eyes, and throws them on the bank. When he has obtained a plentiful supply for his table, he regales himself on a portion of it, and conceals the rest, that he may have sure recourse to it, as appetite serves, during the day: he appears perfectly to know that morning and evening are the only times for fishing. He afterwards proceeds to a more substantial fare, to the flesh of beasts which he hunts or finds dead, and at length he returns to his diet of fruits. Thus, at successive periods of the year, he is a *piscivorous*, *carnivorous*, and *frugivorous* animal.—*Bettrami's Pilgrimage*, Vol. ii. pp. 372—375.

The catalogue of post towns in the United States exhibits perhaps the most curious nomenclature imaginable. There are no less than twenty towns named Washington, nine Jeffersons, eight Madisons, seventeen Monroes, eight Jacksons, six Clintons, two or three Adamses, seventeen Richmonds, fourteen Columbias, as many Fairfields, ditto Lebanons, ditto Salems, ditto Mount Pleasants; of Springfields, Middletowns, and Centrevilles, thirteen each, besides hosts of Unions, Concords, Liberties, Newtowns, Wilmingtons, Georgetown, Charlestown, Elizabethtowns, &c.—*Nantucket Inquirer*.

**SCHOOL-ASSISTANTS.**—A trust is generally accounted honourable in proportion to its importance and the order of the qualities or acquirements requisite for the discharge of it. There is however one striking exception to this rule in the instance of the instructors of youth, who, especially appointed to communicate the knowledge and accomplishments which may command respect in the persons of their pupils, are in their own denied every thing beyond the decencies of a reluctantly accorded civility, and often are refused even those barren observances. The treatment which tutors, governesses, ushers, and the various classes of preceptors, receive in this boasted land of liberality, is a disgrace to the feeling as well as to the understanding of society. Every parent acknowledges that the domestic object of the first importance is the education of his children. In obtaining the services of an individual for this purpose, he takes care to be assured that his morals are good, and his acquirements beyond the common average,—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, we may add, beyond those which he himself possesses, and on which he sufficiently prides himself. When he has procured such a man as he believes this to be, he treats him with perhaps as much courtesy as his cork-drawer, and shows him less favour than his groom. The mistress of the family pursues the same course with the governess which the master adopts towards the tutor. The governess is acknowledged competent to form the minds and manners of the young ladies—to make indeed the future women: but of how much more consequence in the household is she who shapes the mistress's caps, and gives the set to her head-dress—the lady's maid! The unhappy teachers in almost every family are only placed just so much above the servants as to provoke in them the desire to pull them down, an inclination in the vulgar menials which is commonly encouraged by the congenial vulgar and jealous pride of the heads of the house, impatient of the intellectual equality or superiority which they have brought within their sphere. This remark however does not apply to the narrow-minded only. All of us regard too lightly those who make a profit of communicating what all of us prize, and what we know entitles us to respect when we possess it. Some carry their neglect or contempt further than others, but all are in a greater or less degree affected by the vicious standard of consideration common in the country. The instructors of youth serve for low wages; that is a sufficient cause for their being slighted, where money puts its value on every thing and being. The butler and groom indeed serve for less than the tutor; but, beside the lowness of price, there is another peculiar ingredient in the condition of the last, which is, the accompaniment with it of a claim to respect on the score of the very acquirements which in the market command so slender a requital. It is this very claim, so ill substantiated in hard cash, the secret force of which wounds the self-love of purse-proud nothingness, which sinks the poor tutor in regard below the man of corks or currycombs. We will not deny too that there are families in which the care of wine and the training of horses are really accounted, though not confessed, of superior importance to the care and training of youth. These are extreme cases, however, which we would not put. The common one is that of desiring and supposing every thing respectable in the preceptor, and denying him respect—of procuring an individual to instil virtue and knowledge in the minds of youth, and shewing them at the same time the practical and immediate example of virtue and knowledge neglected or despised in his person. How can a boy (and boys are shrewd enough) believe that the acquirements, the importance of which is dinned in

his ears, are of any value as a means of commanding the respect of the world, when he witnesses the treatment, the abject social lot, of the very man who, as best stored with them, has been chosen his instructor? Will he not naturally ask, How can these things obtain honour for me, which do not command even courtesy for him who is able to communicate them to me?

We remember in a little volume treating on instruction to have seen this anecdote:—

“A lady wrote to her son, requesting him to look out for a young lady, respectably connected, possessed of various elegant accomplishments and acquirements; skilled in the languages, a proficient in music, and above all, of an unexceptionable moral character; and to make her an offer of 40*l.* a-year for her services as a governess. The son’s reply was—

“My dear Mother,—I have long been looking out for such a person as you describe; and when I have the good fortune to meet with her, I propose to make her an offer, not 40*l.* a-year, but of my hand, and to ask her become, not your governess, but my wife.”

Such are the qualities expected and supposed in instructors; and yet what is notoriously their treatment?—*Examiner*.

**A DOCILE PIG.**—In the new pantomime at Drury-lane, the audience is much amused by a very small black pig, who, left on the stage by itself, leaps upon a chair, thence to a table, and quietly deposits itself in a turcen. On the second night, in attempting the leap from the chair to the table, it slipped, and fell to the ground; on which, with a degree of gravity that would have done honour to a philosopher, it remounted the chair a second time, and a second time missed gaining the table. No way dismayed, the persevering squeaker essayed a third time, and that with an evident increase of care and deliberation, and succeeded. This was at once the most curious and moral part of the performance, being an illustration of the benefits of perseverance in an animal not much larger than a guinea-pig, and of a kind usually considered of a very unteachable disposition.

**ROMANCE READING.**—Perhaps the perusal of romances may without injustice be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore and the whole heart sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride or religious intolerance.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

**SMOLLETT.**—He commenced his career as a professional man, but was not successful as a physician, probably because his independent and haughty spirit neglected the bye-paths which lead to fame in that profession. One account says that he failed to render himself agreeable to his female patients, —certainly not from want of address or figure, for both were remarkably pleasing, but more probably by a hasty impatience of listening to petty complaints, and a want of sympathy with those who laboured under no real indisposition. It is remarkable, that although very many, perhaps the greatest number of successful medical men, have assumed a despotic authority over their patients after their character was established, few or none have risen to pre-eminence in practice who used the same want of ceremony in the commencement of their career.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction; Memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled.—*Johnson*.

**INTERVIEW OF KING CHARLES OF SPAIN AND NAPOLEON.**—THE ART OF RULING.—On taking his seat, King Charles observed the absence of his favourite: "And Manuel, sire, and Godoi?" The emperor turned towards me smiling, and gave me orders to admit Manuel. During dinner some discussion took place on the difference of the etiquette and habit of the two courts. King Charles spoke much of his passion for the chase, to which he partly attributed his gout and rheumatism. "Every day," said he, "whatever may be the weather, winter and summer, after breakfast and having heard mass, I hunt for an hour, and I recommence immediately after dinner and pursue it till the close of the day. In the evening Manuel informs me whether affairs go well or ill, and I retire to rest to recommence the morrow in a similar way, that is, if some important ceremony does not compel me to desist." Since his accession to the throne this good king had reigned in no other manner.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

The discontented man is a watch over wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false.—*Fellham.*

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whose is not of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.—*Bacon.*

**A NERVOUS PATIENT.**—The pleasantest dotage that I ever read (says Laurencies) was a gentleman at Senes in Italy, who was afraid to —, lest all the town should be drowned. His physician caused the bells to be rung backward, and told him the town was on fire—whereupon he made water, and was immediately cured.

**EMPLOYMENT AT COURT.**—I shorten all the ceremonies of etiquette, they are the same in all courts:—great dinners, great parties, grand illuminations; always standing, even during never-ending concerts; sometimes riding, waiting in large saloons, always serious, always on the look-out, and ever occupied either in performing duties, or settling pretensions and privileges. This is pretty nearly the sum of those pleasures so envied and sought after. The court of Napoleon and that of the late King of Bavaria, are the only ones in which I have beheld natural freedom of intercourse.—*Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts.*

**ANTIQUITIES.**—From a letter addressed by Signor Rosellini to the editor of *Le Globe*, we learn that there is now at Leghorn a large and curious collection of Egyptian antiquities. Among these are one hundred and twenty-six papyrus manuscripts, one of which is written in hieratic Egyptian characters, intermixed with sentences of Greek. It was hoped that the Greek might be found to be a translation of the hieroglyphics; but upon examination it proved to be nothing more than a few inscriptions, written at a much later epoch than the original, and having no relation to it. Another of these manuscripts, in the form of our modern books, and written in the time of the Lagidæ, contains a treatise on metallurgy, and nearly a hundred receipts for purifying or combining metals. Besides the papyri, the collection contains numerous articles in gold silver, and precious stones; consisting chiefly of necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, rings, little images, amulets, and ornaments of various kinds. Of these, the most curious are three elegant golden bracelets, which belonged to king Touthmosis III., fifth monarch of the 18th dynasty, and by the Greeks denominated *Mœris*. In addition to these, there are upwards of a thousand scarabæi, one of which, of very large dimensions, relates to the marriage of Amenophis II., eighth king of the 18th dynasty, with Taisa, his queen. There are also two stelæ, or columns of calcareous stone, about three feet high, upon which are several sculptures in bas-relief most admirably executed.



**CONVENIENT MODE OF CUTTING GLASS.**—The last number of the *American Journal of Science*, recommends the following simple process for dividing a piece of glass tube or rod, at any required point. By resting it horizontally on a vertical support, while two persons have coiled a string once round it at the given place, the string is to be drawn backward and forward a few times with velocity, by which means that part of the glass will become heated; and on instantly plunging it into cold water, it will crack round and divide accurately at the required point. Glass cylinders, three or four inches diameter, it is said, may be readily cut off at any length by this simple process.

**NAVAL DISCIPLINE WITHOUT FLOGGING.**—**LORD COLLINGWOOD.**—As his experience in command and his knowledge of the dispositions of men increased, his abhorrence of corporal punishment grew daily stronger; and, in the latter part of his life, more than a year has often passed away without his having resorted to it even once. "I wish I were the captain for your sakes," cried Lieutenant Clavell one day to some men who were doing some part of their duty ill: when shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he saw the admiral, who had overheard him. "And pray, Clavell, what would you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them well, sir." "No you would not, Clavell; no you would not," he replied; "I know you better." He used to tell the ship's company that he was determined that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, "In all probability the fault was yours; but whether it were not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length would say, "this young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence." The punishments which he substituted for the lash were of many kinds, such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded. It was ordering any offender to be excluded from his mess, and be employed in every sort of extra duty; so that he was every moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors, that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes: and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become attentive and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in some of these letters. When they were sick, even while he was an admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table; and when they were convalescent, they were put into the charge of the lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the admiral for examination by him. The result of this conduct was, that the sailors considered him and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears for his departure. But with all this there was no man who less courted, or to speak more truly, who held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity. He was never known to unbend with the men; while, at the same time, he never used any coarse or violent language to them himself, or permitted it in others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say to the officers, "call him sailor, and not you-sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper."—*Correspondence of Admiral Lord Collingwood.*

**AMERICAN STEAM-BOAT AND SAFETY-BARGE.**—In the United States a new species of river conveyance is coming into use, which unites the advantages of a floating-house and a steam-boat. This is accomplished by having one vessel for the machinery, which draws another exclusively devoted to the accommodation of the passengers, the two being connected by a narrow bridge. The following description of a splendid concern of this kind, is taken from a book lately published at Baltimore under the title of a "*Tour to the Lakes*," &c.

"This barge, in all respects, except breadth of beam and the machinery, resembles the finest you ever did see. It certainly exceeds every thing I have ever yet seen in all that enters into the composition of safety and comfort. Indeed, there is a splendour too in the ornamented parts which is very striking; and as if the inventive genius of the owners were apprehensive that the ear might grow jealous of the eye, that organ has been provided for also, in a fine band of music. This beautiful barge is towed by the Commerce, an unusually fine steam-boat, and of great power. The connection is by means of two pieces of timber some six feet long. These are fastened to either side of the bow of the barge, and uniting in the form of a pair of compasses, the upper or joint part receives a bolt of iron which rises out of the stern of the Commerce. The connecting parts work on swivels, hence none of the motion of the steam-boat is communicated to the barge. Communication is had between the two, by means of a moveable platform some two and a half feet wide, with hand-rails on either side. Openings are made in the stern of the Commerce, and in the bow of the barge, in which this platform rests. Some of the advantages which the barge possesses over the steam-boat are, in the security from the effects of a bursted boiler—freedom from the heat and the steam, and from the smell of grease and the kitchen, and from the jar occasioned by the machinery, and in the enlarged accommodations—the whole barge being set apart for eating, and sleeping, and walking. The cabin in which we dine, is below, and is the same in which the gentlemen sleep; and one hundred and eighty persons can sit down at once, and each one have elbow-room sufficient for all the purposes of figuring with the knife and fork in all the graces of which these two instruments are susceptible. At the termination of this immense dining apartment, and towards the bow, is a bar most sumptuously supplied with all that can be desired by the most fastidious or thirsty. The births occupy the entire sides of this vast room; these are curtained, and in such way as to afford retirement in dressing and undressing—there being brass rods on which the curtains are projected, and these are thrown out at night. In the day, the curtains hang close to the births, as is usual. Next above this, are the ladies' cabin and apartments—state rooms rather, furnished in the most splendid style, and in which a lady has all the retirement and comfort which the delicacy and tenderness of her sex requires. Over the bar, and upon this middle apartment or tier, is an apartment where the gentlemen dress, and shave, and read. All around this second story, it being, I should judge, not over two-thirds the width of the boat, and resting on the middle of the deck, is a fine walk, with settees, where you can sit when you please or lounge. Then comes, and over all, the grand promenade, with an awning, when the sun or rain requires it, over the whole."

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	135	Albion .....	500	50
Birmingham .....	17 10	303	Alliance .....	100	10
Coventry .....	100	1230	Ditto Marine .....	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	112 10	Atlas .....	50	5
Grand Junction .....	100	311	British Commercial .....	50	5
Huddersfield .....	57	17	Globe .....	100	148
Kennet and Avon .....	40	28 15	Guardian .....	100	10
Lancaster .....	47	32	Hope .....	50	5
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	395	Imperial .....	500	50
Oxford .....	100	720	Ditto Life .....	100	10
Regent's .....	40	25	Law Life .....	100	10
Rochdale .....	85	99	London .....	25	12 10
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	800	Protector .....	20	2
Trent and Mersey .....	100	850	Rock .....	20	2
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	290	Royal Exchange .....	100	260
Worcester ditto .....	78	53			
<b>DOCKS.</b>			<b>MINES.</b>		
Commercial .....	100	82	Anglo-Mexican .....	100	90
East India .....	100	88	Bolanus .....	400	225
London .....	100	91 10	Brazilian .....	100	20
St. Catherine's .....	100	70	Colombian .....	100	22 10
West India .....	100	211	Mexican .....	100	27
			Real Del Monte .....	400	140
			United Mexican .....	40	35
<b>WATER WORKS.</b>			<b>MISCELLANEOUS.</b>		
East London .....	100	125	Australian Agricultural Comp. .....	100	14
Grand Junction .....	50	65	British Iron Ditto .....	100	40
Kent .....	100	30 5	Canada Agricultural Ditto .....	100	10
South London .....	100	90	Colombian ditto .....	100	13
West Middlesex .....	60	71	General Steam Navigation .....	100	25
			Irish Provincial Bank .....	100	25
<b>GAS COMPANIES.</b>			Rio De la Plata Company .....	100	5
City of London .....	100	90	Van Dieman's Land Ditto .....	100	70
Ditto, New .....	100	50	Reversionary Interest Society .....	100	50
Phoenix .....	50	31	Thames Tunnel Company .....	50	46
Imperial .....	50	45 10	Waterloo Bridge .....	100	5
United General .....	50	40	Vauxhall Bridge .....		
Westminster .....	50	55 10			

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**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Cradock's *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs* will shortly be published, consisting of a Life of the Author, two portraits, Anecdotes of his Contemporaries, and reprints of Mr. Cradock's former publications. Edited by J. B. Nichols, Esq. F.S.A. & F.L.S.

A second edition of the "Revolt of the Bees," with a new Preface, and a Dedication to the Emigration Committee.

A new edition of the *Tragedies of Eschylus* is printing at the Cambridge University Press, edited by Professor Schalefield.

The Reverend Edward Patteson has nearly ready for publication, an *Exposition of the Morning, Evening, and Communion Services in the Liturgy of the Church of England*.

Preparing for publication, *Biographical Notices of the Apostles, Evangelists, and other Saints. With Reflections adapted to the Minor Festivals of the Church.* By the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.

In the press, a second edition of the Reverend George Croly's *New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John*.

The Reverend E. Bevins has nearly ready for publication, a *Second Series of Selections from the papers of Addison, in the Spectator and Guardian*.

The Reverend R. Denn Hampden is preparing for publication, a volume of Parochial Sermons.

The fourth and concluding volume of the Reverend H. Soame's History of the Reformation of the Church of England, is in the press.

A new and improved edition of Debrett's Peerage will shortly appear, and will contain a new set of plates.

Mr. M. Brydges is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo. a History of the Roman Empire, under Constantine the Great.

A new edition of the Christian Year, in one volume, will shortly appear.

The editor of The Mirror has in the press a closely printed volume, entitled Arcana of Science and Art for 1828; being the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past year; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and other Scientific Journals, British and Foreign.

In the press, Longinus, a Tragedy, in Five Acts; the Funeral of the Right Hon. George Canning; Lines to the Memory of Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart, and other Poems, by Jacob Jones, Esq.

Early in January will be published, No. I. of Designs for Villas, on a moderate scale of expence, adapted to the vicinity of the metropolis, or large towns; with Ground Plans, Elevations, &c. By J. G. Jackson.

The Rev. Edward Mangin is translating from the French the Life of Jean Bart, naval chieftain in the time of Louis XIV.

The Rev. G. Retford, M.A. is preparing for publication the Memoirs and Remains of the Rev. John Cooke, late pastor of the Independent congregation at Maidenhead.

In the course of the present season will appear, a new edition of an Arrangement of British Plants, by W. Withering, Esq., L.L.D. F.R.S. &c.

In the press, Elements of Mental and Moral Science, 1 vol. 8vo. By G. Payne, A.M.

Mr. Blaquiere is about to publish a third volume on the affairs of Greece.

Mr. T. Hopkins, of Manchester, has in the press an Essay on Rent of Land, and its Influence on Subsistence and Population; with Observations on the operating Causes of the present Condition of the labouring Classes in various Countries.

In the press, Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost. A novel, by the author of "Truckleborough Hall."

In the course of this month the first two, of four vols. of the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by William Hazlitt, price 30s.

The second volume of Allen's History of London, Westminster, Borough of Southwark, and parts adjacent; with engravings, 9s. 6d. The third volume is in the press, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Britton's History and Illustrations of Peterborough Cathedral will be completed in February, 1828.

## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Robson's Views of English Cities, 24 engravings; large paper, 2l. small paper, 1l.

A Pilgrimage in Europe and North America; leading to the discovery of the Sources of Bloody River and the Mississippi. By J. C. Beltrami, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. with portrait, and numerous plates, plans, map, &c. price 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

The Oriental Missionary; being some account of a mission, undertaken with a view to the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in Arabia, and on the Banks of the Euphrates, during the years 1824-5. By the Rev. C. Judkin. In 1 vol. small 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards.

The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, exemplified in 23 engravings and six wood-cuts, with descriptive accounts of the House of John Soane. By John Britton, F.S.A. 4to. 2l. 2s.; imp. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Topographical Sketches of North Wiltshire. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.; large paper, with proofs, 2l. 6s.

Pugin and Le Keux's Engraved Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy; consisting of Plans, Elevations, Views, &c. of several Edifices of that Province. Edited by John Britton, F.S.A. &c. 4to. 6l. 6s.; large paper, 10l. 10s.

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Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain; containing 278 engravings of Castles, Churches, old Mansions, Crosses, &c. with Historical Accounts. 5 vols. 4to. 26l. 12s.; large paper, 43l.

Richard Bayne's Catalogue of an extensive collection of Sermons, Discourses, and Lectures, by the most eminent divines of the Church of England, Puritans and Dissenters, 1s. 6d.

Part III. of Richard Baynes's Catalogue for 1827-8 of Theology and General Literature, 1s. 6d.

A New Year's Gift.—The Childrens' Fire-side; being a series of Tales for Young Persons, consisting of 'The Smugglers; The Shipwreck; Town and Country; The Witch; and Disobedience, or the Spanish Soldier. The latter Tale contains the Notes of an original Spanish melody. By Isabella Jane Towers. In 1 vol 12mo. price 7s. boards.

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Hamiltonian System.—The Anabasis of Xenophon. The first two books with a Double Translation, and Greek text and translations repeated, for the purpose of exercising learners, price 12s. A Selection of various Italian Authors, upon the same principle, price 10s. A Selection of German Authors, price 10s.

## PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

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Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	208½	202½	206
3 per Cent. Consols.....	shut	shut	shut
3 per Cent. Reduced.....	85½	81½	83½
3½ per Cent. Reduced.....	92½	88½	90½
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# NEW SERIES. No. XXXVIII.

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THE

# LONDON MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1828.

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## CHARACTER OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood; interspersed with Memoirs of his Life. By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq. F.R.S. London. Ridgway. 1828.

THE Editor of Lord Collingwood's Correspondence lays the letters of this admirable man before the public, in the confident belief that few occasions will ever be found of presenting to the navy and the world at large a more perfect example of an English sailor. This is true. Lord Collingwood's private letters exhibit all the qualities requisite for the governing a ship, for directing a fleet, for subduing an enemy; and more than this, they show him not merely the perfect sailor but the perfect gentleman—generous, warmhearted, judicious, gentle, brave, affectionate, simple, and honourable. The gross ideas vulgarly entertained of the characteristics of a naval officer will justify some exposition of what that person ought to be, and some exemplification of what he actually was in the person of Collingwood.

Nautical skill, acquired only by time, attention, and with the aid of previous collateral instruction, is of course a most essential qualification: a mere seaman may, however, make a tolerable subordinate officer; but the duties of a commander of a ship's crew require moral qualities as valuable as they are rare. If, indeed, he choose the easier task of playing the tyrant, by the aid of the lash, and by violence of temper and insolent hauteur, he may contrive, in ordinary circumstances, to control the people under his command: he becomes, however, the first devil of a pandæmonium, where the milder spirits lead a life of torture, and the fiercer enjoy the smothered indulgence of hateful passions. An occasion is only wanted to blow all this bad feeling into a flame. If circumstances favour the commander, he may perhaps succeed in subduing it at the expense of a few deaths at the yard-arm, and a few floggings, imprisonments, and short allowances. If he fail, his own life and those of his officers is sacrificed; or should he be able to keep under control the inflamed tempers and rancorous feelings

FEB. 1828.

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that corrode the hearts of his crew, his ship is unfit for real service, shows itself wanting in the hour of need, and both men and chief get a black name in the navy. In this Correspondence we find several instances of ships, from the ill-government of the captain, being considered worse than useless; and the admiral beseeching the ministers to withdraw their pernicious aid. Such passages as these occur:—

“I once intimated that it would be very agreeable to me if the — were ordered to England from the fleet. I have directed inquiries into the causes of the complaints which are made on all sides, without yet knowing where to fix the source of them; whether in the want of a proper government, or in the perverseness of those who are to be governed. But in her present state I expect no good service from her; and her example may be pernicious. It is for this reason that I am anxious she should be removed to England; for, even without a ship in her stead, I shall consider the squadron as much strengthened by her being withdrawn from it.” — — —

“It is known to you how much trouble I had with the —, from the dissatisfaction in the ship’s company. I am very glad to find that there are now no symptoms of it remaining. Every thing appears to be quiet; but in preparing for battle last week, several of the guns in the after part of the ship were found to be spiked, which had probably been done when that contentious spirit had existed.”—p. 51.

He also stated more than once, that some of the younger captains, endeavouring to conceal by great severity their own unskilfulness and want of attention, beat the men into a state of insubordination. “We have lately,” he says, in writing to a friend, “had two courts martial, in which such conduct was proved as leaves it doubtful whether it was founded in cruelty or folly. The only defence which was urged, was the plea of youth and inexperience; and yet it is to such youth and inexperience that the honour and interests of our country are intrusted.”

Collingwood was captain of the *Excellent*, in the Mediterranean fleet, when Lord St. Vincent subdued that spirit of mutiny in it which had broken out at the Nore. It was the practice of this admiral to draft the most ungovernable spirits into the *Excellent*. “Send them to *Collingwood*,” he used to say, “and he will bring them to order.” Now, while capital punishments were frequently taking place in other ships, Captain Collingwood, simply by the force of moral power, governed his ship and maintained discipline, not only without the necessity of bringing the men to trial for their lives, but almost without the infliction of any corporal punishment whatever.

On one occasion, a seaman was sent from the *Romulus*, who had pointed one of the fore-castle guns, shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and, standing by it with a match, declared that he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, in the presence of many of the sailors, said to him, with great sternness of manner, “I know your character well, but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship; for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of every thing you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship: but if you endeavour to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask, and throw you into the sea.” Under the

treatment which he met with in the *Excellent*, this man became a good and obedient sailor, and never afterwards gave any cause of complaint.

Properly to estimate this triumph, it must be recollected, to use Lord Collingwood's own words, "how large a proportion of the crews of the ships are miscreants of every description, and capable of every crime; and when these predominate, what evils may we not dread from the demoniac councils and influence of such a mass of mischief!" His repugnance to corporal punishments strengthened with his experience; and his biographer gives a picture of his conciliating conduct, which will explain to all similarly situated, how they may avoid this dangerous resource of the weak and the cruel. Some one has said of a general, that when he knows not what to do he fights a battle. It is the same with a captain, who only resorts to flogging because his incapacity does not suggest other means of compassing his end.

"As his experience in command and his knowledge of the dispositions of men increased, his abhorrence of corporal punishment grew daily stronger; and, in the latter part of his life, more than a year has often passed away without his having resorted to it even once. 'I wish I were the captain for your sakes,' cried Lieutenant Clavell one day to some men who were doing some part of their duty ill: when shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he saw the Admiral, who had overheard him. 'And pray, Clavell, what would you have done if you had been captain?' 'I would have flogged them well, sir.' 'No you would not, Clavell; no you would not,' he replied; 'I know you better.' He used to tell the ship's company that he was determined that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, 'In all probability the fault was yours; but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon.' When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length would say, 'this young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence.'

"The punishments which he substituted for the lash were of many kinds, such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded. It was the ordering any offender to be excluded from his mess, and be employed in every sort of extra duty; so that he was every moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors, that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes: and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become attentive and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in some of these letters. When they were sick, even while he was an admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table; and when they were convalescent, they were put into the charge of the lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the Admiral for examination by him. The result of this conduct was, that the sailors considered him and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears for his departure." But with all

this there was no man who less courted, or to speak more truly, who held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity. He was never known to unbend with the men; while, at the same time, he never used any coarse or violent language to them himself, or permitted it in others. 'If you do not know a man's name,' he used to say to the officers, 'call him sailor, and not you-sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper.' With regard to expressions it may be added, that, after the occurrences at the Nore, he had the most decided objection to the use of the word mutiny. When complaints were made of conduct which was designated as mutinous, he would exclaim, 'Mutiny, sir! mutiny in my ship! If it can have arrived at that, it must be my fault and the fault of every one of the officers. It is a charge of the gravest nature, and it shall be most gravely inquired into.' With this view of his feeling on this subject, the officer was generally induced to consider and represent the affair more lightly, or sometimes to pass it over altogether.

"His conduct to his officers was of a similar kind. His perfect knowledge of all matters of seamanship, and his quick and correct eye, enabled him in an instant to discover any thing that was out of order in his ship; and his reproofs on these occasions, though always short, and conveyed in the language of a gentleman, were deeply felt: so that to many officers, and particularly to the young and careless, he was an object of dread, and was considered by all as a strict disciplinarian. 'I have given you, sir, a commission,' said Lord St. Vincent to Lieutenant Clavell, who was then a perfect stranger to Captain Collingwood, but who never left him till he was made by him a post-captain, 'into the Excellent; but remember you are going to a man who will take it away from you to-morrow if you behave ill.' He treated the midshipmen with parental care, examining them himself once a week, and declaring that nothing would give him greater pain than that any young man in his ship should be unable to pass: and when off duty, he did every thing in his power to make his officers at ease, and to promote their welfare. With those to whom he became attached, from observing their attention to their duty, which was ever the road to his regard, his friendship and confidence were affectionate and unbounded."—pp. 45—48.

Aware of the truth of the old proverb, which attributes all mischief to idleness, Lord Collingwood used to get up amusements for his crew during periods of inaction. In a letter to Mr. Blackett, he speaks of one of the plans which he had hit upon to while away the time of his men, and cheat them of their impatience:—

"My wits are ever at work to keep my people employed, both for health's sake, and to save them from mischief. We have lately been making musical instruments, and have now a very good band. Every moonlight night the sailors dance; and there seems as much mirth and festivity as if we were in Wapping itself. One night the rats destroyed the bagpipes we had made, by eating the bellows; but they suffer for it, for in revenge we have made traps of all constructions, and have declared a war of extermination against them. My appointment as Commodore was only during the absence of the established number of Admirals; and now Sir John Orde and Admiral Frederick make the number up again, I shall strike my broad pendant and return to my private station."—p. 55.

The captain of a ship is in fact the father of a very large family: his men are boys in all but size. But how few fathers are there that rule a household with peace and happiness to all its members! And the more difficult task must find a rarer proportion of person, qualified to perform its duties. A cynic might remark, however, that the captain of a ship is sole and absolute; and that that frequent source of disagreement and mismanagement does not exist, a partner not only in the

cares, but the authority of command. This renders his task an easier one. There is no *imperium in imperio*.

A leader in the navy has, besides the duties of command, the duties of obedience, often even a greater trial of patience. He must execute orders, which, perhaps, a better judgment may teach him are absurd. He must perform inglorious and harassing service, while men less qualified are placed in the way of fame and promotion. He must see rivals of inferior merit, and perhaps altogether destitute of real claims to employment, preferred before him, not merely without grumbling, but he must not permit these disappointments to damp his ardour, or unfit him for the cheerful exercise of his calling. While other men are sent home to the enjoyments of domestic pleasures, he must not repine if, from year to year, disappointment succeeds disappointment; and if, in the midst of his own ill health, or melancholy news from his family, he is still obliged to weary the winds with sailing and resailing on some few leagues of sea, and wearing out his life in watching a fleet, which never intends to leave its port until he and his companions are gone. Of Lord Collingwood's behaviour under circumstances similar to these we will collect a few instances from his interesting Correspondence.

In a letter to Captain Ball, (afterwards Sir Alexander Ball,) dated *Excellent, still off Cadix, October 28th, 1798*, the following passage occurs:—

"I have been almost broken-hearted all the summer. My ship was in as perfect order for any service as those which were sent; in zeal I will yield to none; and my friendship—my love for your admirable Admiral [meaning Sir H. Nelson] gave me a particular interest in serving with him. I saw them preparing to leave us, and to leave me, with pain; but our good Chief found employment for me, and to occupy my mind sent me to cruise off St. Lucars, to intercept—the market boats, the poor cabbage carriers. Oh! humiliation. But for the consciousness that I did not deserve degradation from any hand, and that my good estimation would not be depreciated in the minds of honourable men by the caprice of power, I should have died with indignation."—p. 63.

In a letter to Mr. Blackett, when he was rear-admiral, and had a squadron of the Channel fleet, dated *Neptune, off Brest, Aug. 15, 1800*:—

"I do assure you, when I reflect on my long absence from all that can make me happy, it is very painful to me, and what day is there that I do not lament the continuance of this war? We are wandering before this port, with no prospect of change for the better. Nothing good can happen for us short of peace. Every officer and man in the fleet is impatient for release from a situation which daily becomes more irksome to all. I see disgust growing round me very fast. Instead of softening the rigours of a service which must, from its nature, be attended with many anxieties, painful watchings, and deprivation of every thing like comfort, a contrary system is pursued, which has not extended to me; but I see its effects on others, and deplore them. What I feel as a great misfortune, is, that there is no exercise of the military part of the duty, no practice of those movements, by a facility in which one fleet is made superior to another. Whoever comes here ignorant in these points, must remain so; for he will find other employment, about blankets and pig-sties, and tumbling provisions out of one ship into another. How the times are changed? Once, when officers met, the first question was—What news of the French? is there any prospect of their coming to sea? Now there is no solicitude on that subject, and the hope of peace alone engages the attention of every body."—p. 69.

In a letter to the same, dated *Barfleur, Torbay, October 4*, in the same year :—

"It is a great comfort to me, banished as I am from all that is dear to me, to learn that my beloved Sarah and her girls are well. Would to Heaven that it were peace! that I might come, and for the rest of my life be blessed in their affection. Indeed, this unremitting hard service is a great sacrifice, giving up all that is pleasurable to the soul, or soothing to the mind, and engaging in a constant contest with the elements, or with tempers and dispositions as boisterous and untractable. Great allowance should be made for us when we come on shore; for being long in the habits of absolute command, we grow impatient of contradiction, and are unfitted for the gentle intercourse of quiet life."—p. 70.

To the uncertainty of a sailor's domestic joys, the two short extracts following will bear ample testimony :—

"Sarah will have told you how and when we met; it was a joy to me that I cannot describe, and repaid me, short as our interview was, for a world of woe which I was suffering on her account. I had been reckoning on the possibility of her arrival that Tuesday, when about two o'clock I received an express to go to sea immediately with all the ships that were ready, and had we not then been engaged at a court-martial, I might have got out that day; but this business delayed me till near night, and I determined to wait on shore until eight o'clock for the chance of their arrival. I went to dine with Lord Nelson; and while we were at dinner their arrival was announced to me. I flew to the inn where I had desired my wife to come, and found her and little Sarah as well after their journey as if it had lasted only for the day. No greater happiness is human nature capable of than was mine that evening; but at dawn we parted, and I went to sea. Lord St. Vincent has, however, been so good as to promise that I shall go to Plymouth whenever I can be spared from the fleet.

"You will have heard from Sarah what a meeting we had, how short our interview, and how suddenly we parted. It is grief to me to think of it now; it almost broke my heart then. After such a journey, to see me but a few hours, with scarce time for her to relate the incidents of her journey, and no time for me to tell her half that my heart felt at such a proof of her affection; but I am thankful that I did see her and my sweet child. It was a blessing to me, and composed my mind, which was before very much agitated. I have little chance of seeing her again, unless a storm should drive us into port, for the French fleet is in a state of preparation, which makes it necessary for us to watch them narrowly."—pp. 73, 74.

The pains of responsibility are exemplified in the following anecdote supplied by the editor, and not by the Correspondence :—

"During this time he frequently passed the whole night on the quarter-deck—a practice which, in circumstances of difficulty, he continued to the latest years of his life. When, on these occasions, he has told his friend Lieutenant Clavell, who had gained his entire confidence, that they must not leave the deck for the night, and that officer has endeavoured to persuade him that there was no occasion for it, as a good look out was kept, and represented that he was almost exhausted with fatigue; the Admiral would reply, 'I fear you are. You have need of rest; so go to bed, Clavell, and I will watch by myself.' Very frequently have they slept together on a gun, from which Admiral Collingwood would rise from time to time, to sweep the horizon with his night-glass, lest the enemy should escape in the dark."—p. 81.

The few lines in one of his letters about this time, exhibit an admiral of the fleet so earnestly intent upon his duty, that he had not, and could not, procure a coat to his back :—

"I have been eighteen weeks at sea, and have not a sick man in my ship; but now the cold weather is beginning, I fear we shall feel the want of warm clothing. I am sure I shall; for when I sailed I had not time to make a coat, and have only two, one of which is very old; but I did not expect I should have been so long without the means of getting one."—p. 92.

The day of preparation is long and laborious, trying to the health, the temper, and the morals of a man. The day of action has likewise its trials: the skill of the seaman is racked to the intensest stretch; his zeal and courage must transport the firm and conciliating governor into the ardent and daring leader, fearless for himself, and inspiring confidence and alacrity into every man that can catch the animated glance of his eye, or hear the spirit-stirring notes of his voice as he gives his directions for the conflict. That Lord Collingwood's character was as strong in this point of view as in others, needs only the confirmation, to be found in the following description of his conduct on the day of the victory of Trafalgar:—

"It has been said, that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre; but that this is not universally true, is proved by the account which was given to the editor by Mr. Smith, Admiral Collingwood's valued servant. 'I entered the Admiral's cabin,' he observed, 'about daylight, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding that, in a very short time, we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward; but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the Admiral, who, during all this time, was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me.' Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, advised him to pull off his boots. 'You had better,' he said, 'put on silk stockings, as I have done: for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon.' He then proceeded to visit the decks, encouraged the men to the discharge of their duty, and addressing the officers, said to them, 'Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter.'

"He had changed his flag about ten days before the action, from the Dreadnought; the crew of which had been so constantly practised in the exercise of the great guns, under his daily superintendence, that few ships' companies could equal them in rapidity and precision of firing. He was accustomed to tell them, that if they could fire three well-directed broadsides in five minutes, no vessel could resist them; and, from constant practice, they were enabled to do so in three minutes and a half. But though he left a crew which had thus been disciplined under his own eye, there was an advantage in the change; for the Royal Sovereign, into which he went, had lately returned from England, and as her copper was quite clean, she much outailed the other ships of the lee division. Lord Nelson had made the Royal Sovereign's signal to pass through the enemy's line at the twelfth ship from the rear; but Admiral Collingwood observing her to be a two-decked ship, and that the second astern of her was a first-rate, deviated so far from the order as to proceed to the attack of this last, which carried Admiral Alava's flag. While they were running down, the well-known telegraphic signal was made of, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' When the Admiral observed it first, he said that he wished Nelson would make no more signals, for they all understood what they were to do: but when the purport of it was communicated to him, he expressed great delight and admiration, and made it known to the officers and ship's company. Lord Nelson had been requested by Captain Blackwood (who was anxious for the preservation of so invaluable a life) to allow some other vessels to take the lead, and at last gave permission that the *Temeraire* should go a-head of

him; but resolving to defeat the order which he had given, he crowded more sail on the Victory, and maintained his place. The Royal Sovereign was far in advance when Lieutenant Clavell observed that the Victory was setting her studding sails, and with that spirit of honourable emulation which prevailed between the squadrons, and particularly between these two ships, he pointed it out to Admiral Collingwood, and requested his permission to do the same. 'The ships of our line,' replied the Admiral, 'are not yet sufficiently up for us to do so now; but you may be getting ready.' The studding sail and royal halliards were accordingly manned, and in about ten minutes the Admiral, observing Lieutenant Clavell's eyes fixed upon him with a look of expectation, gave him a nod; on which that officer went to Captain Rotheram and told him that the Admiral desired him to make all sail. The order was then given to rig out and hoist away, and in one instant the ship was under a crowd of sail, and went rapidly ahead. The Admiral then directed the officers to see that all the men lay down on the decks, and were kept quiet. At this time the Fougueux, the ship astern of the Santa Anna, had closed up, with the intention of preventing the Royal Sovereign from going through the line; and when Admiral Collingwood observed it, he desired Captain Rotheram to steer immediately for the Frenchman and carry away his bowsprit. To avoid this, the Fougueux backed her main top-sail, and suffered the Royal Sovereign to pass, at the same time beginning her fire; when the Admiral ordered a gun to be occasionally fired at her, to cover his ship with smoke.

"The nearest of the English ships was now distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign; and it was at this time, while she was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, that Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, 'See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!' On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, 'What would Nelson give to be here!' and it was then, too, that Admiral Villeneuve, struck with the daring manner in which the leading ships of the English squadrons came down, despaired of the issue of the contest. In passing the Santa Anna, the Royal Sovereign gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding four hundred of her men; then with a helm hard a-starboard, she ranged up alongside so closely that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish Admiral having seen that it was the intention of the Royal Sovereign to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard; and such was the weight of the Santa Anna's metal, that her first broadside made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of the water. Her studding-sails and halliards were now shot away; and as a top-gallant studding-sail was hanging over the gangway hammocks, Admiral Collingwood called out to Lieutenant Clavell to come and help him to take it in, observing that they should want it again some other day. These two officers accordingly rolled it carefully up and placed it in the boat.\*

"In about a quarter of an hour, and before any other English ship had been enabled to take a part in the action, Captain Rotheram, whose bravery on this occasion was remarkable even among the instances of courage which the day displayed, came up to the Admiral, and shaking him by the hand, said, 'I congratulate you, sir: she is slackening her fire, and must soon strike.' It was, indeed, expected on board the Royal Sovereign, that they would have had the gratification of capturing the Spanish Admiral in the

\* "Of his economy, at all times, of the ship's stores, a former instance was often mentioned in the navy as having occurred at the battle of St. Vincent. The Excellent, shortly before the action had bent a new fore-top-sail: and when she was closely engaged with the St. Isidro, Captain Collingwood called out to his boatswain, a very gallant man, who was shortly afterwards killed, 'Bless me! Mr. Peppers, how came we to forget to bend our old top-sail? They will quite ruin that new one. It will never be worth a farthing again.'"

midst of a fleet of thirty-three sail, before the arrival of another English ship; but the *Santa Anna*, though exposed to a tremendous loss from the unremitting fire of the *Sovereign*, and unable to do more than to return a gun at intervals' maintained the conflict in the most determined manner, relying on the assistance of the neighbouring ships, which now crowded round the English vessel, hoping, doubtless, to destroy her before she could be supported by her friends. The *Fougueux* placed herself on the *Sovereign's* lee quarter, and another two-decked French ship across her bow: while two Spanish ships were also on her bow: a number probably greater than could fire at a single ship without injuring each other.

"The Admiral now directed Captain Vallack, of the *marines*, an officer of the greatest gallantry, to take his men from off the poop, that they might not be unnecessarily exposed; but he remained there himself much longer. At length, descending to the quarter-deck, he visited the men, enjoining them not to fire a shot in waste, looking himself along the guns to see that they were properly pointed, and commending the sailors, particularly a black man, who was afterwards killed, but who, while he stood beside him, fired ten times directly into the port-hole of the *Santa Anna*. The *Fougueux* at one time got so much on the quarter of the *Sovereign* that she almost touched, when the English quarter-deck carronades were brought to bear upon her, and after receiving several double-shotted guns directly into her fore-castle, she dropped a little astern. Being there out of the *Royal Sovereign's* reach, she kept up a destructive, raking fire, till the *Tonnant* arrived and took her,

"During such an action, it is impossible that the actual time of any particular occurrence can be satisfactorily ascertained; and a very distinguished officer told the editor, that from the manner in which his mind was occupied, it seemed to him as if the battle had only lasted half an hour. There is, accordingly, great diversity of opinion as to the exact period during which the *Royal Sovereign* was engaged alone. Admiral Collingwood considered it to be twenty minutes, while others believe that it considerably exceeded that time. In the mean while the English ships were pressing forward with their utmost speed in support of their leader, but doubtful at times of his fate, and rejoicing when, on the slackening of the *Santa Anna's* fire, they discerned his flag still flying above the smoke. One of his most gallant followers and friends, the Captain of the *Tonnant*, has often expressed the astonishment with which he regarded the *Royal Sovereign* as she opened her fire, which, as he declared, so arrested his attention, that he felt for a few moments as if he himself had nothing to do but to look on and admire.

"The *Santa Anna* struck at half-past two o'clock, about the time when the news of Lord Nelson's wound was communicated to Admiral Collingwood; but the *Royal Sovereign* had been so much injured in her masts and yards by the ships that lay on her bow and quarter, that she was unable to alter her position. Admiral Collingwood accordingly called the *Euryalus* to take her in tow, and make the necessary signals. He dispatched Captain Blackwood to convey the Spanish Admiral on board the *Euryalus*, but he was stated to be at the point of death, and Captain Blackwood returned with the Spanish Captain. That officer had already been to the *Royal Sovereign* to deliver his sword, and on entering had asked one of the English sailors the name of the ship. When he was told that it was the *Royal Sovereign*, he replied, in broken English, while patting one of the guns with his hand, "I think she should be called 'the Royal Devil.'" The action was still general, when Captain Blackwood, to whom Admiral Collingwood had communicated the intelligence of Lord Nelson's wound, and who was anxious to fulfil his promise of revisiting his friend, proceeded to the *Victory*. On his arrival, he saw the boat alongside which had carried the news to Admiral Collingwood, and on inquiry was told that Lord Nelson was still alive; but on hastening below, he found that the hero had just expired."—pp. 107—114.



After Lord Nelson's decease, Lord Collingwood became not only the admiral who was looked upon as his proper successor, but the man on whom most reliance might be placed for keeping up that vigilant and intelligent guardianship of our coasts, on which the safety of this country depended. When in time he became chief in command of the fleet which so long watched the manœuvres and designs of Napoleon then meditating his threatened invasion, his activity, and skill, and unceasing care, may be considered as having presented the most insurmountable obstacles to the execution of the plan. His merits in this regard appear to have been duly felt; the Admiralty were aware of the difficulty and danger of substituting another in his place, for they would not listen to his repeated requests to return to the home which he was never to re-visit, and which he had never been allowed to enjoy for nearly a whole life of service excepting for a space of not many months. At length worn out by the labour and fatigue of hard service at sea, a service which in his high station embraced a most arduous correspondence, together with the duties of maintaining the discipline, and directing the operations, of an extensive fleet, Lord Collingwood gradually wasted away in strength and substance, and though he supported his duties to the last, fell a victim to his mode of life in the year 1810.

The nature of the service (that of waiting and watching, struggling against wind and weather, together with anxiety of mind, and fatigue of body) utterly prevented the ships from seeking the refreshment of a port. Lord Collingwood at one period kept the sea for twenty two months—a length of time unprecedented in the annals of naval history. It was a trial of patience almost beyond endurance. Nothing but an ardent love of country, and an earnest desire to do his duty, could have supported Lord Collingwood under these circumstances: these feelings, however, kept him at his post till nature absolutely sunk under her task. These points of history, as well as other traits of his fine character, are brought out in the selection from his letters which follows: They are chiefly addressed to Lady Collingwood; and while they do honour to his notions of public duty, breathe the most amiable and affectionate feelings.

*“Queen, at Sea, February 17, 1806.*

“The brig is arrived from Newcastle, and has brought me your welcome letter, and my heart is exceedingly relieved by the news of your being well. It is now three months since I had a letter of any kind from England, and a miserable time I have had of it. The uncertainty as to where these fleets and squadrons are, and the dread that they should slip by me, and get into the Mediterranean, wear me down. Would it were peace, that I might enjoy some respite from cares that overpower me. I have written you many letters, with very little information to give you of any thing: for I know no more of the world you are living in than if I were an inhabitant of the moon. How sorry I am for poor Miss——. I am sure you will spare no pains for her; and do not lose sight of her when she goes to Edinburgh. Tell her that she must not want any advice or any comfort: but I need not say this to you, my beloved, who are kindness itself. I am much obliged to the corporation of Newcastle for every mark which they give of their esteem and approbation of my service; but where shall we find a place in our small house for all those vases and spergines? A kind letter from them would have gratified me as much, and have been less trouble to them.”

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*“Queen, off Cadiz, March 21, 1806.*

“I have at present no prospect of sending a letter, but I begin this because I love to write to you; and I know that were it only to tell you that I am well, it would be gladly received. If some of those French who are flying about do not come hither soon, I shall get horribly tired of sauntering here, with the thousand causes of care and anxiety in other quarters. I have many in search of their squadrons, and shall ever hope,—for could we but once meet them again, I doubt not that we should make as complete a business as the last was. At least, you may depend upon it, your husband will leave nothing in his power undone to make you a countess: not that I am ambitious of rank, but I am to be thought a leader in my country's glory, and contribute to its security in peace. I wish some parts of Hethpoole could be selected for plantations of larch, oak, and beech, where the ground could be best spared. Even the sides of a bleak hill would grow larch and fir. You will say that I have now mounted my hobby; but I consider it as enriching and fertilising that which would be otherwise barren. It is drawing soil from the very air. I cannot, at this distance advise you on the education of our darlings, except that it should not stop for a moment. They are just at that period of their lives when knowledge should be acquired; and great regard should be had to the selection of the books which they read, not throwing away their precious time on novels and nonsense, most of which might be more fitly used in singing a capon for table, than in preparing a young lady for the world. How glad I should be just now to have half an hour's conversation with you on these important subjects! I have, indeed, a great deal to say to you. Here are several officers with me very much in distress that they cannot get home; but what can I do? The Admiralty will not say a word to me about the prizes, the promotion of officers, or any subject. I never did, nor ever will I do, any thing but what I think conducive to the public good. I am not ambitious of power or wealth more than I have, nor have I connexions of any kind to sway me from the strict line of my duty to the country. I have neither sons or cousins to promote by any of those tricks which I have ever held in contempt; so that when I err, it will be from my head, and not my heart. It is not every body that is so indulgent as you are in their judgment of my poor head, but there is no one by whose judgment I can be so much flattered. I have not heard from Lloyd's coffee house about the seamen; all that happened in October seems to be an old story, and I must get something ready for a summer rejoicing—something airy.”

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*“Queen, at Sea, March 29, 1806.*

“I have at last received your letters, and truly glad I am to hear that you are all well. The *Pompée*, Sir Sidney Smith, brought me all the papers, letters, and orders which have been accumulating at Portsmouth for four months past; and this neglect of sending them has caused such a mass of confusion, that I shall never get all made square again. The only thing I had to ask was, that Landless might be included in the promotion, and I wrote pressing to Lord Barham on the subject; but it is not done. And now I may say, that they have not made one officer for me, for I made Clavell into a death vacancy, with which the Admiralty had nothing to do. All the young men are applying to go home, having lost their promotion by staying here; and I am suffering as much mortification as possible. I am, besides, perplexed with having such a compound of various affairs to settle; am up sometimes half the night to make arrangements, and have not stirred from my desk these ten days, scarcely to see the sun. You inform me of letters of congratulation from Newcastle, the Trinity House, and other bodies; but I am sorry to say I have not received one of them, and beg it may be made known; for there is nothing I fear so much as the appearance of tardiness in acknowledging the great kindness of my friends. If they sent them to the Admiralty, I suppose they are there still. While fleets of small

vessels were thumping each other to pieces at Plymouth, not one was allowed to bring us letters. I have written to Lloyd's about Mr. Chalmers' family. He left a mother and several sisters, whose chief dependance was on what this worthy man and valuable officer saved for them from his pay. He stood close to me when he received his death. A great shot almost divided his body: he laid his head upon my shoulder, and told me he was slain. I supported him till two men carried him off. He could say nothing to me, but to bless me; but as they carried him down, he wished he could but live to read the account of the action in a newspaper. He lay in the cockpit, among the wounded, until the Santa Anna struck; and joining in the cheer which they gave her, expired with it on his lips.

"Did I not tell you how my leg was hurt? It was by a splinter—a pretty severe blow. I had a good many thumps, one way or the other: one in the back, which I think was the wind of a great shot, for I never saw any thing that did it. You know nearly all were killed or wounded on the quarter-deck and poop but myself, my captain, and secretary, Mr. Cosway, who was of more use to me than any officer, after Clavell.

"The first inquiry of the Spaniards was about my wound, and exceedingly surprised they were when I made light of it; for when the Captain of the Santa Anna was brought on board, it was bleeding and swelled, and tied up with a handkerchief. Since you have informed me that my despatches are admired, I am exceedingly ambitious of giving you a second edition, with improvements."

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*"Queen, April 5, 1806.*

"I have received your letter of the 16th of March, informing me of the death of our friend at Chirton. Every thing makes me nervous; and constant labour and vexation weary me exceedingly: but I am rejoiced that you are well, and preparing for your journey to London, where I am very desirous you should be presented as soon as possible. I wish that in these journeys the education of our children may not stop; but that, even on the road, they may study the geography of that part of England through which they travel, and keep a regular journal, not of what they eat and drink, but of the nature of the country, its appearance, its produce, and some gay description of the manners of the inhabitants. I hope you will take your time in town, and show my girls every thing curious. I am sure you will visit the tomb of my dear friend. Alas! the day that he had a tomb! You must have been delighted at the squadron, which I had despatched under Sir John Duckworth, coming up with the Frenchmen at last. The Admiralty sent a vessel out to me directly with Sir John's reports, and I had a very kind letter of congratulation from Mr. Grey. I need not tell you, my dear, to be very kind to Mr. Collingwood's dog; for I am sure you will, and so will I whenever I come home. - - -"

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*"Ocean, May 22, 1806.*

"Though no day passes in which you have not my blessing and my prayers for your happiness, this day, which gave to the world so excellent a pattern of worth and goodness, will always be celebrated by me as a happy one; and I hope you will live many years to receive my congratulations, in health and as much comfort as may be in a state of warfare. I am cruising here, very anxious for something good to turn up. Some attempt of the French to get into the Mediterranean I think will be the first: my squadron is weak, but I will make the best of them. I have no Admiral with me now, but they certainly will send somebody here; and without some more line-of-battle ships I may be soon in distress. I am in very good health, considering that I have scarce put my foot on shore these three years; but my body grows weak and my limbs lady-like.

"May 28.—As there was no opportunity for me to send my letter to England, I can hit two birds at once, in wishing my dear little Sarah many happy

returns of this day, and that in every one she may have improved in goodness since the last. I cannot tell you how much pleasure her French letter gave me: I strictly enjoin her to write every day some translation of English into French, and the language will soon become familiar to her. It is the only thing French she need possess, for there is little else from that country which I should wish her to love or imitate. - - -

"Pray do not talk about the wound in my leg, or people may think that I am vapouring about my dangers. We are to have the medals for the last action, and I do not despair of getting another soon: I am the only officer in the service with three. How can I bless you as I love you?—Not in words—they have not the power, and I must refer you to your own heart."

"Ocean, June 16, 1806.

"This day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy. After this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth; but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views, which are nowhere to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at six o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste for the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are hanged for some little thievery; while a knave of education and high breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first, I feel pity and compassion; for the latter, abhorrence and contempt: they are the tenfold vicious.

"Have you read—but what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy? Tell her—God bless her!—I wish I were with you, that we might have a good laugh. God bless me! I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here, with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength. They have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out I do not know: if they come, I have no doubt we shall do them an excellent deed, and then I will bring them to England myself.

"How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining: it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time: but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper and the fashion to go to church; but I

would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

"Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the three oaks for a comfortable summer seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a Midshipman. Here I get nothing; but then my expenses are nothing, and I do not want it, particularly now that I have got my knives, forks, teapot, and the things you were so kind as to send me."

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"Ocean, October 25, 1806.

"I rejoice to hear that you and all my family are well. I could have been very, very happy indeed to have been with you; but when is that blessed day to come? I received a letter from ———, to thank me for the presents I had sent, and I must thank you most heartily for having anticipated me in that which I would gladly have done myself if I had been there. Oh! my Sarah, how I admire in you that kindness of heart and generosity that delights to give pleasure to those you love. You will, you do understand me, that if ever I mention the word economy, it is that you should always be enabled to do a kind and handsome thing when the occasion arises; and none know how to do so better than you. I shall never have length of life enough to tell you how I love in you those virtues that are every day my admiration. With respect to that matter in which we are jointly interested, I cannot but wonder at ———'s unreasonableness in requiring 600*l.* per annum for that which we have hitherto been content to let for 80*l.*: but they will outwit themselves; for I would not, for all the collieries in Northumberland, be a party to such an extortion. A fair increase of rent is allowable; but this demand is beyond all bounds. I have written enough about money; and, between ourselves, Sarah, I believe there is more plague in it than comfort, and that the limits of our Morpeth garden and the lawn would have afforded us as much happiness as we shall ever have. I have long enough in the world to know that human happiness has nothing to do with exteriora: then let us cultivate it in our minds. The Parliamentary grant is, I own, lessened in my estimation, when it is only shared by those who laboured, in common with those who did nothing. The honour of the thing is lost, and it only becomes a mere matter of money. But they have used us shabbily about that whole business; for the poor seamen who fought a battle that set all England in an uproar, and all the poets and painters at work, have not at this moment received one sixpence of prize money. I mean those who are here; for I do not know what they have done for them in England, as I never hear any thing about it."

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"Ocean, off Cadiz, December 20, 1806.

"You need not be uneasy about my small force here, but cherish the hope and expectation that I may have a happy meeting with the enemy. They must be kept down as much as possible at sea, and I trust in God to give us a fair opportunity to do it. I have lately had a most anxious time about the Turks. The accounts I received from the Ambassador stated war with them to be inevitable, and I despatched that instant a squadron under Sir T. Louis, to present himself before the seraglio. A squadron of English men of war must have a fine effect in a seraglio! But, before they had got up, Mr. Arbuthnot informed him that he had composed all differences; but he pro-

ceeded on, according to my order, of which I am very glad. Landless has taken an exceedingly good prize, a boat from La Vera Cruz, very small, but laden with cochineal, indigo, &c. which will give him more prize money than I have got since I came out, except for Trafalgar. I suppose when the spring opens you will be moving to Chirton; and I hope you will not have a steam-engine in front, to lull you with its noise, instead of those delightful black-birds whose morning and evening song made my heart gay. I will do what I can for ——'s friend, but I have very little in my power. The vacancies which happen are in no proportion to the applications for them. I have not made a captain, except Landless, since this time twelvemonth, nor has a lieutenant been removed from my ship, except one who, seeing very little prospect of succeeding here, applied to go home, and try his fortune elsewhere. It is very agreeable to me to hear that you are taking care of my oaks, and transplanting them to Hethpool. If ever I get back I will plant a great deal there in patches; but before that can happen you and I shall be in the church-yard, planted under some old yew tree.

"This is my second Christmas at sea, without having been even at anchor; and, unless it should please God to take the Corsican out of this world, I see no prospect of a change. A ship sailed yesterday from Cadiz to Lima with British goods, having a passport from the King. The Captain came to me to show his pass, and request a convoy to see him clear of the French privateers, which he understood were looking out for him. What an odd war this is! A Spanish ship coming to the English fleet to seek protection from the depredations of their great ally!"

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*"Ocean, May 17, 1807.*

"I am pretty well in health, but exceedingly out of spirits at the failure of our Turkish business. It ought to have succeeded: there was nothing in the state of the enemy to prevent it: but the day is completely gone by; for the defences which were neglected and nought, are now impregnable. I often think of getting home, if I knew but how: but the time is not far off; for although I am not sick, my body weakens; and I know enough of the structure of the human animal to understand, that when the body weakens by age, the mind also loses its activity. If nothing should happen this summer at sea to rouse me and give me spirits, I shall think seriously of my return.

"Do not let our girls be made fine ladies; but give them a knowledge of the world which they have to live in, that they may take care of themselves, when you and I are in heaven. They must do every thing for themselves, and never read novels, but history, travels, essays, and Shakespeare's plays, as often as they please. What they call books for young persons are nonsense. They should frequently read aloud, and endeavour to preserve the natural tone of voice, as if they were speaking on the subject themselves without a book. Nothing can be more absurd than altering the voice to a disagreeable and monotonous drawl, because what they say is taken from a book. The memory should be strengthened by getting by heart such speeches and noble sentiments from Shakespeare, or Roman history, as deserve to be imprinted on the mind. Give them my blessing, and charge them to be diligent."

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*"Ocean, off the Dardanelles, Aug. 20, 1807.*

"My business here is of the most important nature, and I am exerting all my powers to derive good from it. My mind is upon the full stretch; for my body, I do not know much about it, more than that it is very feeble. - - - - I live here poorly enough, getting nothing but bad sheep and a few chickens; but that does not offend me.—I have written to Mrs. —— to charge her not to make our girls fine ladies, which are as troublesome animals as any in the creation; but to give them knowledge and industry, and teach them how to take care of themselves when there is none left in this

world to take care of them ; for I think, my dear, you and I cannot last much longer. How glad I should be, could I receive a letter from you, to hear how all my friends are ! for I think the more distant they are, the more dear they become to me. We never estimate the true value of any thing until we feel the want of it, and I am sure I have had time enough to estimate the value of my friends. The more I see of the world, the less I like it. You may depend on it that old Scott is a much happier man than if he had been born a statesman, and has done more good in his day than most of them. Robes and furred gowns veil passions, vanities, and sordid interests, that Scott never knew.

"I am much afraid we shall never do any good in concert with the Russians ; they hate the Turks, and the Turks detest them, which neither party is at any trouble to conceal. The Turks like us, and I am afraid the Russians are a little jealous of us. Conceive, then, how difficult a part I have to act amongst them ; and what mortifies me is, that I see little hope of good from all my cares. To give you an idea of the Turkish style of letters to the Russians, the Capitan Pacha begins one to the Admiral Siniavin, by telling him, 'After proper inquiries for your health, we must observe to you, in a friendly way, what yourself must know,' that to lie is forbidden by all religions. Your friend should not receive a falsehood from you ; nor can he be a friend who would offer one.' In a sort of battle they have had, the Turks accused the Russians of something contrary to the received law of nations, which the Russians denied to be the case ; and the Turk tells him that, his religion forbids him to lie. I am much disappointed in the appearance of these Greek islands ; they are, for the most part, thinly inhabited, and but a small portion of the land is cultivated. It always blows strong, and there is sunshine in abundance. Cattle are not plentiful, but money is still more scarce ; and we buy a bullock for less than 3*l*. when they are to be got, and exchange the hide for three sheep. A sheep, when fat, weighs about 20*lb*. Of all climates and countries under the sun to live in comfort, there is none like England.

"August 30.—The Russians have made a separate peace with France, who is negotiating their affairs with the Porte. An armistice is proposed by them here, and they have withdrawn themselves from co-operation with us. Admiral Siniavin gave me official notice of this in a civil letter, and separated his squadron from ours. I see no prospect of peace with the Turks. We turned them over to the French, and they have skill enough to keep them. I have seen enough now to be well convinced they cannot and will not treat with us but under the direction of Buonaparte. The Ambassador has been paying friendly visits to the Pachas, who were extremely civil to him, and accepted the valuable presents from him with as much cordiality as if we really were on our way to friendship ; but I have not an idea of such a thing."

"Ocean, on the Sea, Dec. 26, 1807.

"My dearest Children.—A few days ago I received your joint letter, and it gave me much pleasure to hear that you were well, and I hope improving in your education. It is exactly at your age that much pains should be taken ; for whatever knowledge you acquire now, will last you all your lives. The impression which is made on young minds is so strong that it never wears out ; whereas, every body knows how difficult it is to make an old snuff-taking lady comprehend any thing beyond Pam and Spadille. Such persons hang very heavy on society ; but you, my darlings, I hope will qualify yourselves to adorn it, to be respected for your good sense, and admired for your gentle manners. Remember that gentle manners are the first grace which a lady can possess. Whether she differ in her opinion from others, or be of the same sentiment, her expressions should be equally mild. A positive contradiction is vulgar and ill-bred ; but I shall never suspect you of being uncivil to any person. I received Mrs. ———'s letter, and am much obliged to her for it. She takes a lively interest that you should be wise and good.

Do not let her be disappointed. For me, my girls, my happiness depends upon it; for should I return to England, and find you less amiable than my mind pictures you, or than I have reason to expect, my heart would sink with sorrow. Your application must be to useful knowledge. Sarah, I hope, applies to geometry, and Mary makes good progress in arithmetic. Independently of their use in every situation in life, they are sciences so curious in their nature, and so many things that cannot be comprehended without them are made easy, that were it only to gratify a curiosity which all women have, and to be let into secrets that cannot be learned without that knowledge, it would be a sufficient inducement to acquire them. Then do, my sweet girls, study to be wise.

"I am now at sea, looking for some Frenchmen whom I have heard of; but I was lately at Syracuse, in Sicily. It was once a place of great note, where all the magnificence and arts known in the world flourished: but it was governed by tyrants, and a city which was twenty-two miles in circumference is now inconsiderable. Its inhabitants have great natural civility; I never was treated with so much in my life. The Nobility, who live far from the Court, are not contaminated by its vices; they are more truly polite, with less ostentation and show. On my arrival there, the Nobility and Senate waited on me in my ship. Another day came all the military: the next, the Vicar-General, for the Bishop was absent, and all the Clergy. I had a levee of thirty priests—all fat, portly-looking gentlemen. In short, nothing was wanting to show their great respect and regard for the English. The Nobles gave me and the officers of the fleet a ball and supper, the most elegant thing I ever saw, and the best conducted. The ladies were as attentive to us as their lords, and there were two or three little Marquisinas who were most delightful creatures. I have heard men talk of the *dicux de la danse*, but no goddesses ever moved with the grace that distinguished the sisters of the Baron Bono.—God bless you! my dear girls."

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"*Ocean, off Toulon, May 15, 1808.*

"I hope you are very well and more at your ease than I am, for I have had labour and anxiety enough to wear any creature to a thread. Since the 23d of February, when I first heard of the French coming into the Mediterranean, I have been in constant pursuit of them, with little intelligence, and what came to me was often very contradictory, sometimes, I believe, fabricated for the purpose of deception, so that in all my pursuits I have arrived at places only to learn that they were gone from thence. The only satisfaction that I have is, that they have done nothing; for when they found that there was a probability of being overtaken, they quitted the place immediately. At sea there is no getting intelligence, as there used to be on former occasions, for now there is not a trading ship upon the seas—nothing but ourselves. It is lamentable to see what a desert the waters are become. It has made me almost crazy; and if I had not a very good constitution, would have worn me quite out, for I know that in England success is the only criterion by which people judge, and to want that is always reckoned a great crime. But I have felt the service in my heart, and have left nothing undone that my anxious mind suggested. I never despair of meeting them, and making a happy day for old England. - - - - -

"I have been long at sea, have little to eat, and scarcely a clean shirt; and often do I say, Happy lowly clown. Yet, with all this sea work, never getting fresh beef nor a vegetable, I have not one sick man in my ship. Tell that to Doctor ————.

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"*Ocean, off Cadiz, July 28, 1808.*

- - - - - "I am sorry to find my picture was not an agreeable surprise: I did not say any thing to you about it, because I would always guard you as much as I could against disappointment; but you see, with all my care, I sometimes fail. The painter was reckoned the most eminent in Sicily;



but you expected to find me a smooth-skinned, clear-complexioned gentleman, such as I was when I left home, dressed in the newest taste, and like the fine people who live gay lives ashore. Alas! it is far otherwise with me. The painter was thought to have flattered me much: that lump under my chin was but the loose skin, from which the flesh has shrunk away; the redness of my face was not, I assure you, the effect of wine, but of burning suns and boisterous winds; and my eyes, which were once dark and bright, are now faded and dim. The painter represented me as I am; not as I once was. It is time and toil that have worked the change, and not his want of skill. That the countenance is stern, will not be wondered at, when it is considered how many sad and anxious hours, and how many heartaches I have. I shall be very glad when the war is over." - - - - -

— " *Ocean, off Toulon, Nov. 8, 1808.*

- - - - - "My heart often yearns for home; but when that blessed day will come in which I shall see it, God knows. I am afraid it is not so near as I expected. I told you that I had written to the Admiralty that my health was not good, and requested their Lordships would be pleased to relieve me. This was not a feigned case. It is true, I had not a fever or a dyspepsy. Do you know what a dyspepsy is? I'll tell you. It is the disease of officers who have grown tired, and then they get invalided for dyspepsy. I had not this complaint, but my mind was worn by continual fatigue. I felt a consciousness that my faculties were weakened by application, and saw no prospect of respite; and that the public service might not suffer from my holding a station, and performing its duties feebly, I applied for leave to return to you, to be cherished and restored." - - - - -

— " *Ville de Paris, off Toulon, June 17, 1809.*

"I am writing you a letter, my love, because there is nothing I so much delight in as a little communication with her on whom my heart for ever dwells. How this letter is to go to you, I know not. I never hear from your world, and cannot tell whether any thing from ours ever reaches you; but I take the chance of sending you my blessing. I am pretty well in health, but have fatigue enough; nothing that is pleasurable ever happens to me. I have been lamenting our ill luck in not meeting the French ships the only time, perhaps, that they will show themselves out of port for the summer; but it was not to be avoided; they never come out but with good assurance of being safe. Now that the French fleet is destroyed at Rochefort, they may surely select some officer to relieve me, for I am sadly worn. Tough as I have been, I cannot last much longer. I have seen all the ships and men out two or three times. Bounce and I seem to be the only personages who stand our ground. Many about me are yielding to the fatigue and confinement of a life which is certainly not natural to man; and which I have only borne thus far from a patient submission to my duty, and a natural desire to execute the duties of my profession as long as I was able, without regard to any personal satisfaction. The only comfort I have, is to hear from you."

### BEAUMONT'S TRAVELS IN BUENOS AYRES, &c.

Travels in Buenos Ayres and the Adjacent Provinces of the Rio de la Plata; with Observations intended for the Use of Persons who contemplate Emigrating to that Country, or embarking Capital in its Affairs. By J. A. B. Beaumont, Esq. London: Ridgway, Piccadilly. 1828.

THIS book possesses many of the vices of a pamphlet, and must not be taken as the disinterested report of an indifferent traveller. Mr. J. A. B. Beaumont is the son of the projector of the Associated Emigration to the Republic of Buenos Ayres; and this account must be

considered as the apology for the failure of that scheme. It was never one that promised success to any body concerned in it, except to the emigrants themselves; which, to be sure, was much in the eyes of the world, though we believe not a matter of first-rate importance in those of the promoters of the joint-stock company. A high tone of complaint is indulged in by Mr. Beaumont against all that is South American; and the total failure and abandonment of the enterprise is attributed to every thing but the natural seeds of ill success inherent in the plan. The governors of Buenos Ayres are invariably described as pick-pockets, every official person in the capital or the country acts like a rogue, the agents all prove villains, and neither justice nor protection is afforded by courts of law or the establishments of the police. Little is said of the improbability that the jealousy of a native population would permit a colony of foreigners, whose reputed industry and skill were expected to monopolise all profit, to be established in the heart of the nation, or that the capitalists of the country, excessively in want of labour, would quietly witness the employment of a regiment of labourers, working at their very doors, for the advantage of individuals in Great Britain. Neither was the possibility of governing, or keeping together, a large body of persons brought up under different laws, and educated in very different sentiments—in the centre of a state regulated by its own notions of right and wrong, itself in a very unsettled condition, and by no means holding the reins of government over its native subjects and its delegated authorities with a firm hand. In short, the idea of forming an English settlement in a foreign country, for the benefit of capitalists at home, was so truly absurd, that it could only have been entertained at a period of national madness. We have no doubt that things appeared to Mr. Beaumont as he has represented them in his book. He found the ministers of the Republic with their hands full of the war that had sprung up; he found their funds in a state of exhaustion; and the jealousy of individuals, and the pettiness of angry neighbours, invested with some local authority, harassing the new settlers in every disagreeable form. Agents perceiving that the affairs of the Company, many thousand miles off, were about to fall into ruin, naturally enough consoled themselves with all the pickings that happened to be within their reach; and could not be expected to treat with cordiality the person sent out to stop them in the work of plunder. The reputation of the South Americans for good faith, generally speaking, does not stand high in this country; and it is probable, that the ministerial agents of the Republic of Buenos Ayres are as well qualified to excel in the vices of corruption as their neighbours. Partly deluded themselves, and partly deluding, the agents of Buenos Ayres, M. Rivadavia, and the rest, did in this country invite its credulous inhabitants to schemes which, however they should end for the projectors, were sure to benefit themselves and their Republic. In a more advanced state of the project, they found it was impossible to carry the designs they had caused to be adopted into execution; they therefore unceremoniously, and it may be said dishonestly, abandoned them—nay more, they suffered, and perhaps encouraged, others in rapacity and extortion; and so far from protecting that from injury which they had engaged to establish and encourage, they accelerated its final destruction. *As*

Captain Andrews says in his book about these countries—It is true all the speculations fail; but then the information of the British public is increased: so it may be said of Mr. Beaumont's plans—To be sure the association is ruined; but my son has written a book. Slender satisfaction, we fear, for the losses and vexation sustained in either case. Of all the information which Captain Andrews points out, whether scientific, geographical, or statistical, we apprehend the most valuable will be this, that the mongrel race of Spaniards and Indians, which now forms the free population of South America, is not to be trusted; that the present condition of their morality is at an extremely low ebb; and that the safest way of dealing with them is to treat them as if their names were recorded in the list of swindlers, called the Tradesman's Directory and Merchant's Remembrancer. Mr. Beaumont's book is rather a *precis* of all the information he could collect respecting the present state of Buenos Ayres, than an account of his travels, or a description of what he himself saw, independent of the objects of his mission. So much has lately been written respecting this and the adjoining provinces, that it would be difficult to add any thing to the knowledge already contained in the various works downwards, from Maria Graham and Captain Basil Hall, to Mr. Miers and Captain Head. The country has, however, multitudinous points of interest; and while it is a hard matter to write any thing absolutely new upon it, it would be equally hard to write that which had not some attraction to boast of. Besides much information in detail which may be useful to emigrants, Mr. Beaumont has collected some facts, and narrated some experience, in a manner which entitles his work to our notice.

Pasturage of all kinds is so plentiful in the wild plains of the provinces of Buenos Ayres, that we must not be surprised at the extraordinary cheapness of animals and animal food, or reason rashly upon beef as a measure of value. English farmers will be astonished to hear of horses, price half a crown; and sheep at less than a pound the score. The value of sheep in these provinces is spoken of in the following extract:—

"Sheep were formerly only regarded for their wool; and to save trouble, the carcase was left to rot, or to be devoured by other animals, leaving the wool to be gathered at leisure. Even until lately I am assured that the flayed carcases of the sheep, dried in the sun, were piled up in stacks for fuel like firewood; the bricks and lime were burnt with these carcases, and there is a law extant to forbid, for the future, the practice of driving the sheep alive into the kilns to save the trouble of killing them previously. Formerly the meanest slave would refuse to eat mutton; half a rial per head, or three pence a piece, was many years back the current price of sheep; four thousand sheep were bought in 1825, for the Rio de la Plata Agricultural Association, at the rate of four rials a head; and when I left Buenos Ayres in the summer of 1827, sheep were selling there at a dollar each."—p. 35.

Horses are as plentiful as sheep; and droves of thousands, in a state of perfect wildness, rove over the plains without master or owner. Every man being able to get an animal to carry him, and forage being as easy to be procured, it follows of course, that nobody walks in the country; and that the very beggars ride on horseback. The gaucho, or the peasant-farmer, lives only across his horse—on foot he is as miserable as he is useless. A ludicrous incident of a

gaucho dismounted by force, which occurs in Mr. Beaumont's narrative, represents this peculiarity in a lively manner.

"When the horses were brought to my door the next morning, I expressed my fears to the guide, that the horse which was destined for my use would not be able to carry me; the poor animal reeled as I mounted him, but the guide attributed this to his laziness, and assured me it was the very best he had; this I afterwards found to be true, it being the only one left:—by dint of spurring and whipping, I contrived to get about a league from the town, when the poor animal fell down exhausted and expiring; the guide dismounted with perfect composure to take off my *recado*, part of which he placed upon his own horse. He then bade farewell to the dying animal in a volley of oaths, and by giving it a severe stroke with his whip; and was proceeding to remount this horse, but this movement of his I anticipated by jumping into his saddle and leaving to him the choice of walking, or procuring a fresh horse from some neighbouring *rancho*. At first he expressed himself very warmly, and declared that no other horse could be procured, until we arrived at the next post-house, which was five leagues distant; as to returning to Buenos Ayres, he confessed there was not another horse in the post-house there; after this explanation, and many attempts to convince me that it was far more reasonable that I should walk than himself, in which he was not successful, he took up my bridle and girths, proceeded in silence on foot, muttering occasionally, *diabolo—estos Ingleses*.

"The poor fellow trudging on foot was completely out of his element, and I could not help feeling for his evident chagrin and humiliation, but still not so much so as to resign my seat to him. A *gaucho* on foot! The pedestrian, *malgré lui*, appeared to wish the earth would open and swallow him up, as the humiliating idea struck him. In this dilemma he was met by several of his acquaintances. He hung down his head with shame, and related very feelingly the circumstances which had placed him in his present predicament; vowing that if it were not for my *pistolas*, I should not ride his horse long: after proceeding side by side, but by no means cordially, about half a league, we met a *tropilla* of horses which a lad was driving to the city; my guide immediately agreed for a pretty good one, upon which he placed my *recado*, and when I was mounted called upon me to pay eight dollars for it: this, however, I deemed by no means necessary, and accordingly galloped off after refusing his application; he soon came up with me, having paid for it himself: arriving at the post-house, he painted in very dismal colours to his hearers, the ill-treatment he had received, and insisted upon payment of the eight dollars. His friends wished to persuade me, that custom was on his side; but as it appeared very clearly to me that justice was on the other, I disregarded their clamour, and decided against his claim."—pp. 154, 155.

The very mothers of this equestrian race,\* reckon the ages of their children only in reference to the practice of riding.

"On the ground before the house, three little chubby-faced fellows were amusing themselves by lassoing the dogs with strips of rough hide; they performed the whole mock ceremony of lassoing, throwing down, and cutting the throats of the dogs, with the due portion of extravagant gestures and oaths, with great exactness; the dogs submitted to be pulled about in every direction with exemplary patience, and even seemed to enjoy the sport full as well as the young *gauchos*. On my expressing my surprise at the imitative talents of the boys, and inquiring their ages, the mother replied, that she could not tell exactly; those two, said she, pointing to the two who were naked, are very young, but the other, who had a petticoat on, is of an age to ride.<sup>a</sup> She then informed us, that she had a baby which was very ill, and

\* The *gauchos* keep no account of ages in years; the age to ride answers to about five years old.

requested us to look at it ; for this purpose she conducted us to the kitchen, where we saw the poor little infant rocking in a piece of hide, suspended from the ceiling, and nearly over the fire."—p. 147.

Horses were introduced into South America by the Spaniards, consequently the Indians of the plains have only assumed the habit of riding. It has, however, become an essential part of their manners ; and they even excel the gaucho in horsemanship. An interesting account is given of the manners of these people, as they have been modified by the vicinity of the Spaniards ; who, though they could not reduce them to subjection, naturally produced a decided effect upon their social state.

" In the wild Indians, however, as those are termed who have kept aloof from submission to the Spaniards, we see the peculiar features of the race without European admixture ; their habits have nevertheless received an alteration from their occasional contact with the European settlers, which has by no means improved them, particularly in drinking strong liquors. These Indians, as well as those that are civilized, are by no means deficient in industry. They make lassos, balls, thongs, and whips of hides ; stirrups, some of a piece of wood, bent into the form of a triangle, and others, curiously carved, like little boxes ; and hand brooms of ostrich feathers, dyed with lively colours. They collect the skins of tigers, lions, panthers, and polecats ; which animals they hunt and destroy. They likewise make boots (*botas de potro*) from the hind legs of young horses, the skin is cut round in the middle of the thigh, and again, about nine inches above the fetlock ; it is then stripped off. The upper part forms the leg of the boot, the hock forms the heel, and the remainder covers the foot, leaving a hole at the end, through which they thrust the great toe. This boot is cleared of the hair, and drawn over the leg and foot while the skin is yet moist, to the shape of which it conforms itself without any further trouble ; the great toe alone they rest in the stirrup when riding, which from that use of it acquires extraordinary strength, and stands apart from the others. In return for these things, and some other articles, they obtain *aguardiente*, *mité*, sugar, figs, raisins, bits, spurs, knives, &c. To effect this barter they approach the principal towns in troops, from time to time ; on these occasions they are apt to get very intoxicated, for which reason, and to avoid broils, they are required to remain in the suburbs. Almost all the inhabitants of the Río de la Plata provinces are expert horsemen ; the Creoles and domiciled Indians more so than the European settlers, and the wild Indians more universally so than all. From their childhood they live on horseback, their legs and thighs become extremely bowed by this early and constant habit, and they scarcely know the use of their legs for the purpose of walking ; I have frequently seen them on foot, after being brought into Buenos Ayres prisoners, limping and waddling like lame ducks ; but on horseback they are of a piece with the horse, and acquire as firm a hold with the grip of their crooked legs, as a parrot does with its claws. They can swing under the belly of the horse, and return to their seat on his back while at full gallop. The hunting of horses, deer, and ostriches, constitute the chief occupation of the wandering Indians ; but when these fail, they are not very nice in taking from the domesticated herds of horses or horned cattle which they find on the frontiers of the settled provinces. This had led to frequent wars and truces between the Indians and the provincials ; the first being carried on till both grew tired of their losses, and the latter being kept until the memory of the losses from war had worn out, or some enticing motives arose to disturb them."—pp. 83, 84.

Our readers will remember the hardy delight Captain Head took in gallopping through this half-civilized country ; how heartily he ate jerked beef, how soundly he slept with a horse's skull for a pillow, and with what good humour he would awake to find the dunghill cock

perched and crowing upon his shoulder. Mr. Beaumont is a much more squeamish person, and writes with a huge distaste of the savagery which the other traveller seems to have enjoyed. The description of his miseries deserve a place among the memoranda of Mr. Testy:—

“ In a dark and dismal shed, for such was our refectory, and in the centre of the floor, which was the bare earth, a hollow appeared, about two feet in diameter. In this a quantity of wood was lighted, and on a wooden and iron spit, which was driven into the ground and sloped over the fire, a large piece of beef hung to roast; around the fire were the skeletons of horses and bullocks' heads to serve for seats. The fire-wood crackled, and the fat hissed; and the light flickered on the ghastly skulls. A gaunt figure, with a dark haggard countenance overshadowed with black beetling brows and matted long hair stood feeding the fire, until I almost fancied I saw Gaspar about to cast ‘the seventh bullet.’ The hour of repast was at length arrived, when several other peons entering, joined our party, and soon proceeded to business; each took his head and drew it to the fire, and being seated thereon, grasped his long knife and proceeded to do the honours of the spit. This consisted in feeling the meat with his dirty hands, to discover the tenderest and best-cooked parts, and then cutting off a slice eight or nine inches long. One end of the meat so cut he held in his fist, and the other end he poked into his mouth; and when he got into it as much as it would well hold, by a stroke of the knife he separated the mouthful from the handful, and proceeded in the work of mastication. This was the way with them all; praising the goodness of the meat, and talking and laughing all the while in a manner that rendered it surprising that they did not sometimes cut off their noses instead of the steak; however large the piece of meat, they seldom made more than three mouthfuls of it, and these they gulped down with astonishing quickness. The dissection of the roast limb being completed, and little more than a bare bone being left on the spit, the second course was introduced.

“ The *culdo*, a pot of broth and meat, was then uncovered; this stood a little on one side of the fire, so that the party had to shift their seats, and lay their heads together in a closer circle. The meat was then drawn from the pot by the fingers of one of the party, and he and the rest cut and ate it on the same principles of carving and devouring as were used with the roast meat. The broth was drunk with the assistance of scollop shells; but as there was a deficiency in the number of these, one shell had to salute many lips. In sipping the broth, they held their heads (that is, not their seats, but their own living heads) over the pot, so that whatever ran over the mouth, or was ejected from being found too hot, was not lost, but returned to the common stock. This repast was unflavoured with salt, seasoning, or vegetables of any kind, and nothing was drunk but pot liquor.

“ The feast proceeded, and was finished with much jocularly, my companion declaring the beef excellent; and to my surprise handling it with as much ease as though he had been a gaucho born and bred; but alas! I could not yet bring my stomach to the new mode of life which I had to lead—the satisfaction with which my dark and dirty companions fingered the roasting joint—the keenness with which they grasped and gulped the several slices—the adroitness with which they tore the *bouilli* with their fingers, and laved their throats and chins with the broth—all failed to excite me to a spirit of emulation. Even the cravings of a good appetite (for I had eaten nothing all day) were insufficient to make me a partaker of the feast. I grew delicate, and went to bed; that is, on the bare ground in an adjoining shed, I spread out a hide for my couch, and with my saddle for a pillow, and no covering but my *poncho* and cloths, laid me down to sleep.

“ But sleep I could get none; for I had no sooner laid down than I was attacked by legions of fleas—the natives are generally fond of strangers, and none are more so than the fleas; they absolutely devoured me with their

caresses; to catch them was out of the question, all that could be attempted was to disturb them, and drive them from their meals. To do this, I was kept kicking and jerking like a galvanized frog for several hours, until worn out I fell asleep, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their wicked will. When I awoke they were still feasting away; many fell under the hand of retributive justice, and many sought safety in flight; but like the Parthians, they were no sooner driven from one position than they renewed their attacks on another; and no resource was left to me but to retreat. By getting into the open air, and taking off my garments, and shaking them well, I contrived to dialodge my tormenters; who at last had become so gorged, that they could scarcely hop off."—pp. 139—141.

It is pretty clear that the unfortunate issue of Mr. Beaumont's concerns has coloured his views both of men and things: a circumstance which has its value in this way, that we may implicitly rely upon the truth of such parts of his report as are favourable to the objects he encounters. In the following summing up of the inducements to emigrate, for instance, we may be sure that the author is not misled by partiality:—

"After what we have seen of the Buenos Ayrean rulers—of the fate of those who have confided in their promises—and of the unsettled and insecure state of the country, it will be unnecessary to say more in the way of caution to persons disposed to employ capital there. No one will, in future, be so rash as to advance money for their emigration objects—none will meddle with their joint-stock companies—few will be at the expense of taking out workmen or servants with the expectation of benefiting by their services—manufacturers and merchants will look before they leap into the hands of agents and consignees, and pause before they trust even their confidential men to go out as supercargoes to that region of treachery and seduction, until a moral and political reformation take place in the government of the country; but there is one class of persons, who if they can find the means of getting across the Rio de la Plata provinces, may reasonably expect to better their condition. These are labourers and handy-craftsmen—men who work with their own hands—men who will dig ditches and wells, and throw up banks—labouring farmers and gardeners—carpenters, smiths, tailors, and shoemakers, and such like workmen. If they can turn their hands to more trades than one it will be to their advantage, as it sometimes happens that a particular trade is overcharged with workmen. Geniuses are not wanted, nor men to direct others; nor schemers, nor learned men, nor subtle men, the best of these last from England will find himself outdone by the creoles. Geniuses are seen wandering about without occupation, schemers are foiled in all their attempts, and as to directors of others, all aim at this distinction, and consequently they superabound already; clerks and agents are also too abundant. Common working men alone may safely go to Buenos Ayres with a tolerable certainty of gaining a comfortable living for moderate labour; but even here some caution is necessary. When a man is told that two or three dollars a day are given for labour, and that beef is only a penny a pound, and spirits only about a dollar and half per gallon, the idea naturally presents itself that he may very soon save a fortune; but the gains will not work as expected. Beef and brandy are cheap, and so are peaches; the latter as cheap as turnips with us, and they have about as much flavour. Every thing else, however, is very dear. Lodging, clothing, fruit, nearly twice as dear as in London, potatoes sixpence a pound. Bread, butter, cheese, and grocery much dearer than in London. The climate is enervating, and disinclines a man from labour—the customs of the country—examples and invitations on every side, or the sneers and reproaches of idlers—all tend to produce drinking, idleness, and smoking. In these latter ways the emigrant is soon brought to the level of the country, and in the result, although a plentiful living may be got even then for much less labour than is required in England, the English emigrant at Buenos Ayres,

is not found to be on the whole better off, or so well off as in England: he is not so clean, so well clothed, or lodged, and he seldom saves money, or advances his condition. Much of this I had heard before I left England; and in discussing the subject with Don Manuel Sarratea, the minister to the English court, whose frankness and candour were strikingly contrasted with the manners of his predecessor, Don B. Rivadavia, he at once confirmed the fact. He said he had particularly noticed men who came over with an apparent determination to keep to their work as they had done in England, and to save money. This resolution they maintained pretty well for the first year. In the second, he observed a sad falling off; and in the third year, they generally found their level with the people of the country."—pp. 254—256.

Our extracts will have afforded a fair specimen of this work. Its merit lies chiefly in the usefulness of the information it contains to persons who propose to emigrate. On this head it is by no means complete; but since no better or more perfect book of the kind has as yet appeared, we must be grateful for the effort which produced it.

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## DROWNING THE MILLER?

### AN ULSTER TALE.

You've no heard, it's like, the origin of this crack, whilk is applique to them, as make their liquor owerweak wi' water. It was a guid story, 'troth! lang syne, when I first heard of it; and if you no mind the length of the particklers, I'se gie 'em to you now, sir, whilst you're a' emptying you tummler, whilk is dilute enough to make the matter pat to the purpose.

O' my mind its more nor sixty year's back, that ould Blaire tuck the mill o' Barrack-park, as 'twas called, by the same token that the ould barrack, that was built in the wars of Ireland, gave name to the place, and langsarved us Protestants for a church; till Willie Graham turnt the key in the door upon the minister, acase it was his land, d'ye note? and he wanted compinsation for the trespass; syne whilk time the ould place has become a ruin, ould the congregation meets in Johnston's byre. But this is aff the purpose—only I was just beating about for a beginnin, you mind! and am yet no that sartain, that 'tis right to take it up here; but, hows'ever, you'll excuse an unlittered man, and jist afore I proceed, allow me to minton the custom o' soccin and mulcture in those parts, widhout whilk you'd no comprind the best o' the tale.

You'll be aware, sir, that a stream-mill is no like your steam-mill, whilk ony man may build on his ain cost to-day or to-morrow, the whole worl' notwit'stan'nin. There maun be water-right to 'stablish sic a mill, and this can belong only to the lord o' the soil, causin the stream is eyther on his ground, or on the mearing o' his estate; and then, in the first case it is aw his own; and in the second, he has one half the water, forbye the fishes that rin o' his side, and the landlord of the joining estate, the other half. In sic times as these, a puir man has sma' fairplay in turning a stream from the land-loughs, an' it wad no sarve him an he had, 'case as how, there is maist times a manor-mill on gentlemen's estates, at whilk and no where else, the tenants are bound by lease to grind their corn. Sic mills war originally builts by *mahals* of the manor-people, each man giving so



many days' work o' himsel and baist, and the landlord supplying the timber, causin no one daur sae much as cut a wattle widhout lave from him. It was reasonable, sartes, that some provision should be made to keep the mill in repair, and there was no great cause to harp at the expence o' maintainin a miller, 'case if each man was to set about grin'ing his ain corn, 'twould no be so well, nor sae smartly dune, as by one used to the work, forbye the loss o' time in walking back and forwards. A man maun be shenseless to dishpute that, but the cause o' complaint, is whan the miller charges more, nor any other big or little, in the whole country. This, to be sure, may be owing to the high rint of the mill, and if so, it rests atween his ond the landlord's conscience, to answer for taxing the puir farmer's grain ower and abow what it is taxed a'ready for rint, cess, and tythes. Now Ned Blair could exact from the tenants o' th' estate the tinth grain as soccin, whilk was far more nor the parson's share, conshidering that his was threshed and winnied and brought to his own door, whereas the tythe-viewer, if he be an honest man, (but that's seldom,) estimates the corn stan'nin', or aiblins in the sheaf. Now this same Blair, who mulctured the manor-men out o' a tythe of their grain in sack, was glad enough to grind for the tenants o' th' neighbouring estates at a twentyeth: and right guid profit it was till him, and why for should it no? seeing he had as good a farm himsel as any other, and was as well to be, without the mill, as any working man of those parts.

There was nae man so cliver in enticing those out o' the manor to come to his mill as Ned, nor ony man so strict in summonsing to the court leet sic of the manor-people, as went to other mills to get their corn ground for the thirtieth grain may be; and had it no been for the senishcal, honest Lang Tam, that is, Tom Bustard that was, who settled more disputes amang the neighbours, nor ever did the assistant barrister or judge of assize, without more expense nor just the liquor that was drank on th' occasion; it's to be believed that Ned wad ha harrassed the puir out-soccers sairly. "Hauld your tongue, Ned," Lang Tam has said to him in my hearing, "hauld your tongue, if the neighbouring manors war so strict, the de'el a man from them wad come to your mill.—And is it no a grievance, to see you grind for them at the twentyeth grain? forbye sending your buoat, or horse and cart miles off and back again to indush them, the whilst you charge us twice that, and never so much as give a man o' the manor a cast o' your dray, or a loan of your buoat? Fair! it's a hardship, whilk I'll represent to the agent, when he comes to lift the rints!" By sic persuasions Lang Tam pashified ould Ned, when you'd think he was for crushing a man entirely; so that the eyes of the whole country was fixed upon Tam, to procure redress from the agent or landlord. The time too was coming about for trying his interest, 'cause Blair's lease was almost rin out, and it was hoped he would never get another, inasmuch as he swore lustily that he had lost by the mill and wad no' gie the same rint for it again; the whilst Lang Tam declared he would gie as much, and yet grind for the twentyeth. It was an ould lease, and Lang Tam was right, for Blair was only making a puir mouth to prevint others from bidding. Howsever jist afore the expyration o' his term does Ned mount his roan, and set off in his best clothes to

his landlord in Dublin, to offer him double rint, if he would renew his lease. His honour never inquired about soccin or mulcture, but wrote to his agent to know, if Ned was a responsible man, and if double rint were the fair value. The agent had no way of determining, but offering to Lang Tam if he would outbid the other: but Tam declined; he said, he could no do it, without extorting from the puir, whilk he never wished to do. And so Blair's money carried the point; his lease was renewed, and moreover the senishchal was directed to enforce the soccin and mulcture strictwise throughout the manor.

Ned being now established for twenty-one years sartain in the mill, thought it useless to maintain the character of a puir hard-working man any longer. He began by bidding for the great park abow in Slatinagh, and became the assignee of Jem Browne the bankrupt; and the very next fair up the country, does he stock the ground with heifers and stuppers, alang wi' some sort of sheep—showing him to ha' become a man o' substance by his grinding. But further what should he do some time after, but set about re-building his mill anew as I may say, not so much on account o' its being out o' condition, as to make some alterings of mair importance, whilk I'll explain.

You maun know that in those parts there be a set of varmint that infest aw the mills, going in and out when they please, to the great damage o' sic as have malt in the mill; and it's by no means lawfu' to destroy them—on the contrair it's a crying sin, 'acase they be our fellow-creatures—I mean neyther more nor less than the guagers. It is a maistly their duty to watch the country millers, and if they find sae much as a stone o' malt on their premises, to fine them a hundred pound and quash their license. I'll no say the hundred pound is aft levied, for them sub-commissioners as try the excise cases, jist mulct a man the worth of all he has in the world, and marcifully forgie him the rest. But when they traps a man o' substance, like Blair, then be the cace ever so slight, they exact the utmost farding, should he no accomodate matters previously wi' the guager, afore the informations be sent up to the clerk o' the customs.

Now Ned while he seemed but a puir body, had more nor oncé to shut the guager's mouth wid a sma' present. As he lived in a remote place, sax lang mile from the town where Sandy Phearson the guager dwellit; Sandy was contint to stap in the village to bait, and to let word fly to Ned that he was comin, whereon if there was aught unregular i' the mill, it was conveyed out o'er the lough; and Sandy when he comed foud naething, saving always the welcome of the miller, and the sma' tokens o' kindness that passed atween them.

But when Sandy, who was a sharp man, understood how rich the miller had grown, and counted up the hundreds whilk he had saved the man o' malt, he began to think himsel cheated and anggrieved wid the sma'ness o' the tokens; and sae he does no more, but rides down one day by surprise, and alights me on the vary threshold o' the mill. Sic an unsaremonious visit gave offence to Ned, though he showed it not, but civilly invited the guager in, and let him open every sack, and poke his nose in every corner without losjng his temper. He happened, luckily, to have jist ridded out what Sandy came for; but when this last showed as if he would like as usual to seat himself in Ned's parlour while his horse were taking a half-peek, Ned never askit him in

doors, nor sae much as offered a mouthful to his<sup>1</sup> hunter, whilk was far from prudent, ond as guid as a defiance to th<sup>1</sup> exciseman.

Having thus affronted the officer, and no being on a gude footing wi<sup>1</sup> the country, Blair had to keep a close look-out haith against guagers and informers—and difficult it was! for Sandy macht amais<sup>t</sup> reach the brig o' Garrison, na more nor half mile fro' the mill, afore warning could be given to Ned, ond then, if there were more nor a sack or two o' malt i' the mill, there wad be no time to get it aw into the buoat, and to the broad lough, 'ere the well-mounted guager were upon him.

Well then, after this rupture atween 'em, Sandy's visits war more frequent; still he could trap nathing, for Blair contrived to grind the malt by night, and never to have more nor one sack at a time i' the mill. There was much hardship on both sides, acase the guager would often come a'midnights along wi' the peelers, and scour the whole country, destroying the shtillers in aw parts, ruining the millers, and making it a bad business in troth! so that the price o' whiskey rose, and even the priest was nae langer seen sae often boosy, as in the guid times<sup>a</sup> afore Sandy quarrelled wi' the miller.

Now you must know, that Ned himsel was as fond o' the drap as ony man, and felt exasperate that Sandy should pit the whole country on short allowance; for bye 'minishing the profits o' his mill, causin people left off sowing barley, where 't'was unpossible to convert it into whiskey; and no worth while taking it to the ports, 'cause o' the distance and the mountaignous roads. It came therefore by guid luck into Ned's contemplation, to construct his mill on sic<sup>a</sup> a plan, as to defy all search; and I beg your attendance to the cleverness o' the thing.

The mill o' Barrack-park had been built in the ancient time wid huge blocks o' stones, 'cause it was in the river, and immediately under the big fall, from whilk an arched aqueduc carried the water to the wheel at the south gavel o' the bildin. The north gavel stood on a huge broad whin flag, on the very edge of whilk, the corner stones o' the mill were laid; sae that it seemed as if the whin were streckit out just to contain the buildin and nae more: for the water deepened from the fall outwards, till at the point o' the whin it was some feet deep, and thence deeper and deeper all the way out to the broad lough—whilk was divided from the river by a bar o' shingle, about a stone's throw from the mill. There was nae getting from the north side to the mill but by buoat, unless by crossing a set o' clachan stones o' large dimensions, four feet asunder, and sae sliddery and coggle-some, that in times o' fluid, it wad try the smartest lad in the country to crass them barefoot. And mony is the one has been souced i' the *big hole*, as the pool below was ca'd, in trying to reach the ladder at the middle stone, whence he could have mounted to the winnying-door in the north gavel! It was Blair who opened this door, and contrived by raising the sidewalls to work his mill upon a loft, instid of the level o' the stream as formerly. This was every way more convenient for dryness and space than afore; but the main contrivance was the use he made o' the room beneath. Here he partitioned off a part four feet from the south gavel, in which, towards the back o' the mill, he fashioned a cistern, or vat, whilk could be kept as dry as a

bone by a watertight sluice-gate in the rere, and yet all o' a sudden washed clane out by lifting o' the gate—the far end being only confined by a heavy swing-valve opening outwards. From this vat there was a short flue, covered with a close trap-door in the loft floor, through whilk ony quantity o' malt could be shot into the vat, and remain quite snug, unless there was a chance o' the guager or his bull-dogs smelling it out, in whilk case ony body in or out o' the mill could, by pulling a lang beam, raise the sluice-gate, and send the malt, every grain, down a sma' canal, or race, that led out to the lough, in front o' the miller's dwelling-house on the south bank o' the stream. It was up this canal he fetched the corn, in a cot or flat-bottomed buoat, one sack after another to the mill. The cot was towed by a man on the raised causey, in whilk the canal ran, and in under the sma' arch atween the south gavel and stone steps leading to the door above. When the buoat was once there, the sacks were raised out o' it by windlass, through a trap-door to the mill-loft. A'thegither it was a beautifu' contrivance, and what was mair to be admired, a fluid could always be made in case o' necessity this way. The water that turned the wheel was stappit by the causey, or weir, atween the mill and the south bank, sae that it could take no other course, but through the arch o' the aqueduc, and out by the back o' the mill, o'er clachan to the lough. By pitting, therefore, a plank across the arch, the water maun rise in the *little hole*, as that on this side was ca'd, and you had only to lift the plank to create a tremendous rush from behind the mill, in addition to the constant catarac from the big fall.

I canno' gie you a more precise pictur o' it, nor may I detain ye by describin' the beauty o' the green ould arch, wi' the silver stream trickling o'er it; of the black wheel belching out the white froth that curled round and round like water-snakes, and disappeared at the back, unly to come out agen round the rough foundation of the buildin', streaming like great sea-serpents atween the clachan stones, and thence smoother and smoother onways to the lough.

In sooth it was a pleasant pastime to stand upon the causey, and fish the ane or ither pool, as the wind blew up or down the river; and when tired, to mount the stone stairs to the mill-loft, and listen to the claver o' the country-folk! And was I 'ere to see that quarter more, na doubt the mill wad be the first spot that I should visit!

You'll conceit that aw the malt lodged in the mill was safe, if there war but ever so short notice o' danger. And mony is the time Ned baulkit the guager! And mony the man that comed to bemoan the seizure o' his malt, au' it as safe as the meal in his own meal-chest, ond delivered back to him wi' the gloamin, or mayhap as sure as the guager's back was turned! Sic as knew nothing o' the vat, was convincit that the "guid people" befrindit the miller; whilk suppose drew the custom o' the country far and near.

The ould hands alone kenned the maning o' the passage under the mill, that seemed designed only to feed the sma' canal; and I'se warrant, nae busybody wad ha' crawled far up, afore the sluice were opened, and twenty ton o' water sint thundering down upon him.

After this remodelling, the miller went on growing richer and richer every day, and gibing at Sandy whene'er they met. Some nights gie'ing him the trouble to come out on sham-information, unly to be

laughit at when he comed ; sae that Sandy was furious—for he kenn'd well, that there was nae sma' quantity o' barley ground thereabow ; and at times he amaist scinted it i' the mill, but aw to no use ! The miller was too much for him !

Meantimes it was cheering to see how every thing thruv about the mill—na cattle sae sleek, na pigs sae fat, and the very hens and geese sa large. The miller himself sa plump and hale, and his daughter sa fresh and sainsie, as if the very dust war fattening. Being a godly man, he entertainit o' Sundays the cavalry-preachers, as them Methodist o' horseback are called ; and a' week-days he gave a welcome to the fowlers that came from beyont the water to shoot, or course his grey hounds on the hills ; and mony is the jovial glass was swallowed in his wee parlour ! Sae that if he was a rogue in grain, in troth ! he was no bad fellow in the spirit that comed of it !

Now it happened that Manus Maguire, the son of the great middleman of Aughamuldon, tuck a fancy to the miller's daughter, and askit the father what portion he wad give, afore he made up to her. Blair likit the match weel, for the young man wad inherit much land, and his father was agreeable to gie him up a sma' farm on his settling. Blair then agreed to make o'er to his daughter ten cows, and to gie Manus the produce o' a twa-acre field under barley, on condition that Manus should provide the liquor to be drank at the weddin', whilk is always in the house o' the girl's father. Weel ! to make a lang story short, after some ado, the terms were settled—Manus saved and threshed the barley, and joined himsel to Donald Mor, the best shtiller in the county, to turn the whole into whiskey—sell part, and keep the remainder for the feast.

Well, we suppose it all lodged safe i' the mill, to the complement o' ten sacks o' malt, and the articles signed atween the parties, sae that neyther could go back o' his word widhout forfeit ; for in troth sic a bond was necessitated in dealing wi' a cunning man ! and no sma' time it was afore the contrack was ajustit, for 'em both had to ca' in Lang Tam to settle it o'er a gallon o' spirits—awheel, the miller was too deep for 'em baith, for he had nae sooner shellit the dried malt, by passing it once down the hopper, nor Blair demandit his mulotine. Manus had awtogether counted on this as a thing too unsignified to mention ; for being an outmanor-man he had never paid mone nor the twentyeth grain ; and now having accepted the charge o' distilling as much to accommodate his future father-in-law as ony thing, he never expected to be mulcted for the grin'ing. However he offered the half sack freely. But Blair, whò conceited himsel outwitted by the arbitrement of Lang Tam in some petty matter, was roused to show himsel as guid at a bargain as the best o' them—indeed it was his pride always to ha gi'en his customer the windy door, as they say in that country—so he toul't Manus, that de'el a sack should lave the loft, unless he war paid his tenth grain, whilk he was intitled to by his lease, for all corn grown on the manor. It was in vain that Manus objectit to pay soccin on corn, whilk the miller had sold to an outmanorman. He was obleeged to gie is, swaring to hisself to be even with the old rogue, in whilk oath Donald joined him heart and soul, the more readily as he was one o' the oppressit tenants who paid this second tythe. \*

The short and the long o' it was, that the tenth sack had to be

shifted into one o' Edward Blair's markit wid' an E. B., and it was concertit that Manus and Donald should row up the lough next night at eleven, and fetch aff the ither nine sacks at twice in Manus's big buoat.

The following day was the big market o' Ballyshangan; and as it was no probable that the guager could be dispensit wid' i' the town, wherein doubtless the kegs wad be smugglin' from au sides, Blair determined to ride in and buy tays and sugars for the weddin', wid cups and saucers, and pipes and glasses, as likewise to bespeak a back-load o' tobacco again' the feast, if he could meet ony o' the Lady Jane smugglers i' the market. For you see, he was bent on doing all in style, as ould Adjutant Dundas, 'Torney Armstrong, and Doctor Auchinlich had promised to meet the great Aughmuldony man at his house.

Away rode the miller then upon his well-conditioned roan, charging his boy to keep the mill lockit, and let no one in. This was a puir donny creatur from the Leitrim side, and wid no notion o' harm, does he let in some o' his unsignified sleveen relations on their way to the market, who smellit the malt, and moreover by the feel o' the sacks pretty nearly guessit their number and wiint, and sold their information to Sandy Phearson for a few ten-pennies. Sandy made them kiss the book, as to the fact, afore he paid the dirty siller, and then he bound them to keep it secret. It was no treachery o' the servant-boy's, acase in the pattern o' Mogue, he tuck part agen his own clan, when the miller's friends and kin drew the mountaineers o'er the brig, and bruk a dozen heads at least in revenge o' this information.

Now Sandy rejoicet greatly, more especially as he had seen Ned in the market, and kenned his habits too weel to suppose that he wad go home without a skinfu', and him treated by Manus's friends. Sae he only pit some one to watch the house that Ned frequentit, that he moecht not lave the town unknownst to him; and then he proceeded in his business, searching the different shebeens, and making seizures every ten minutes of small kegs, whilk folk could afford to lose, for it never stappit the trade; and as for the drinking, it would ha' ta'en a rope round every guzzle to ha' stappit that. Much help of aw the sojers an peelers i' the town it tuck to support Phearson in his hunt for potteen; and mony the fight was made up atween the country-folk, in the hope of getting one crack at Sandy's head—sae that this last was glad to see 'em disperse a little after nightfa', and to hear that Blair was still in the Port drinking away like ony fish. You'll ask, Why did Sandy no set out and reach the mill afore the miller?—A'case Sandy was no bliggard, he kenned weel that he maun pass foremost the house where Blair sat, to get out o' the town by the only safe riding road; and he could no do this without alarmin' the miller, who wad mount immadiately, or send some one off on his roan to spread the news o' his comin, and make his trouble useless. It was no likely too, that Ned had not set spies upon his motions; and thof Sandy were no coward, to say truth, he wad ha' fared but badly alang a road still frequentit wi' the market people, all o' them half drunk, and whole mad agen' him; and then, if he tuck the poleeshes, he wad ha' sma' chance of finding the hare i' the form, seeing that they travelled on foot. No, no! he maun wait for Ned, an' the langer the better, as

every moment the miller was losing some o' the wit whilk had sae oft-times served him. But does he dispatch, d' you see? sax o' his best bull-dogs wi' carbines, to steal, one by one, out o' the town, and wait his comin in a *sheough*, not far from the mill, whilk he indited to them.

They had been gone a full hour, when Sandy fin'ing the town pretty quiet, walks into the room where the miller was regaling himsel, and recounting it's like the number o' times he had deshieved the guager, for the presence o' this last, put an end to his discourse; though, in troth! it might be owing to dacency, for by that time the de'il a word could he mashticate widhout a hiccup!

"Aweel, Ned Blair," spake Sandy in a broad Scot's accent, for he came from Derry, "ye're unco merry, and merry be ye! I'se congratulate you on the weddin's to be in your hoos, the morrow come eight days, and 'll do my best to make it safe and comfortable to the guid drinkers thereat. You need fear na interruption on *that* day from your auld acquaintance, Sandy Phearson;" and he sat down beside the man o' grain, who misdoubted aw this saft spaking, for there was that in Sandy's eye that told his triumph; but sorra bit could Ned see clearly what it meant, 'cause of the drap in his own; howsever, he let on no suspicion, and scarce spoke; knowing that a man in liquor unly blathers out the thing that hurts him, but he pushot the decanter to Sandy, who helped hisself, and praised it for guid Geneva, when aw the world knows it was nothing but potteen whilk he was sworn to seize; but he had settled that point at the door wid the landlord. Sae he began caboosing wid Ned, who watched him like a ferrit, and spellit his wörds over and over, to find what he would be at. It wad ha' been no merit in Sandy to outwit an ordinair' man sae owerta'en, but the miller was none o' your wake, donny bodies that could no guard himsel, though staggering under liquor. He returnt unlyshort, unsatisfactory answers to Sandy, who continued colloquing him, and fetching him on, you mind, by praising his mill. But the more Sandy broached this, the more the other shirked and gi'ed him hiccups for answers. Then there was each o' them drinking foul, and plying the other wid drink to knock him up, and gain th' advantage ower him. But Sandy grew afeared o' not holding it out wid the miller, who was come, you see, to his second wind or stamick, sae he portended to be drunk already, and chaffed all manner of foolishness; amang the rest, spluttering out this wager in a daft-like way:—

"I'se hauld ye, Ned, for aw your being aff the spat, there a sack or twa o' malt in your mill."

Och the thief! but he meant well for himsel; his words, howbeit, half sobered the miller, and gi'ed him the full conduct o' himsel, and he answers bouldly:—

"Done! for five poun!" Any other words you conceit, wad ha' betrayed the fact, and he thought to put Sandy aff, by seeming bold at the bet.

"Done!" cried the guager, to Blair's surprise; but still he was no disconcert, being a sportin' fellow, too, he longed to give Sandy a bite, and him too drunk, in appearance, to know malt from meal.

"We'll deposit wid the landlord, if you please," said Ned, "and after, you can fetch your peelers to the mill, and search it."

Sae they downed the money, sure enough. Blair then paid his scot, and ordred his roan. "Ye had need be quick, Sandy," said he, gibbingly, to th' exciseman, "for I'se no loiter on the road to obleege your poleesh."

"There's na need o' them noo," returns Sandy, "just to ascertain the dispute o' our wager. It's a point o' honour, and I'll e'en put myself, for aince, under your protection. My horse should be without, and we'll ride thither, friendly together."

While the miller was casting about him to guess the maning o' this whim, the other walked out afore and mounted. Sae assured was he o' being an overmatch for the miller, that he never dreamit of setting aff widhout him, more specially when he witnessed the puir attempts whilk Ned made to mount. It had like to have failed him entirely; but nae sooner was he on, nor he turnt his roan about and faced the hill.

"Where are ye ganging, man?" cried Sandy, "are ye too drunk to ken the right road?" The de'il a word Blair spake, but trotted on.

"Hi's going the short cut, by the lough-side," observed the landlord.

"What! will he face the bog-holes ond brucken brig?, an' he sae muzzy?"

"Ough! but his horse kens every foot o' the way, an' he'll be there afore ye, war ye to gallop the ither road every step."

"If sae, I'll keep in his wake; and, d'ye hear, landlord? pick up that stirrup, whilk has fallen off the right side o' his saddle, and keep it for him, as a token that Sandy is the keener blade o' the twa; I hope to drink part o' the five pounds wi' ye to-morrow." Saying whilk, the cunning fellow scoured off after the miller, whom he o'ertook alang the brae. This one slackened his rein when he found the scout at his heels, for he felt that hard riding was no the thing for him, that wabbed about in his saddle like a pair o' empty creels, kicking all along, without hitting the right foot stirrup; sae his only plan was to humour the guager to wait for him, and if he could no get him into a hole on the way, at aw events he could easily give him the old slip, and him his lone, at the mill.

These two now journeyed on, flattering one anither, and each afeard of nothing so much as being outstript by the other; for, though the odds were sartainly against the miller, had they struv for it at the gallop, yet, as Sandy's horse was unused to the road, it would no do for him to dash on, and may be come down' squash on his nose at the first saft place they came to. When they did, whilk was known by the horses stapping wid a snort and a kick o' the hind leg, sae much saremony passed atween them, as if they had been dukes and marquises.

"Keep close to the sheough, Sandy, if you're wise," exclaimed Blair, who knew if he did, he would sink up to his lugs.

"Na, na; I'll see ye safe ower, first," replied Phearsan; "it wad be a shame o' me to leave a man in your condition behind!"

Ned then gave the roan his own way, and the baist only wist the more cautiously, from knowing his master to be tossicated.

"Keep his head up, Sandy, or you'll be down," cried Ned, from the other side; and so the guager did, sure enough, for though the



crossit the same stones and wattles as Ned, yet his horse floundered up to his hams i' the bog foundation; and had it no been that Sandy loosit the rein, he would ha' stuck thare till morning.

This put him on taking every direction by contraries, and it's to be believed such sharpness saved him a broken bone or two, and the ruin o' his horse; for had it no been for his misdoubts when the miller drew up, that they might ride abreast ower the broken bridge, he must ha' fa'en into the hole, for Ned left him no room to avoid it.

It blew, besides, down the lough, to cut the nose aff a man's face, that was na fortified against it as the miller was, and a smur o' rain kept pelting in one's eyes, that made it very slavish travelling along so exposed a road; all whilk caused the guager mutter curses to himself, and if he did na vow a dozen times to fine Ned the hunder pound, in spite o' every grand juror that might intercede for him, it's no matter. Withal he kept a smooth tongue in his mouth, and spake more civil nor you've any conception.

While they two are dodging on, we'll jist take a peep at the mill, where this zigzag story now brings us. If you mind, Manus and Donald war to be about this same hour o' the night at that place, to carry aff their nine sacks; and up the lough they came, sure enough, and a hard tug it was agen the wind; but they reached the river's mouth at last, and were obsarved by the skulking police a drawing their buoat silently to the north beach and securing her, but it was na noticed that they removed one oar, and hid it in the whins, according to customary caution.

The twa then crept saftly, duking all the way to the clachan, for they had no wish to be setn from the miller's house. Here they doffed their shoon, and crassit the stones, and by poking their fingers in crevices, passed along the edge o' the whin foundation, and safely in under the little arch where the cot lay, the poleashes wondering all the while what they could be at; but afear'd to shew themselves until the guager arrived, without whom they had nae authority; sac they kept close, and watch'd as well they could by the light of a hazy, fitfu' moon. The shilllers then crept on aw fours, through the swing-door o' the vat, and then up the flue with them, through the trap, to the loft; here they pickit out the sack o' malt marked E. B., and unbolting the other trap-door, lowered it by the tackle into the cot, designing to send it far ower the lough 'ere morning. For this end they loosit the tow-rope, and left all ready for its being carried away by the flood. Then they boltit they place again, and knowing full well that the miller wad no be sae blind drunk as not to miss the tenth sack afore they had done wi' him, they placit anither of oats o' the same size in its stead, Donald failing to observe in the dark, that it was his own; then putting all to rights, this graceless son-in-law, and spitefu' ould sinner, set about the rest o' their mischief. Climbing round by the wall on which the axle o' the wheel was set, they dammed up the arch o' the aqueduc as high as two plank atop of other could make it; and it was thus arranged atween 'em—Donald was to go round o'er the bridge, and lie down in the shade o' the rock o'er the fall, and gie warning to Manus, by a whistle, of the moment when Blair was got to the middle stone o' the clachan; then he was to duke aff, and put the buoat across at the mouth o' the riser. Manus, as

soon as he heard the whistle, was to lift the planks, and open the sluice o' the vat—at once to souse his father-in-law in the shallow water, and send the cot off wi' the stream; then he was to clamber away along the causey, and be pickit up by Donald in the buoat. The two were then, after drapping out a bit, to come rowing and talking aloud, as if they had only just arrived, and to make a great fuss in searching for the knaves who had ducked the miller. Both o' em had a spice o' the devil in them, and were sworn to gie the miller his due, for having defraudit them of a sack o' malt. It is enough to say, they got unseen to their hiding-places.

Now it was, that Blair and the guager, after mony scrapes, came to the gate o' the clachan-park, where the former dismounting, whipt aff saddle and bridle, and turned his roan into the field. The guager wad hae been more contint to ha' rid o'er the brig as far as Ned's house, to pit up their horses and procure a light, but the other was peremptory to go this way, leaving it to Sandy to do as he liked. Sandy thought best, therefore, to tie his hunter to the gate, and accompany the miller closely.

Well! you may conceit Donald's mow' wonderment when, instead of one, he sees two men comin' up to the clachan, and hears them cavil-ling who shall pass ower first. Right weel he kenned their voices, and it was wid nae small perplexity he heard the miller gie up the precedence to Sandy, telling him to take courage, as there was but ane sliddery, twa cogglesome, and three sunken stones i' the set. Donald thought him demented to ha' turned informer on himself, and ha' brought sic a rat o' the de'il's to his mill, and it full o' malt. The police, too, who heard their words down the breeze, conceived it would be bad policy to stir, as lang as Sandy had a chance o' getting in by the miller's free consent. Well, Sandy, full o' mistrust, would no cross till he had seen the miller over, who skipped from stone to stone as nimble as a kid, and when acrass, told Sandy aloud, that it was no use for him to wet hisself in following him, for that he would let him down the ladder from the winnying-door, as sune as he had got in, and then he disappeared round the corner o' the whin. It was now that Donald scanned the miller's object, and kenned it was nae time for joking, but for speeding the malt into the vat, and giving Manus warning, above all, not to lift the sluice-gate. Well, he was creeping away fast, when he spies me, a man wid a glittering carbine and belt, coming up and whispering Sandy. Now then tife danger and treachery war evident, and no road left open but round o'er the brig, and along the causey. Away he glides up the bank and gains the gate, where, finding a horse ready saddled and bridled, the ould man mounts and gallops off. Sandy Phearson heard the clattering o' the hoofs, but little dreamt it was his own baist, for he fancied it some o' the drunken market-folk. Anyways, he could not jist then ha' stirred, having concertit a plan wi' his corporal, the man whom Donald had seen, and who had told him o' the buoat drawn up, as if to carry aff the malt. Sandy, therefore, was as sure o' his prize, as if he had already clutched it, and directit his men to get into the buoat and cross over gently, while he kept the miller in play, and mounted the ladder on this side; and if he found they were discovered 'ere he could unbar them the

mill-door, he would gie a loud whistle, as a signal for them to dash on; and spare neither bolt nor bar.

While aw this was planning for and against him, ould Blair gained his loft by the same secret road that Manus and Donald had taken, and instantly set about cutting the cords of as mony o' the sacks as he could, and shooting the malt, sack and all, down the flue. He had stowed away sax, whilk in troth! was much for an ould man to do in a breath, when he thought of peeping out to see where about was Sandy, and to play him off wid some excuse, though he had not the least fear o' any one man from that side. Well, he opens the shut, and sees Sandy below on the middle stone o' the clachan waiting to mount, and hears—what d'ye think? but the splashing of an oar—and by the brightness o' the receding wave discerns the peelers crossing in the buoat to his weakest side. It was then he cursit the guager in his heart, and prayed that the flood might sweep him to pardition. Sandy caught his moan, and blew a loud whistle, as a signal for his furies to storm the mill; and sic a storm it raised as he kenned little of. For Manus heard the blast that warned him to commence his work; and as if the miller's prayer werr granted, squash comes the frightfullest rush o' waters you ever knéw—whips me the guager clane aff his legs into the stream, and whirls him away, tossing over like a swimming pig, and screaming out to his men to save him from drowning.

Blair had just squashed a scalding tear from his eye—and enough it was to make ony heart boil, to think o' being done so cannily by the guager, losing his hunder pound fine, and his licence beside!—when he hears all at once the roar o' the torrent, and sees the guager borne away like a straw; but the deuce a bit knew he how it had been effectit. Nae matter—were it the burstin o' the big fa', or the comin' of a second deluge, it was welcome to his soul: for he guessit the men in the buoat would put back to save the screamer's life; sae he sets about handling the other sacks lustily, and pitches them in no time down the hole—puts aw to rights in a moment, and goes to the window that lookit it o'er the lough, to feast his eyes wi' the tumbles o' the guager.

This last had found bottom on a flat stone, and was standing in the middle of the big hole, for the buoat to take him up; but the boat was managed by donny, ignorant watermen, more used to sojer-ing nor rowing. Having but one oar, ye mind, they used it as a setting pole to shove across; and when they heard the guager's scraugh, instead o' gliding up the smooth water, and falling down wi' the stream upon him, they pokit the buoat into the current, when its head whisked about in spite o' them, and they 'gan bellowing to one anither to put the oar this way and that way, when bang! comes a second crash (for Manus had lost time in removing the heavy stones that shored up the under plank,) and again wid Sandy into the pool, and away wix the buoat out to the lough: the oar escapit from their hands, and for a long time naething but scraughing, and blairing, and shouting, and bellowing, as if the whole set war drowning.

I'se warrant it was a wistfu' sight to Ned Blair, and that his ee now filled with a less burning drop than just before!—to see the wind and stream baith carrying the boaters to the deep, and they afear't to

jump out, for not knowing of the depth; whilk by-the-bye Ned seconded by roaring out, that 'twas twenty foot—to trim the bucat, and keep her head raised, or she'd upset—the better you mind, that she might drive before the wind: and prettily she scudded out, as if she knew the miller's wish.

Mean time Sandy buffeted about, and wi' some ado scrambled through the sharp sunken rocks, and gained the causey, where who should run boult up against him but Donald, who had rode round and alarmit the house, and was hastening to warn Manus—the quicker, as he'd heard the shouts, and fancied the miller beset by a score o' besiegers. Sandy grapplit him, and drawing his pistol swore he would shoot him if he stirred—more's the token that Donald swears he cockit it and pulled the trigger, on Donald's attempting to trip him up; but what signifies it, when the pistol would no gae off after sic a soaking? Donald did his best to fling his man, for he had no time to lose; sae they two wrosted like mad on the causey, till young Manus having done wi' lifting the sluice-gate as concertit, and seen the cot sailing gaily down the canal, comes to this very spot to meet the bucat, and haps upon the two rolling ower onither like fighting dogs; then for the first time he hears the shouting on the lough, his ears having been stunned, you see, wi' sitting sae lang under the water-fall. Never was man more perplexit; but he parted the two, and even portended to take Donald prisoner in the king's name, as Sandy invokit him; but atween them, they managed to detain the guager, who swore tremendously that he wad lose his life but he'd search the mill. Then comes the miller up to them, and takes part with Sandy, telling Donald and Manus to quit scuffling, and to gie the guager his ain way—that it was no a case o' fine and persecution, but an honourable wager, on whilk his friend and auld acquaintance was come, and in fact he himself wishit the mill to be searchit; and then he made as mony wry laments about his guid friend's ducking, and the perilous fate o' his men, as if he had no exaltit every fibre at the chance, and finished by swearing to ha' the thieves transportit, if they could be found, who had broken down his dam. Sandy stood dripping, and cursing outright at naebody by name, but at 'em aw in his heart. I had given much to see how his face workit just then, but he kept his slyness still, and sought to back out o' his wager by declining to go into the mill, saying it wad be the death o' him in his damp clothes, and that it was best to draw their stakes this time, for he knew by the miller's clack that the malt was no there. But Blair urgit him as a gentleman and man o' his word, to search, sin he had come so far on that errand. While he was blarneying away, does Sandy snuff the wind, and as it were, a strong savour o' worts from new malt invaded his nostrils, and revived the cockles o' his heart. "Aweel," says he indifferently, "if you insiat, send for a candle, and for form's sake I'll just look in." The miller consentit by all manes, and shoutit out as loud as he could for his boy to bring a coal and candle. Now you must know the boy had no been idle all this time, for being wakit by Donald's tap at the window, he had jumpit out o' bed, and hastened half-dressed to give what help he could; when, what does he see comin full speed down the race, but the cot wi' a sack o' malt in it. Being a stout cub, he liftit it o' himself to the bank, and backed it,

wi' the aid o' the miller's daughter, on the gauger's horse, whilk they tuck i' the dark for the miller's roan; then away wi' him to the ould lime-kiln, where he pitches it down, and trots back as fast as he could, to lend a hand to more work, bringing the horse back till the yard where he found him. On hearing his master ca' for a candle, he kenned that aw was right, and seizing a lighted turf i' the tongs, joins 'em at the mill steps blazing the sparks about him; getting up foremost, he blew a flame and lit the candle, whilk Sandy snatched from his hand.

Na suner was the gauger's back turned, nor Blair shuk baith his friends by the hand, breaking out wi, "I'm for ever obleeged to you, lads, for loosing the dam! You're the game o' the county; and depend on't, my hearties, your malt is aw stowed safe and dry i' the vat!" and then up wi' him to watch Sandy.

The ould rogue and his young 'complice looked at each other, quite dumbfounded at this greeting: at last Donald found his voice, and gi'ed this word o' comfort to the younker—

"A pretty kettle o' fish we've made o' it, Manus! An ye had stappit your hand to look about ye, 'ere ye touched the beam o' the sluice, aw would ha' been charming, but now, I doubt your malt is by this a' feeding the brach'lough o' the bay, and it's weel if we can fish up the sacks itself! anyhow I'll overtake the cot if possible, and paddle down the wind wi' the remaining sack; and do you, afore the guager descends, ride off on his horse that's in Ned's yard, and meet me at Rossmore." Away then he scudded; and it's no out o' place here to tell you that he changit his mind in regard, to the horse on finding the empty cot lashed to the shallows, for he determinet to ride himsel; and if he did no gallop the beast it's no matter—taking the lee-shore o' the lough, and just stapping at Gilroo's and Magrath's, the only fishers who had buoats on that side, to give word, that the poleesh were at sea widhout an oar, and floating to the islands, and to hope that neyther o' the fishers would mind their shouting till broad daylight, when they might put ower together and identify the men who had stolen away Manus Maguire's buoat, and mark what damage she might ha' received, as Manus would recover it if he could. Thus having done what mischief he could in that quarter, he rode off unseen by any one to Fearnacassidy, where he turned the horse loose into Magistrate Dundas's aftergrass, and walkit home. The magistrate found the baist there next morning, rolling wid its saddle smashed to pieces, and sent it to Brollagh pound, wi' ten shillings damages laid upon it for trespass and pound fees. But this is outstripping the course o' the story—how's ever you ha' consaved the occurrences i' the mill-loft, where naething was to be had—not a spoonfu', sae clane had the miller handlit the malt. After hunting about a lang while, the miller at his elbow loosing every sack for him, Sandy could keep his behaviour nae langer, but from muttering and growling flew into a fury, and blastit Manus, whom he accused o' gieing him the drenching, and washing away his carbineers. And then Manus to him, wi' all the bad language he could invent; for a' troth he had cause to be vexit too; and nine sacks o' barley malt was a dear price for the satisfaction o' half-drowning one guager, and shipwrecking sax peelers! Sae he sware he would indict the whole

crew for stealing his buoat, and Sandy him for conspyracy. From words they came to blows, and Blair was nae sorry to see his son-in-law rough handling the man who had near compassed his ruin; albeit he shammed the pashifier atween 'em, and drew Manus off, when the other ca'ed on him not to stand by and see him murdered. But he was no hurt, the blathering fool; but advantaged, as it shookit the wet out o' him, and warmed him a bit: after whilk, he thrust the ladder out through the winnying-door, and descended on the clachan, whence he made off, leaving his curses behind him, to the gate where he expectit to find his horse.

Blair now again shuk his son-in-law cordially by the hand, ca'ing him a darling, a jewel, and the likes. Manus made no return, but looked sae glum and downcast, that the miller suspectit something, and peepit into the vat, when he heard the water still gushing through. Then he groaned, not for the loss of Manus's nine sacks, but his ain one, and the laugh o' his cronies when the tale got wind.

"What ha' ye done, ye donnert fule?" was now the tune; "ye've washit away the malt afore there was ony occasion—and if there be'ent a sack o' Donald's oats gone likewise, though I am sure I shot but ten!"

Manus said naething, for he was between two minds about the girl, whom he could no resign even wid sae much taken from her portion; and he was dreaming how he might contrive by mixing oats wi' the one sack o' barley malt, to rin off as much whiskey as would do the weddin-folks at any rate; and so he bore wid the miller's abuse all the way to the house. Here they had no been long, when Sandy burst in upon 'em, making a row about his horse, and indeed amaist crazed wi' rage. He called the miller aw the names i' the world, horse-stealer amang ithers, and threatened to serve him wi' a warrant ere morning for the robbery. Blair only defied him coolly, and took him aff, telling him that he was wrang to take on him so, for a good turn that some one had done him, 'cause it was better for him to walk nor ride home, after stuping sae lang in the *big hole*. Oh! but he taunted him in style, never sae much as showing the least temper, whilk pruv'd him to be the cannier man o' the twain—and a main point o' generalship after victory, was his sending the boy o'er the clachan, to fetch home his ain roan out o' Sandy's way. •

The long and the short o' it is, that the gauger had to trudge home afoot, in a humour just to cut his throat for being so disgracefully outwitted, to the sport o' the whole country. His men drifted down the wide lough, quite helpless and frightened out o' their wits at every heave and toss o' the buoat on the waves, till they struck upon the *cladagh*, or stony point o' Gilroy's island, and then they jumpit out knee-deep, and clambered through the jagged stones, fancying themselves on the main land, and foolishly allowing the buoat to stave to pieces on the rough lee-shore. When they discovered their mistake, they shoutit themselves hoarse, and discharged their carbines in vain all night lang. Gilroy and Magrath heard them, but let them alone till the sun was risen, when there could be na excuse of fear or deafness for not heeding their signals o' distress; and they wiat ower on Donald's errand to be witnesses for young Manus. And sure enough

Manus got damages for his buoat from Sandy; and though this last brought on a counter-prosecution agen him for assault, it failed entirely, as the jury conceived that Sandy had gi'en the first provocation, if not the first blow to Manus; and as for the indictment o' Donald for stealing his horse, it was scouted by the grand jury, as no one witness had seen Donald at all with the baist.

We now go back to Manus and his father-in-law, the latter of whom was still grunting about his loss, when the girl came out, and tolt him that there was one sack in the ould kiln. The boy comes in, and confirms it to be the miller's own, with the large E. B. upon it. If you'd seen how delightit and puzzled he was to find out who had done him sae friendly a turn! And he was no far off the mark, in charging his graceless son-in-law wi' seeking to steal it. De'el a bit felt he wroth wid him, seeing how things hae turned up; on the contrair, he relished the spunk and devilry o' the trick, whilk he saw through more I warrant nor if he had been soused as intended! To find that they had aw suffered severely in plotting against him—that he alone had escapit scot-free, with the laugh to boot agen' em all, was nuts to the auld rogue; and greatly he enjoyed his victory as usual, by jiering and sparring at Manus, till this last was fit to break off the match, unheedin o' the consequence. For he was alway a saft touchy blade, and no wonder he was quite out o' sorts upon the back o' sic a loss; and had it not been that the tochter strung her arm round his neck, and cried softly to him, "Manus, ah! Manus dear!" o' troth he had left the father to recover the cost o' the barley as he might, and ha' jilted the girl.

But she kenned weel, the lassie! the turn o' them both, and chiefly o' her own father. She saw that he was pleased beyond measure—for then it was he said the bitterest things: as for laughing, he never did, but left such weak indulgence to babes and youngers, as no becoming o' a good joker to cackle or unmask his teeth; but when most delighted he rolled his tongue from jaw to jaw, like a big dog licking his chops to keep them easy: the maist he ere betrayed was a cross-grained smile, the wrankles an curling the wrang way, mair like a man in torture nor in joy. But it was no in his power to control his sma' grey eye, that flashed as if it war a cut steel button, spinning round on a pegging top, when he was gloating an mischief that he had done or planned: and never wad he leave off gibing and stinging his playfellow, so lang as a morsel o' quick remained to drive his venim into. It was in this spirit he pointed out next day to Manus his own fat heifers sipping and lowing in the shallows of the mill-race, and bid him mark how sweet and mashy the water was; but de'el a one o' those intended for his daughter's fortin sae much as tasted o' her sweetheart's worts.

Same way he mocked at Donald, when he came to look after his oats, demanding soccin and mulcture for making meal of it.

"Its fause," cried Donald, "for I'll take my oath it was no meal when I put it there last night."

"Ye put it, did ye? its what I wanted to know," replied the crafty man. "But ye'll no deny I made *meal* o' it since—*meal* for the fishes, ye mind, and a guid meal they must have had o' it!"

"Ye're bound to ha' it forthcomin," quoth Donald; "and I'ae summons you."

"Do so, and I'se transport ye for breaking into my message," answered the miller.

But it drapt there, for it was no prudent to bring the secrets o' the place before the whole barony. Besides Lang Tam, the senishchal, who kenned better than ony o' your lawmakers what was fair between man and man, and guid for the country, would no permit Donald to gain any thing by his own folly; and though the whole transaction was unlawfu' by the Parliament-law, yet it was weel for them both, and the manor to boot, that they had bye-laws o' their own, whilk saved one or both from being ruined or transportit; and the mill, whilk was indispensable wi' all its exactions, from being unlicensed.

I ha' now come to the gist o' the story, and ask pardon for putting it aff sae lang. I'll make short wark o' the remainder. The weddin-day came, and there was sic a gathering at the miller's house as was unremembered in the country. Ye'll no' be for being told their names and pedigree, but I can by no means omit to mention, that the bride, in ordinair sa blithe and rosy, was paler on that day nor her father's primest meal, and so shamefaced amang the ither buxom lasses, that we all agreed that darkness could na come too sune for her relief. Her father had no been sae jolly in the recollection of any present: eneugh it was, God knows, to make him proud to see sae many feasting at his table, whom he had one time or other bit in a bargain or worsted in his play. For once there was a grin like on his countenance; and ye'll no be surprised to hear, that he welcomed Donald, if possible, more than another, notwithstan'in his threat o' summons and his bad language. But Blair had his tongue i' his cheek all the while. Well! after the fat fowls, geese, turkeys, and bacon o' the mill had been crammed down, and sufficiently praised by all, and the moment was come for the *faillte*-cup, does the millers, wi' a sparkling eye, call on Manus and Donald to produce the spirits. They two went out and brought to the fore a couple o' five gallon kegs, and fixed the spout-horn, and poured the liquor into jugs, taking care to fill none o' them more than half-full, to make it go the farther. And when they went round, as is the way, filling for the poorer sort, they cheated every man o' his lawful tap-rim unconscionably, and tried their best to raise a stan'nin head, for in troth they had soapit the liquor much. No man after his swallow smackit his lips, but aw round they gave a cold "Thank 'ye, sir," some holding out the glass again as though the first time had made sa little impression as to be forgot already; others leaving a sup behind, and tossing it despisingly on the ground, as though it were physic to them. When it comed to the miller's turn to welcome aw his guests, he filled his glass and said his say, and drank healths apiece to us all, but had nae suner tasted nor he clapped his glass down wi' a wry mouth, and shoutit—

"What, Manus, hae you been dishtilling the mill-race, where your barley was steepit for worts? And you, Donald, so ould a hand! could ye no ha' strengthened this wish-wash wi' anither sack of oats?"

Sic a roar o' laughing was never heard, especially among the miller's cronies, who had got an inkling o' the business. Manus and Donald were ready to sink wi' shame; but it was naething to the cheers that followed after, when the miller went on bantering, and pausing 'tween times for the burst to explode.



"Away wi' the ditch-wash, there's too much o' it, sae little as ye have provided. Sandy Phearson has more conscience nor to seize the like; he could no swear to it for potteen, tough as he is at an oath. His a better fellow nor either o' ye, for he has made me a *hansel* of five poun', as ye aw ken, to regale the country, and drink his recovery from cauld water. Come cheer up, Manus, you're a clever dog, and savit the mill, for whilk reason I've furnished twa ten galloners of *one-to-one* to celebrate your wedding; for I kenned ye had over-watered your malt, in seeking to *drown the miller*."

There was no end to the laughing; since whilk time, in that country, when a man weakens his beverage by pouring in too much water, it has become a common crak to say, that he has *drownit the miller*; and here properly my story ends.

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### MUSICIANS AND MUSICSELLERS.

THE relative positions of the four parties in whose hands the government of musical affairs in England is vested—namely, the composer, the singer or player, the music publisher, and the public, have undergone extraordinary revolutions, some of which are little dreamt of by individuals who have been helping to make the wheel go round. The music-seller, who holds a little public in his pay, and a large one under his controul, by puffing and his influence with reviews, does in this plotting, scheming, and money-making country, rule the whole machine. Out of pure fear he coalesces with the singer, because each, if he liked, might ruin the other's interests—the public he *bamboozles* by issuing every week a quantity of paper, ruled and dotted with black, which he calls *new music*, which *music* is ground out of an unthinking and unfeeling animal, entitled a composer, who has pathos to order, tenderness to supply a country demand, sensibility of the newest fashion, and very becoming patterns of melancholy. The new inventions of this animal are such kind of combinations as a man might make in rattling a dice-box—he puts the beginning in the middle, the middle at the end, the end at the beginning, and so forth; and such a process, in a page of well received and long established musical phrases, when divided and subdivided, transposed, and tossed about, will furnish the workmen with a very pretty originality as times go, enough at least for the allotted space of human life, without adding the brain by a too vehement intension of the spirits. Does the journeyman of the music publisher, this degraded tool, (who helps with his brethren to make the fair escutcheon of Purcell and Boyce too honourable for England, as it now is,) live as did his worthy denizen of Grub-street, whom Goldsmith commemorates?—

"Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,  
Invites each passing stranger that can pay.  
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne  
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane.  
There is a lonely room from bailiffs snug,  
The muse found Scroggins stretch'd beneath a rug;  
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,  
A cap by night—a stocking all the day."

No; you shall not track him to a garret—he does rather take the air of the Regent's Park in a handsome cabriolet, or enjoy his wine within the precincts of the King's Bench, o'erstepping the rules there seldomer than he does those of his art; or you may perchance find him a professor in the Royal Academy of Music. In literature there is a constant balance of power kept up: as long as an author of talent maintains his independence and intellectual powers, reviews and party spirit will not long injure him; he may reinstate himself in the good opinion of the town—but music tells no tales; it is not a language adapted for the exposition of quackery, or for carrying on a controversy; and the musical reviews, which are rather panegyrical advertisements than opinions, are put together upon this principle—be spiteful or goodnatured, praise or blame, so judiciously as to please the greater number of readers, and gratify the desire of Messrs. ———, which two ends being answered, the work shall be bought by the first, and the author asked to dinner by the other. It may now be asked, what is the occupation of the good men and true? those musicians of the present day who really understand their art, and are worthy of being esteemed composers? We answer—teaching, lecturing, playing at concerts: for to get fame in England requires at least a thousand a-year of hard cash, after nature has bestowed genius. If a composer go into public with a new oratorio, much will depend on the cut of the pantaloons; let him speak modestly, and wear a heterodox neckcloth, and he will be found deficient in melody or inapt at a fugue—a corkscrew leg will be a valuable acquisition to him; an affecting mincing phrase—ferocious whiskers—but above all—the ear of Lady ———, in a side-box at the opera: if such should be found concentered in one composer, his fortune is made, provided he diligently appear in public. The people of England love the strange; some twist against nature in those by whom they are to be amused; they patronise blind musicians, deaf artists, and they delight in lame cricketers; and if Providence should be so lavish in the formation of an individual, as to bestow upon him a ram's horn in addition to the usual economy of his person, we would advise him to come out as a pianoforte player. Signor Furtado, who some seasons back represented himself as a Turkish artist, newly arrived from Constantinople, and at one of the rehearsals of the Lent oratorios flourished over the keys of his instrument a sort of turban'd phenomenon, understood the secret of pleasing the town. Sir George's ill-timed acuteness did not suffer the imposture to be carried through, and the poor counterfeit Ottomaa, instead of making an eastern salute to a crowded house, was, with "speed succinct," removed from the rehearsal in the custody of a bevy of carpenters. Ill-starred Furtado! to this day we grieve for thy disappointment. The most important musical direction in London is put into the hands of Sir G. Smart; a man of no genius in music, a meer mechanical personage. Such as any one may soon learn, Sir George knows. There are three reasons for confidence in the knight, and the first is his title: secondly, that he has a large library of orchestral parts, for the sake of which he is engaged to conduct concerts: thirdly, that he is what is called a man of business, able to make speeches, settle disputes—firm, prompt, and punctual. Thus, having learned to play from score, the qualifications for a Bow-street magistrate are best calculated to make a

good conductor of a concert. Such is the artificial state of the singing community, as if a stave could not be uplifted without wordy contests, stratagems, foining on the one part, and parrying on the other. There is the venerable Greatorrex, who hath never achieved any thing original, but who basketh from year to year in the beams of that rosy archbishop, him of York, and in the sunshine of the noble directors of the Ancient Concert. There is also Hawes, a singer, who travels on the back of his orchestral parts into employment. These are the people who, from time to time, appear in the most important and ostensible situations before the public. The fact is, that nothing is now written in England with a view to true fame, from a love of good things, or a desire for the advancement of science. In the scramble for popularity, the ultimate object of all the candidates is not to be thought cleverer, but to be richer than their neighbours. If creative talent were appreciated by the town, if quackery and ignorant pretension were checked in their career of success, should we have such men as Cramer, Novello, Wesley, Horsley, and Crotch, living like snails within their ghells, and leaving church music to Sir John Stevenson and Mr. Bochsa—operas, to Mr. Wade, Messrs. Watson, Goodwin, Lee, &c.—song writing and pianoforte music, to the regular hacks of a warehouse. But let us apostrophise the spirit of gain; for many a professor becometh obese on bad basses, whose frame would, on a more vigorous demand for classicality, melt into thin air. Let no one henceforth complain of the uphill road to science; we will undertake that any one shall grind for the shops after two months' practice.

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#### THE NEW TRAGEDY AT COVENT GARDEN.

**THE Serf**, or the Russian Brothers, a tragical drama as it is called in the bills, was presented for the first time at Covent Garden, on Wednesday the 23d of this month. Its success was unequivocal: and if tragedy, or the representation of passion at all can draw houses in these laughter-loving days, the Serf will prove a grand attraction. For our own parts, we may say that it gave us a sincerer pleasure than we have experienced at the theatre for many a day. The playwright has done his part admirably. Had a man of an acuter and riper intellect gone over the ideas of the piece—an Otway, for instance, the Serf would be one of the compactest and most pointed of tragedies founded on the passion of love. In the general course of the action—in the revolution of the circumstances—in pointed situations, this play is rich and excellent: it is, however, written with an occasional tameness and want of point, with a barrenness of thought and a bareness of expression which at times placed it at the mercy of the audience. Happily the writing is small in quantity: much is left to the actors: probably a great deal of bald scribble is erased, and the piece brought within a very reasonable compass. It lasts indeed from the opening till ten o'clock; but one-half of this space—nay more, is passed with curtain down; the pauses are unnecessarily long. But it is time to say of what the Serf consists.

There are but four persons concerned: the young Prince Vladimir (Young); Isidore, his illegitimate brother, whose mother was a serf

(C. Kemble); Ossip (Warde), a serf, retained in the family as a kind of confidential tool, in the character of a jester, or sharp-witted fool; and the Princess Olga (Miss Jarman), a young lady of extensive possessions and great beauty.

ACT I.—Explains the position of things. Vladimir has just succeeded to the domain of his father. Isidore returns from travelling in Italy—brought up on terms of perfect equality with his brother, a passionate and headstrong, but generous youth—it has never occurred to him that he is still by law a serf—that the old prince Romanzoff, having delayed from time to time to give him his charter of manumission, he is in fact now the born slave of his brother. Vladimir mentions his surprise slightly at not finding the charter among his father's papers; but promises to supply the form himself immediately; between two generous and high-minded youths, the actual deed is treated with lightness, and the affair troubles neither of them. Among other friendly and affectionate talk, Vladimir informs his newly-arrived brother that the beautiful Princess Olga, their cousin, is living in the neighbourhood—he does not tell him that he is consuming with a rejected passion for her—but his jealousy is roused by the agitation into which the intelligence throws his brother. The fact is, that the princess has been educated by the mother of Vladimir, and the tender protectress of Isidore, her husband's illegitimate child—that Isidore accompanied both ladies to Italy, where the elder princess died, and where the youthful cousins became passionately enamoured of each other. The brothers part, Vladimir to make inquiries respecting the nature of the intimacy between the princess and his brother—and the other, Isidore, to seek the object of his affection. They meet—Isidore has brought her a flower from the grave of the venerable parent who knew and encouraged their affection, and whose loss they both deplore—he shows her in his pocket-book a sketch of the tomb, the last object of his care on leaving the country, which contains her remains. Vladimir on his part employs Ossip, the fool, to detect the nature of the friendship between the young artist, Isidore, and his pupil the princess—for in such pursuits, under a warm Italian sky, had their love grown. Ossip is a most important agent in the piece—a serf, himself spurning his chains, and educated and indulged above his station in the household of the late prince, he had committed an act of disobedience in marrying secretly a beautiful girl, the protégée of his late mistress—his wife had been torn from him, and though pregnant, forced to the altar a second time with one of the grooms of the prince's stable—he himself had been lashed, imprisoned, and treated with indignity, while grief and disgust preying upon the heart of his former wife, the beautiful girl Axinia—consume her, and hurry her to an untimely grave. Ossip burns to revenge his bitter wrongs—his character is changed—he plays the hypocrite—becomes smooth-tongued and humble—is again taken into favour—lives upon his secret hate; and being in favour and confidence, secretly turns his master's life into wretchedness by filling his mind with suspicions—contriving that every thing shall go wrong—that his hopes may be always cheated; and more particularly on every

anniversary of the death of his Axinia preparing a bitter cup of mortification and disappointment for his master. It is he who has caused the delay in giving the charter to Isidore, and his hatred and bitterness after the death of the prince are continued to his descendants. Against all the privileged orders he conceives the hatred of an injured slave; and against Isidore himself he is inflamed with jealousy—because but a serf himself, he is treated as a prince, and that he himself has even stood behind his chair to wait upon him.

ACT II.—These elements now begin to work, and the action commences. Ossip returns with an account that Isidore and the princess are betrothed, and pretends to congratulate his master on the elevation of his natural brother, who is *but* a serf, to such a distinction. The news fills Vladimir with madness—his combustible materials are artfully fired by Ossip, and he instantly sends for Isidore, that he may tell him of the passion he bears himself to the princess, and induce him to resign his pretensions. In their interview the princess has already informed Isidore of Vladimir's love—begs him to conceal their engagement, and above all beseeches him to lose not one moment in procuring his charter. The first word he speaks therefore to his brother is a request for his charter—he presses for it earnestly—Vladimir charges him with wanting it simply that he may marry the princess—the charge is allowed, when Vladimir declares his passion—taunts his brother with his birth, and eventually rouses Isidore to the highest pitch of haughty indignation, when he is suddenly thrown back upon himself, and struck with the real horror of his situation, which had never occurred to his generous mind, by the prince (Yqung) going up to him, and in a tone of concentrated malice, and stifled rage, shooting into his ear—*show me thy charter*. The effect is electrical—and Vladimir, now mad, pursues the stroke with raking up all the deepest and bitterest words he can conceive—he heaps upon his astounded and overwhelmed brother every epithet of degradation—Isidore in his turn loses himself in unrestrained violence, and the scene ends in the prince summoning his servants and guards, who hurry off the unhappy brother and slaev to the dungeon.

ACT III.—The diabolical malice of Ossip proposes to the prince a scheme to degrade Isidore in the eyes of his mistress, and to disgust her with her choice—he sends the livery of his serfs to the dungeon, and insists upon his unhappy brother assuming the dress, and waiting upon him at a collation to which he invites the princess. In the dungeon he has received a letter from the princess, beseeching him to calm his indignation—to submit for the moment, she having resolved to set off to Moscow that night to the Empress, to petition for her interference between the prince and the law of servitude. In the mean time she accepts the invitation of the prince, and at the end of the line of menials in attendance, stands Isidore, dressed in green and gold, standing apart from the rest, bowed down with shame, indignation, and stifled wrath. He is ordered to serve the wine—the lady is taunted with her affection for the awkward slave—the passion of Vladimir outrages the feelings of his guest; and in receiving more wine from the panting and scarcely living form of his brother, he knocks the goblet from his hand, and strikes him a blow—all the

stified vengeance of Isidore is let loose, and he rushes upon Vladimir with his page's dagger—the princess interposes between them, and receives the weapon in her wrist—the assassin is seized, and once more hurried to prison—his life now forfeited to the law. The princess remains, and in a fit of despair throws off the burden on her heart—she loads the mean madman with reproach, and calls down vengeance on the wrongs of herself and Isidore.

ACT IV.—Ossip, the vigilant and demoniacal Ossip, now suggests to the prince that he should propose a bargain to the princess—an exchange of the life of Isidore for her hand at the altar. The fourth act is consumed in bringing her to this determination—she consents.

ACT V.—At the opening, all is changed—the princess has sacrificed herself—it is the night of the bridal day. She has procured the charter, and sends for Isidore to give it him. He receives it with a bitter indifference; the sacrifice of her hand to his brother has driven him into despair and disgust; he is about to leave her coldly and haughtily. He is not however permitted so to depart—his passionate love once more breaks forth—it is encouraged by her kindness—and he rushes into her arms—but reaches them not—she shrinks with affright from the embrace of “her husband's brother!” After an agitation of horror enduring some moments, he resumes his coldness, and a parting for ever takes place. She retires to her bridal bed—Vladimir enters upon the stage—madness is coursing through his veins—his love—and his hate—the shame at his own conduct—and indignation and wrath at the shipwreck he has made of both his own and other's happiness, all drive him from the nuptial couch—he seeks Ossip, the serf—who stings him with his congratulations, and talks of Isidore, eternally haunting him either in idea or person. The conviction readily seizes his mind that both cannot live—at this moment Isidore breaks in from a place of concealment, and echoes the thought. He laughs bitterly at the supposition that Vladimir should suppose he had left him to the enjoyment of the woman he loved. A scene of violent recrimination takes place—the fraternal strife is viewed with a smile of malignant delight by Ossip, who has quickly the satisfaction of seeing weapons drawn, and the brothers die by each other's hand—the princess, the double widow and bride, rushes in only to witness their deaths.

It was an arduous task for the performers to act up to their situations. We could not, however, detect any thing short of perfection in the personation of Young and Kemble. Their skill and power assumed every shade of passion, portrayed all its gradations and fluctuations, and gave to the whole history the reality of life. The expression of simply mad and extravagant passion—of an uncontrollable and unguidable temperament, in the access of which, every sentiment of affection and honour is overwhelmed, is an easier task than the exhibition of the various feelings which agitate a man under the circumstances in which Isidore found himself—so far Young's acting was inferior to Kemble's. This play is chiefly meritorious for the points which we have endeavoured to describe, and these were thrown out with the utmost brilliancy and force. Warde had a very peculiar part to support; he did it well—very well—as well as possible; but as al-

most all the thought and sentiment of the piece was put into his part for expression, and as it was particularly here that the author failed, it was not his fault that many sallies on things as they are, utterly fell short of their intended effect. The author (Lord Normanby or not) is evidently unaccustomed to dramatic composition, and is not aware of the necessary terseness which must be given to dramatic expression—point in language is as indispensable as point in situation. Miss Jarman had a fine part if she could have played it; she sadly wanted force; we felt the situations she had to bring out break down under her. We ought to add, that we know no female on the stage who could have done the part better. It seems against the rule of Horace to invoke a great name, except on a worthy occasion; yet we may be allowed to remark, that if Mrs. Siddons had had the “burden upon her heart,” here described, had it been her task to relieve herself by an indignant reproach and a bitter curse, as Miss Jarman had at the end of the third act, the public would never have forgotten it.

We have seen a great many ill-natured criticisms on this piece in the newspapers; and the dearth of dramatic talent might seem to find a sufficient cause in the fact, that a dramatist is placed almost at the mercy of any ignorant or self-sufficient person whom the proprietor of a daily journal chuses to dispatch on this office. Generally speaking, we believe, these writers know as little what to censure as what to blame; but to sneer is the easiest task; and under its disguise much carelessness may be concealed, and much apparent point or affected liveliness be given to the composition of a very dull person. One critic, if he may be so called, asserts that the *Serf* is “nothing more than a melo-drame in five acts without the music.” If *Venice Preserved* is a melo-drame, then also is the *Serf*. It in fact is less a melo-drame than any modern play we remember; it is the history of a passion, both in its natural workings, and as inflamed by the treachery of a revengeful agent. If it is melo-dramatic to exhibit the irritation produced by rivalry—the blind madness of jealousy and scorned love—the remorseful rage of a fallen spirit, who sees himself fallen from his own high respect—if it is melo-dramatic to paint the indignation and shame of a high-minded man, insulted and degraded by one he conceived incapable of aught ungenerous—the change from loftiness of spirit to a bitter and selfish desire of revenge, then this is a melo-drame. But melo-dramatic is a good word of abuse, and justice is the last thing considered.

We should take the *Serf* to be a first attempt—it is such a one as has induced us to go out of our way to recommend the author to repeat the trial; he has the dramatic talent, whether he be a poet or not; success will give him greater assurance in the task of polishing, concentrations, and pointing. If we had a copy of the piece we could underline every flat passage in the performance, much to the advantage of both author and player.

## D I A R Y

## FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

1st. What a grand thing is a battle! First, how grateful to a Christian's bowels the official account in the newspapers of the circumstances of the slaughter; and next how still more acceptable to a *gobe-mouche* people, the inundation of lies which flow over the journals and fertilizes the regions of vain glory with anecdotes of gallantry and heroism. How the philanthropic breast of the devil himself, the venerable parent of slaughter and lies, must throb with delight when he sees his children by adoption, first diligently heart and hand engaged in a great fight, and afterwards as busy, tongue and pen, in cracking and bouncing about it. The lies which follow an engagement are like the dessert after a grand dinner. When there is an end of the cutting and carving, we amuse ourselves with the sweetmeats. When we have done cutting the throats of some of God's creatures we divert ourselves with a few of the devil's bon-bons; and flam and bam, and gasconade away for our dear national honour. Satan must needs take a pride in seeing us such successful cut throats and hearty liars. Certainly we take kindly to our nether friend's peculiarities. Were we to be judged by habits and disposition, we should undoubtedly be affiliated to the devil. Nevertheless it is notorious that we belong to heaven, else why all the bishops? When we carry our pugnacity, and mendacity, and rapacity, together with all the other *acities* to Paradise, "*I guess*," they will think us uncommonly odd visitors—but that's not our affair, and I am wandering from my subject, which is not the Elysean fields, but the battle of Navarin. The reader need not take the alarm at this ominous word; I am not about to discuss the justice of our destruction of the Turkish fleet.

It was natural that we should bang the Turks when we had any kind of pretext for getting alongside them, and why? Because Turks are Turks—what better reason can be given? It is natural too that we should keenly sympathise with the Greeks, because they are, next always to ourselves, the greatest thieves on God's beautiful earth. We say very prettily, that it is because they are Christians, but for Christians *read* cheats. Oh, how our national hearts yearn to a rogue. We feel for the Greeks that tenderness which Mrs. Peacham confessed for Filch when he produced the evidences of his larcenous dexterity; and would, were we to speak honestly, which consistency forbid, talk of the beloved nation in the same terms.

"Come hither, Filch. I am as fond of this child as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble fingered as a juggler." *Sed de tribus capellis*—return we to our texts, the details of the battle of Navarin, which have swarmed in the newspapers for the last six weeks. The turn and temper of these productions are frequently eminently curious, especially when they are *naïvely* discovered. Here is an example of one of the benevolent kind: it reminds us of those glowing descriptions of slaughter which Swift puts into the mouth of Gulliver



in Brobdignag, and which draw down upon him the rebuke of the king, astonished to find that such contemptible little creatures can have such sanguinary souls. We quote in detached bits from a letter by an officer who served on board one of the ships:—

“ We had scarcely dropped anchor when I observed the Dartmouth frigate firing musquetry upon an Egyptian fire-ship, which had been set on fire. The French Admiral, passing at this moment, fired a broadside into the fire-ship, which sunk her. *This was a beautiful and interesting sight!!!*”

“ At length some of the enemy's ships having taken fire, blew up with a dreadful explosion, *which produced gallant cheers from our crew.*”

Something to halloo about indeed on both sides; but to proceed—

“ A grand sight now presented itself; the Turks setting fire to most of their remaining ships, which blazing, mostly blew up, *with a dreadful explosion, forming a very beautiful picture.*”

A “ beautiful” business it would appear to have been altogether. Picturesque, but wrong. This account is merely a kind of supplement to Burke on the Sublime, showing the beauty of blowing up Turks in harbour. What follows is a grand farrago of flams which has been going the rounds of the press at the very tail of the affair—it is cooked for the national palate, and in compliment to its fancy for fanforanade; to which, be it observed, *en passant*, we are quite as much addicted as our neighbours the French, and in a grosser way:—

“ When Captain Bathurst was laid in bed after his wounds had been dressed, he found his leg in an uneasy position; he therefore called to the surgeon, and requested him to move the limb, saying, in a tone of apology, ‘ I am a little fidgety just now—but I hope you will excuse it.’

“ When Captain Moore was brought down wounded, Captain Bathurst, recognizing his voice, exclaimed, ‘ Ah, Moore, is that you?’ ‘ Yes,’ said Captain Moore; ‘ I am wounded.’ ‘ Ah,’ replied Captain Bathurst, ‘ *fortune de guerre.*’

“ The assistant-surgeon of the Hind cutter, tender to the Asia, was dressing a wound, when an alarm was given that the enemy were boarding. He immediately threw down his instruments, ran upon deck, seized a pike, and helped most manfully to repulse the foe. This being done he went below, and quietly resumed his surgical operation. He has been removed to a large ship in consequence of his bravery.

“ Captain Davies of the Rose, whose bravery and expertness in extricating a French vessel from a Turkish fire-ship we noticed in our last, was in the chains of the fire-ship at the moment she blew up, and was actually blown from her into his own boat, without receiving any considerable injury.

“ We regret to state that Hill the marine, whose coolness at the moment of losing both his arms we noticed in our last, died at the naval hospital, Stonehouse, at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, in consequence of his wounds. He was about twenty-one years of age. The following characteristic anecdote

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\* The picturesque rapture with which the writer of the letter quoted, dwells on the business of destruction, contrasts whimsically enough with the expression of his own individual feelings on the subject of danger. In one place he says “ We were now abreast of the fort, when a blank shot was fired from it, which made me startle a little.” Again—“ I retired below to the cock-pit. It was well we retired in time, for I had not been below more than five minutes when the Genoa was in action.”

of this brave fellow is worth relating :—After the fatigues of the action, one of the officers of the *Genoa* lay down to rest himself on a chest on which poor mutilated Hill was sitting. Presently he was aroused *by hearing some one near him singing*; and recognizing the voice, he exclaimed with surprise, ‘What, Hill! is that you singing?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ answered Hill, ‘*I am trying what I can do at ballad-singing, now I’ve lost my arms.*’

“As the purser of the *Brisk* was assisting the surgeon in dressing an amputation in the captain’s cabin, a shot struck off his head, and shattered it to pieces. Some of the splinters wounded the surgeon in the head, and entered the wound he was in the act of dressing.

“A marine on board the *Genoa* had one of his arms shot off in the heat of action. *He coolly took up the severed arm and laid it on the shelf-piece over him, saying, ‘there’s an example for you all.’*”

There’s an example for you all indeed! An example how you should bounce for the national honour and glory.

Here is another extremely well-authenticated anecdote after the same pattern :—

“A drummer boy, (a native of Ireland,) on board the *Asia* had both his legs nearly carried off by a cannon-ball; he was borne down to the cock-pit, and the legs having been amputated, were about to be taken up and flung over-board. ‘Stop,’ said he, ‘do not take away my legs, for as I have nothing else to do here, just set them up and give me a round shot and I will play at nine-pins with them to pass away the time.’”

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— All the Tories and some silly country gentlemen of the opposite party have been in extreme dolor at the discharge of the yeomanry. The *John Bull*, the organ of such worthies, is very great on this subject; it says :—

“Powerful indeed is the sensation excited by the economical disbanding of these loyal supporters of the king and constitution; but whose services, in cases of civil insurrection, have brought upon them the dislike of those who give titles of honour to Manchester-mob orators; and for the sake of a vote or two, degrade the dignity of the baronetcy to a place in society where dirty hands *instead of red ones* are predominant.”

The allusion to the *red hands* is particularly unlucky; it reminds one of the Manchester yeomanry’s peculiar claims to the praise and rewards of a Tory ministry.

Soldiering it seems, without the inconveniences of soldiering, the starving, the watching, the bivouacking, and above all the fighting, is a mighty pleasant occupation for a few days when the weather is fine, and accordingly the yeomanry gentry exceedingly lament the order to pile arms and dismiss. All other people however rejoice at it, recollecting that this cavalry was only remarkable for two charges; the charge on the mob at Manchester, and the charge on the finances of the country. Rating their merits differently, and extravagantly esteeming themselves for going prancing about with “long sword, saddle, bridle,” to the unspeakable admiration of milliners’ girls, and the envy of shop-boys, and the particular gratification of that large class of his Majesty’s subjects, the little ragged idle urchins who have nothing better to do about the country than to look at sights—

they, we repeat, thinking greatly of themselves by reason of the impression their warlike appearances produced on these thinking persons, have bewailed their own military demise as the most grievous of national misfortunes.

The John Bull has given a report of a meeting, "to part for ever," of the Buckinghamshire yeomanry, which may be taken as a fair example of the heroics of these featherbed-soldiers. The spirit of Major Sturgeon himself seems to have presided at the dinner. We shall give some extracts, only, too, too affecting.

Captain Montagu says to his gallant brethren in arms:—

"For your attention in the field, in quarters, and upon all occasions when I have assembled you, and your kindness to me as your commanding officer, I beg you will accept my most grateful thanks. *Alas! in a very few days I shall not have the gratification of calling you brother soldiers, but I look back and recollect the many happy days we have spent together, which, but in death, by me never will be buried in oblivion.* Although I shall shortly cease to be your commanding officer, I feel confident, that as long as it pleases the Almighty to spare my life, I shall ever live in your hearts. Some time ago I told you, that I had served my king and country for thirteen years, at home and abroad, and never had been caught by surprise by my enemies; but on the 22d of April, 1822, I was taken by surprise by my friends, when I received this cup from you, as a token of the respect and regard you had for me. That day I can never forget. God bless you all! I again thank you, and in taking this cup, I drink to your good healths."

What a shame that ministers, for a couple of hundred thousand pounds, should disturb the harmless pleasures, the social field exercises, of these really innocent soldiers.

Major Craven now speaks, and makes a terrible bluster:—

"They say, (continued the gallant major,) 'that the king cannot err,—but, gentlemen, his ministers may; and I say it, I care not who hears me, for I am an Englishman, and will always speak my feelings, that there never was a more paltry measure adopted by any set of ministers than that of disbanding the yeomanry of Great Britain. It matters not, gentlemen, whether we have a Tory or a Whig ministry, they are all alike when they get into office—all striving to fill their own pockets. If men in office will set about retrenchment, which I should always commend—good God! let them begin at the right end. What did those ministers do last year?—those very men who have brought about the disbanding of the yeomanry of England? *Why, they built a house for the late Mr. Canning, which cost as much as would have kept up and paid the yeomanry for a whole year!*'"

To begin retrenchment at the right end, is an expression in constant use, and which signifies that it should be commenced at the greatest possible distance from the speaker. No one objects to retrenchment in the abstract: every body, on the contrary, loves retrenchment, provided only it is far enough off from himself.

Major Craven accuses the ministers who disbanded the yeomanry of building Mr. Canning a house. A job is always bad, but one job

may be better than another; and an outlay on an useful house is more defensible than an outlay on useless soldiers. But ministers did not *build* Mr. Canning a house. They suffered him to improve a house after a peculiar fashion, which he was wont to pursue in such matters.\* This was wrong; but a wrong which offers no argument for the continuance of the yeomanry.

Here is a fine winding-up to the tragic dissolution of these redoubted Bucks' yeomanry.

"The troop assembled in the Forbury on Monday morning, when Captain Montagu read two letters, one from the lord lieutenant of the county, disbanding the troop, and the other from Colonel Dundas; after which, he thanked them for their attention to him on all occasions, and gave the necessary orders for the giving up of their arms, &c. The troop was then marched into the market-place, and on passing Captain Purvis's house, was requested by Captain Purvis to halt, *that he might have the pleasure of giving each man a glass of brandy*. Captain Montagu returned thanks in the name of the troop for Captain Purvis's *liberality*. On arriving in the market-place, the troop was formed into a square, when their worthy captain addressed them in the following words:—'At the time you were embodied, twenty-seven years ago, you were raised by that most excellent man, Lord Sidmouth, one of the first men in the country. England expected every man to do his duty.—You, my good fellows, have done your duty to your king, to your country, and to me—and once more I thank you; and now I have but one more duty to perform, which is the most painful I have had to perform ever since I had the honour to command you—that of bidding you farewell!'"

The present of a glass of brandy to each man was magnificently liberal, and the acceptance of it strikingly military.

5th. A dissertation of an amusing pretension to profundity, appears in *The Morning Post*, on the occasion of Don Miguel's visit to Drury Lane Theatre:—

"At the first glance it seems rather extraordinary that the phlegmatic English, as we have so frequently been designated, should evince so strong a disposition as we do to witness every novelty which presents itself, whether in the person of an illustrious stranger, or in any other form. A moment's just reflection, however, will attribute it to other motives than that of a mere love of 'sight-seeing,' and find that in the midst of splendour, applause,\* and laughter, the mind is speculating and reaping valuable and practical knowledge by its labour. In all probability numbers of the audience who crowded this theatre last night had assembled, they scarcely knew why, perhaps because something unusual was to happen; but it is also highly probable that the great majority of those who were attracted by an expectation of seeing the Regent of Portugal were excited by a laudable and beneficial curiosity. Not only might they have been anxious of observing the features, deportment, and manners of the

\* Mr. Canning improved his private house at Brighton to such a degree as to render it one of the least desirable habitations of its class in the place. He had a great genius for derangement.

man who is destined to rule over a country, for the independence and prosperity of which England has more than once made serious sacrifices; *but they might also, and very naturally, have felt desirous of witnessing, as far as circumstances would permit, what visible effect the performances, or part of them, the pantomime, being entirely peculiar to this country, would produce on a stranger, who, from his illustrious birth and peculiar fortunes, had already become acquainted with most of the amusements on the Continent. Such desires are rational, and worthy of encouragement."*

It was certainly a grand subject of national interest to observe the impressions which clown and pantaloon made on the mind of a foreign prince. The idea reminds one of Lord Alvanley's suggestion to the Lord Chancellor, in the House of Lords, on the queen's trial, that it was a matter of the last importance to ask Majocchi how he felt himself after his cross-examination.

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— A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has observed very sensibly on the faults in the dress and equipment of our light cavalry, but has strangely and erroneously enough attributed the errors to an imitation of the French. It is odd that a writer who seems so well acquainted with the subject should have fallen into so egregious a mistake. He speaks of the *frillery* of the French uniforms. The French is generally a very plainly-dressed army; and the particular service referred to by Blackwood, the light troops, are even strikingly rough and rude in their appearance; as they ought indeed to be for their duties. Of all the slovenly-looking, shambling, scrambling, ill-put-together fellows I have ever seen, the French light dragoons are the worst in a parade point of view, however efficient they may be in a forage—their proper department. Our light dragoons and hussars look as if they were intended to be kept barracked in band-boxes; the French as if they were intended, as they are intended, to scour a country, sack flour, drive cattle, and do, in a word, the factotum business of a soldier. Such men should not have fine horses, because they must submit their horses to all sorts of work and hardships; nor should they have gay uniforms, because they themselves may be engaged in occupations very hostile to finery. Such is the real light dragoon or hussar, whence ours take their name, and nothing but the name; our dragoons and hussars being merely extremely well-dressed troops who are not of the efficiency of heavy cavalry, or applied to any of the ancient uses of light. They are men accounted and equipped for the best show on the parade, and the least possible advantage in the field. In the French army nothing like them is to be seen, nothing half so gay and useless—in a word, so perfectly gentlemanly. The French army is indeed an army essentially of an useful and working character. It is less an army of show than that of any leading power in Europe. Look at the simplicity of their infantry uniforms—the French soldier's pride is not in lace and embroidery, but in the perfect state of his arms. The French troops may be faulty in many respects, but certainly the charge of frippery cannot with any shadow of justice be preferred against them. With the exception of the guard, the French is an ill-dressed army; and there is a simplicity and absence of all pretension to showiness in its appearance. The English army is

really as ill dressed, and with the most outrageous tawdriness of design. With us, the whole art of decoration seems to consist in besmearing with gold lace. For bad effect at last in appearance, and expensiveness, there is nothing in the world comparable with the British army. It is like a smart cockney in his Sunday clothes, every thing outrageously gay, extremely ill-assorted, and distressingly awkward in the *tout ensemble*.

The Blackwood writer remarks very rationally on the absurdity of dressing our light cavalry in blue, merely for the purpose, it would appear, of perplexing our troops in action, who do not know at any moderate distance how to distinguish them from the enemy. He also disapproves the carbine, which is of no earthly use except to make a noise, waste powder, and occupy men in a manner the least annoying to the foe. A soldier would be just as usefully employed in singing a song to the enemy as in firing a carbine at them; and in this diversion there would not be the delusion of imagining that he is engaged to some purpose, a mistake causing a misapplication of means to no end.

In all our establishments, civil and military, the main end is lost sight of, and the means belonging to it accordingly neglected. To any reasonable creature it would seem, *a priori*, that the arms of the soldier were of the first importance; but we know that the arms of our soldiers are the things of all others the least thought of, and the most neglected. The light dragoon and hussar sabres are notoriously unservicable weapons, as is also the regulation sword of infantry officers. The sabres, however, though bad for cutting and slaying, the object of soldiering, is best for show, an incidental circumstance of soldiering; and the means for the incidental circumstance are, of course, preferred to the means for the end. The muskets of our infantry are of the same clumsy description that they have been of for years past, though the art of gun-making has so extremely improved; but though no attempt has been made to put a better weapon into the soldier's hand, infinite pains have been taken to arrive at the just cut of his coat, and to finish it with the exact number of buttons which the most scrupulous sartorial taste requires. From the army, turn to the navy, and observe in a ship of war the very last thing which lords of the Admiralty consider and lay stress upon—its armament, and the practice of the men at the great guns. The object of ships of war is to fight, or to be in a condition to fight, to the best advantage; but the best means of fighting is a matter of such inferior moment, that a thought, much less a direction, is not wasted on it. Skill in the use of great guns must be supposed, like Dogberry's reading and writing, to come by nature: or else they think at the Admiralty, that it is of no kind of consequence whether it is possessed or not. Captains *may*, if they please to take the trouble, train their crews to marksmanship, and many do so, but it is a matter of choice, not of obligation and duty, with them; and the rulers of the navy do not concern themselves to ascertain what degree of skill the people of different ships may have in the use of their arms. The matter is left to a vague general order, or in effect to chance. The set of an officer's cocked hat and the seam of his trousers, is a worthier subject for direction, and distinct and arbitrary regulation.

*Sth.* We have received a letter from Mr. Cohen, complaining of a misrepresentation in our last Diary, a misrepresentation which certainly did not originate with us, as we copied the report, nearly at length, from a respectable print, (*The Sun*), and quoted our authority. The error was probably owing to the confusion that prevailed at the meeting; and the fact is still richer, as stated by Mr. Cohen, than as we imagined it to be. Mr. Cohen it seems was for preferring justice to mercy, (instead of the contrary, as we had been given to suppose,) and the Hebrew meeting unanimously took the alarm at so personally obnoxious a proposition:—

“Mr. Cohen answered yes; he would propose an amendment. He objected to the address, because compassion was put before justice; he thought the meeting should ask not for compassion so much as justice. Further, that the meeting should be adjourned for a week; in the meantime they would, doubtless, have the address laid before them in the *World* newspaper.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

“Sir—Please to insert an erratum at the end of your next number, concerning the observations relative to Mr. Cohen in your last, as the enclosed correct account will prove one necessary, which will show your correspondent, that to misrepresent first, and then to ridicule such misrepresentation, does not at all affect the *I. E. W.*, whose sentiments were thus misrepresented; yet, not wishing that his remarks should be lost, although they cannot justly be applied to myself, I beg leave to suggest, that in the next number the following amendment be made—erratum, p. 82, Vol. 9, No. 37, *for*, ‘it is not surprising, that M<sup>r</sup>. COHEN, AS A JEW, took alarm at the preference of justice to mercy,’ *read*, ‘It is not surprising that the Jews took the alarm at the preference of justice to mercy;’ and by so doing, you will ‘*clap the right saddle on the right horse*,’ for I was not permitted to speak, merely on account of having maintained such sentiments as are enclosed.

“I am, sir, your’s respectfully,

“*Bevis Marks, London.*

C. C. C. COHEN.”

— The newspapers contain a report of a highly respectable meeting of the friends of the freemen of Queenborough, in which the cruel and unjust oppression of those poor people by the corporation, is so proved, as to call forth at once pity and indignation—pity for the subjects, and indignation at the authors of the wrongs. I copy some statements (the detail of a small portion of the heap of injustice) from the speech of a fisherman, which makes one’s blood boil against the catiff whose cruel conduct is described in it. The resolutions of the meeting, (the chairman of which was Mr. Capel, the member,) sufficiently show that these stories were credited by persons who had the best opportunities of detecting their falsehood, had they been false:—

“Marshall was the agent of certain fish companies, and it was the practice when vessels arrived with lobsters for them to throw their chests of lobsters into the water, where they remained till they could be forwarded to the London market. Greet (the mayor) saw the advantage derived from that branch of the business to the fishermen, and he determined to deprive them of it. He, therefore, issued an order, as an order of the corporation, that no freeman should ride a lobster chest on the waters of the borough, except with the consent of the mayor and water-bailiff. Now, the practice thus prohibited could

be of no injury to any one; and that it was not injurious was proved by the fact, that the order was not intended to put an end to the practice, but merely to confine its use to the benefit of particular parties: and, at this moment, it was exclusively enjoyed by the water-bailiff himself, who was enabled to put all the profits into his own pocket. When complaints were made to Greet, his answer was, 'You have your remedy. As for the law it will not cost him one farthing.' And pointing to the fishermen, who were at work, he added, 'Those poor devils will pay for it,' meaning that the expenses would be defrayed out of the public fund of the corporation. On one occasion, speaking on the same subject, he said to a person, who had some property, and who had kindly assisted the poor freemen, 'It will not be long before you are as badly off as the rest.' The men now present could vouch for the truth of this statement. [Here the fishermen, who were assembled in one corner of the room, said, 'It is all true.'] Another case was that of a man named Horne, who, although he had been a free burgess thirty-four years, was, in 1820, prohibited from dredging for oysters. When he waited on Greet to know why this right, which had never before been denied to him or his ancestors, was refused him, the only answer he could obtain was, 'No, curse you! I'll drive you all to the earth; if it costs me 10,000*l.* it will make no difference to me; it will not come out of my pockets, but those poor devils will pay for it.' This was his common language."

It is thus that petty despots will trample on the poor, grinding them under the heel of injustice, and exasperating their miseries by taunting them with the tongue of insult; and it is thus that they are frequently borne down unheard, where they have not the opportunity, as in a borough town, of making their wrongs known to persons of influence, interested in the possession of their good will.

The spokesman of the Queenborough fishermen stated their case strongly in substance, without the language of exaggeration, and altogether in a manner indicative of practised intelligence; their straight-forward oratory indeed would have done no discredit to speakers of a much higher station. In these respects they clearly show what a great improvement must have taken place in the humble order to which they belong. Drop the orator's description of fishermen, and their condition would be guessed far above their real place. One thing, however, offended us much, and that was the concluding speech of Skey, one of the fishermen, declaring that the generosity of their friends "would make his townsmen love England, England's *laws* (!) and England's king."

There is either a nauseating cant, a nasty sycophancy, or a strange blindness of perception in this. What but the *law* had ground these poor creatures to dust? "As for the law," said their oppressor, according to their own statement, "it will not cost me one farthing. Those poor devils will pay for it." This *law* is therefore a mighty fine thing for the love of these men, who have found it so handy an instrument of their destruction. The dog, when struck with a stone, gnaws it in revenge, and his act is irrational; but the dog would not be wiser were he, because his wound is healed by a compassionate stranger, to love the stone that had bruised him, and lick and caress it.

If the *law* had been worthy of the love of these Queenborough people, the law would have offered them the ready means of redressing



their wrongs, and they would not have needed the charitable interference of strangers. While the law is out of their reach as an instrument for their service, and only comes into contact with them as a tool for their injury, they have just reason to hate it.

Since the above remarks were written, the following paragraph from The Kent Herald has appeared:—

“Queenborough is now a striking specimen of a ruined town. ‘The line of confusion has been spread there, and the stones of emptiness.’ Her shops are shut up, her houses are dilapidated, and grass grows in her streets. The funds, against the monopoly of which the ruined population has sent forth so appalling a cry, are not even, it is alleged, applied to one of the admitted objects of corporate funds—the common repairs which the charters of all boroughs prescribe. We have been told (though we can scarcely credit the tale) that a close relative of a member of the corporate body—which, like a upas, sits in the midst of the spot which it has rendered barren, and grows into poisonous bulk, while surrounded by the desolation which it has caused—was heard last week to make a jest on its miserable condition. ‘Queenborough,’ said he, ‘is calculated to remind the traveller of the saying of Charles II. on passing through Bodmin—that it was the *politest* town he ever visited; for one half of the houses were *bowing*, and the other uncovered.’ The jest, heartlessly *illegitimate* and witty as it is, is atrocious, so applied. *The worst of the subject is, (as we before stated,) that nothing in the way of efficient remedy can be done with regard to the use or misuse of corporate funds AS THE LAW NOW STANDS.*”—*Kent Herald.*

And this is the law, “England’s law,” which the poor sufferers pledge themselves, through their spokesman, to love!!!

11th. People were the other day very angry with Mr. Rawlinson, (a magistrate, deservedly esteemed, and who generally discharges his duties with judgment and temper,) for having censured an individual causelessly, on an ex-parte statement. If it be, and all will concur, we suppose, that it is wrong to condemn men on ex-parte statements, before the proof of their offence; it must be still more wrong, we apprehend, to condemn them on acquittal, and after the legal proof of their innocence. But this is done not by police magistrates, but by judges; and the active Morning Chronicle, which can be so severe on the occasional lapse of a Rawlinson, does not bestow a word of reprehension on the indecent anomaly reported in its own columns. We quote the case we have in view; it is not the first in which we have had occasion to animadvert on the strange proceedings of Mr. Serjeant Arabin:—

“Francis Brooks was indicted for stealing two watch-seals, value 40s. from the person of John Dermer.

“The prosecutor was passing through the piazzas, Covent-garden, and his watch-seals were snatched from his watch. The prisoner was near him, and ran off. Prosecutor pursued and overtook him, without losing sight of him. He had no seals in his possession when taken, and the prosecutor could not swear that it was the prisoner who snatched the seals.

“Brooks received a good character, and the jury acquitted him.

"The learned Judge ordered him to be called up again, and addressed him—'Young man,' said he, 'I feel it my duty, before you leave this court, to give you some admonition, and to tell you that if you had been convicted, you would have been transported for life, *for robberies committed in the way in which you did this are becoming*——"

"Mr. C. Phillips (the counsel for the prisoner): Really, sir, I do not know whether I have a right to say any thing; *but it is hard to say that he did it.*

"Mr. Serjeant Arabin: Mr. Phillips *I will not allow these irregularities.*

"Mr. Phillips: The prisoner was innocent by the verdict of the jury.

"Mr. Serjeant Arabin: I have a public duty to perform. I ought to —— [We wish the sentence had been finished. 'Play the parson's part,' we presume he would have said.]

"Mr. Phillips: I never heard such an observation made to a prisoner after his trial but once, and then Mr. Adolphus followed exactly the course which I do now. It is an insult to the jury.

"The learned Judge continued his address to the prisoner in a milder strain, and discharged him. He then observed to the jury, *that he did not find fault with their verdict, but was merely giving the prisoner an admonition, which he thought he might benefit by.*"

Did he think too that the man's character would benefit by this judicial condemnation after the legal acquittal? Prejudgment is said to be bad, but this kind of post-judgment appears rather a worse practice. We should like very much to know whether an action would not lie against a judicial officer for this sort of scandal? There is but one defence for it, and that is a perplexing one, as the judge must transfer the blame from himself to the law which he administers. He may contend, that the prisoner is often acquitted by the quirks, quibbles, or the defects of the law, though evidently guilty; and that there being no moral doubt of his crime in the minds of any reasonable being, the admonition to avoid the repetition of it is warranted. If this be an excuse for the judge, the admonition to the thief involves the most severe reproach to the law. But it is obviously too dangerous to allow the judge the power of thus setting himself above the court and the law; and of morally doing away with the effects of legal decisions. A man is thus delivered from legal, and subjected to social chastisements. He goes forth indeed with the acquittal of the jury, but also with the stigma of the judge reversing their verdict, and assuming his guilt. His character is blasted for ever. He would have been in a better condition, as respects the opinion of the world, had he been convicted without trial, than thus condemned after a formal acquittal.

The judge's license of thus putting his negative, on what he at least must assume to be the decrees of justice, is incompatible with his character, and dangerous to society. It may allow of frightful consequences, either from error of judgment; or, what is more rarely to be calculated on, malignity of purpose. And what purpose is served at the risk of this mischief, and at the seemingly price of the contradiction between the opinion of the judge and the decision of his court?

Why the prisoner has the benefit of an admonition! and when the effect of the best advice is considered, the value of this, to the particular subject of it, will not be rated so high as to countervail the danger to society, the affront to the jury or the laws, and the compromise of the character of the judge.

How does the admonition affect the prisoner himself? If innocent, it is a cruel injury to him. If guilty, it only reminds him that he has escaped the punishment due to his crimes, and the rogue's reflection will more probably be that he may escape again, than a concurrence in the judge's argument, so disgraceful to the law, that "the pitcher may go once too often to the well." If the fellow be criminal, by assuming him so after acquittal, a mark is put on his character which stamps him current in society for crime only; and this being his fixed vocation, his escape from justice is his encouragement in the pursuit of it. It were best to convict offenders; but if they must be acquitted from the imperfections of evidence, or the quibbles of the law, send them back to society with all the advantages belonging to their deliverance—as you would build a golden bridge for a retreating enemy; so leave every road open and smooth to the reformation of the criminal. Put no mark on him, no stigma to bind him to vice. If you cannot punish him because his offence is unproved, or the law inapplicable, it is injustice and impolicy to disgrace him. He may amend, (the probability is, we confess, remote, but never undeserving calculation,) if restored to society on even terms; he never can amend if excluded from honest employment, by the brand of felony, not burnt in his flesh by the iron of the executioner in obedience to the decree of justice, but affixed to his name by the wanton breath of the judge in defiance of the solemn decision of his court. Read "Caleb Williams," and in that work of fiction see the true history of every man unjustly or justly suspected of crime, and mark the almost impossibility of his adhering, or returning to virtue.

The deviation from judicial propriety of conduct which we have noted in the instance of Mr. Serjeant Arabin, is not without many precedents—it almost amounts to a practice indeed. The Recorder of London for example has more than once been guilty of the same irregularity. It calls for the most vehement reprobation, as at best a wanton meddling impertinence, inconsistent with the office of the judge; and as at worst a license dangerous to society, as it may be used for the destruction of innocence established to the satisfaction of the jury, but damned in public opinion by the mere authoritative breath of the judge.

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— Those persons of fine taste who delight in the eloquence of the newspapers will find a treat in the annexed paragraph. It comes from Scotland, where they are particularly lavish of the riches of diction, possibly because they cost nothing but what Sawney, with really beautiful simplicity, and at the same time admirable force of expression, calls "a squitter of words:"—

"THE WEATHER.—So changeable has the weather been during this last week, that we have experienced the opposite extremes of rain, wind, and tempest, and of an unclouded winter sky, with the queen

of heaven sailing along in all the chastened purity of her own loveliness. On Thursday night it was beautifully serene, and the morning of Sunday exhibited the face of nature covered with its venerable mantle of hoar frost. Since then we have had again the howling of the blast, and the stilly clearness of a starry night. On the evening of Tuesday, in particular, the full moon rose majestically over Drumiat, and sent forth the long streams of her silvery light down the sides of the Ochils, with a beauty and lustre which we have seldom witnessed. *At first her rosy and expansive countenance seemed almost afraid of having approached too near this lower world—as she kissed the bare mountain-top, and then gently rose above its highest peak, blushing in all the consciousness of her unrivalled charms.* Hill and dale, and the silent Forth, seemed to be all gazing with delight on this interesting scene; while the breeze which began to move on the face of the waters, *whispered that it was the parting embrace of the queen of night*, ere she walked into the blue vault of heaven, after paying another new year's visit to the father of the Ochils."

13th. It was asked why the Examiner thought that Mr. Herries would be abhorred as a Cain supposing he had, as represented, effected the political demise of his more efficient colleague Huskisson—because, was the reply, he had in that case destroyed his brother *Able*.

— In a work of general excellence, "Arnot's Elements," there is this grand revelation:—

"The human body in an ordinary healthy state, with the chest full of air, is lighter than water. If this truth were generally known and well understood, it would lead to the saving of more lives in cases of shipwreck, than all the mechanical life-preservers which man's ingenuity will ever contrive. The human body with the chest full of air is so much lighter than water, that it naturally floats within a bulk of about half the head above water: it can no more sink than a log of fir wood. That the person may live and breathe then, it is only to exert volition, so as to render the face the part which remains above water."

So then people have been stupidly drowned since the beginning of things, for God knows how many thousand years, from pure ignorance of philosophy! Witches, to be sure, were in former ages discovered to be witches by their swimming like corks, where other folks would have thought it more becoming to have sunk like stones; but the matter is now better understood, and for the future every man who perishes by drowning will obviously be set down for an ass unacquainted with the true principles of science. The new ministry will do well to bear these facts in mind, and to be assured that their keeping their heads above water will not be maliciously attributed to their being conjurers. Let them but keep the national chest full of air only, and their mouths shut, and no logs will swim more gloriously.

— In one of the able literary articles of the Examiner, (a notice of *De Lisle*,) a very pertinent question of the exactness of the current representations of fashionables is raised:—

"Evidently formed on the model of *Tremaine* and *Dé Vere*, its hero

is one of those very sickly and morbid personages, who we almost fear, from the prevalent taste of the day, are to be received as the beau-ideal of the superlative English gentleman. De Lisle, to be sure, neither by the title nor the tenor of his story, is held out as an example, and in a certain degree the same thing may be predicated of Tremaine; but no matter, we are led by implication to a similar conclusion. Both are regarded as of the very *haut-ton*; both engage the attention of all around them; and both are fastidiously sensitive to every thing which disturbs, in the slightest degree, the repose of their *egoism*, or that engrossing self-consideration for which the gallantry and urbanity of the olden time have been so disadvantageously exchanged. Now that something of this sort may be no unusual result of the early enjoyment of rank, opulence, and leisure, on a certain order of temperament, we are by no means disposed to deny; and still less that it may graft itself upon our English *morgue* with peculiar facility. In spite, however, of the Charles Edmonstone, and similar style of self-painting in Blackwood, and kindred miscellanies, and the fulsome coxcombs of the Hook and Ultra Tory school, including the 'Exclusives,' the 'Tenth,' and all other combined and embodied fopperies, we still indulge a hope that the fashionably educated and opulent English nobleman, or gentleman, is not principally distinguishable by these splenetic propensities. We suspect, at the same time, that this sort of portraiture is self-emanative, or the transfusion of certain reflective associations and hues of thought from the author to his subject, rather than the result of a free, vigorous, and forcible power of observation of genuine character. We are the more disposed to this opinion, as we find our best and most rapidly conceptive novelists, from Fielding down to Sir Walter Scott, deal little in this sort of factitious creation; and although in reference to the former, we can frankly allow, that the times require and exhibit additional refinement, it is impossible not to be impressed with the comparative freshness, nature, and verisimilitude both of the ideal world which he created for us, and the beings whom he made to move in it. Our chief reliance is, that the partiality recently exhibited to the species of hero we have been deprecating, is the consequence of the affectation and factitious assumption which at present distinguish the world of fashion in its various grades, rather than of a tendency in our men of consequence and fine gentlemen to dwindle into mere personifications of a fit of the spleen, or *fac-similes* of Hotspur's fop, who sickened at every thing which came 'between the wind and his nobility.'

We believe the fact to be, that the men of birth and fashion are seldom or never the fops and exquisites they are painted. Who have been the noted *beaux*, the *dandies* of our times? Not Devonshires, Bedfords, Leinsters, but Skeffingtons and Brummells. Miss Edgeworth, a near and shrewd observer of the great world, had remarked this circumstance; and accordingly in her admirable tale, *Ennui*, she describes her hero, Lord —, as one, unhappily for himself, placed by fortune far above that class who aspire to distinguish themselves by the cut of their coats, the set of their hats, and the tie of their cravats. We may make it a general proposition that the marked pretensions of a man are in inverse proportion to his possessions, or that his efforts to fix attention are inverse to his command of it. Men who are sure of their own places seldom strain beyond them—they repose. They may be fastidious from indulgence, but they have no idea of claiming distinction by the display of their fastidiousness. The fastidiousness so exhibited would be but a symptom of their ease and luxury, which, being themselves notorious, need no indication. But others, who do not possess the cloying gifts of fortune, are proud of pretending to the accompanying disorders, hoping that they will be argued the signs of the envied excesses; and of course, as is the practice

of actors, they overdo their parts, exaggerate the symptoms. My Lord Duke, in *High Life below Stairs*, brags of having the gout; Sir Harry observes apart, "D—n the fellow, he knows he never *ris* above the *rheumatie*." Why do these rascallions pretend to the gout? Because they believe that the gout is set down to the account of good living. Foppery and fastidiousness are for the same reason assumed as indicative of excessive ease and indulgence. But the *bon-vivant*, who really has the gout, makes it no matter of ostentation; and the spoiled child of fortune, who is really fine and fastidious, thinks as little of boasting and parading his disorder. Generally speaking, however, these morbid turns are not common among our nobility, most of whom are much plainer men than their valets and led captains.

In Lord Normanby's novel, *Yes and No*, there is a pleasant analysis of the composition of what are called the fashionable novels of the present day, which have suggested the inquiries of the Examiner:—

" 'Lady Boreton encourages these literary poachers on the manors, or rather *manners* of high life; she gives a sort of right of free chase to all cockney sportsmen to wing one's follies in a double-barrelled duodecimo, or hunt one's eccentricities through a hot-pressed octavo. Not that they are, generally speaking, very formidable shots—they often bring down a different bird from the one they aimed at, and sometimes shut their eyes and blaze away at the whole covey; which last is, after all, the best way. Their coming here to pick out individuals is needless trouble. Do you know the modern recipe for a finished picture of fashionable life? Let a gentlemanly man, with a gentlemanly style, take of foolscap paper a few quires; stuff them well with high-sounding titles—dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, *ad libitum*. Then open the Peerage at random, pick a suppositious author out of one page of it, and fix the imaginary characters upon some of the rest; mix it all up with quantum suff. of puff, and the book is in a second edition before ninety-nine readers out of a hundred have found out the one is as little likely to have written, as the others to have done what is attributed to them.'

" 'How then can Lady Boreton's assistance be of any consequence in a pursuit which seems as free as air?' asked Germain.

" 'Oh! here at least they have an opportunity of observing the cut of one's coat, and the colour of one's hair. For instance: that young gentleman opposite is a self-constituted definer of fashion, in which character he has not only already recorded that a fork, not a knife, should be the active agent in carrying food to the mouth, but has made some more original discoveries, such as, that young ladies should be dieted on the wings of boiled chickens, and fine gentlemen should quaff nought but hock and soda-water; that roast beef is a vulgar horror, and beer an abomination. I will secure his rejection of me upon his next conscription of the fashionable world. Some small beer, pray,' added Fitzalbert, turning round to the servant, and speaking in a peculiarly decided tone of voice. 'So sensitive a soul must be much shocked at much he hears and sees amongst great people, *en domestique*, as he calls it; by which, don't imagine he means *High Life below Stairs*. I hope, however, Lady Jane, that before he next hints a sketch of your sister, Lady Latimer, he will have learnt that she has not red hair, and does not habitually exclaim, Good gracious!'

It is a long time since I read any novel so piquant, so pleasant, so racy, as this production of Lord Normanby. It is full of nice observation and character; the story is interesting, and the style various, and always adapted to the matter. It redeems, ten thousand times over, the *coup-manqué* of *Matilda*, which was poor stuff indeed. There

is as wide an interval of talent, and as short a one of time, between the Matilda and the Yes and No of Lord Normanby, as there was between the Hours of Idleness and the Childe Harold of Lord Byron.

One fault only I find with Yes and No, and that is the treatment which poor Mrs. Captain Wilcox receives at the author's hands. She is painted as a really good and estimable person, and yet she is made the butt of the work, and that merely because her foot and waist are aggrandized beyond the becoming boundaries of female proportions; because her taste in dress is faulty, and her manners are rustic. Lord Normanby is a very young man: when he has lived a little, and a very little, longer in the world, he will feel more sensibly the value of a kind heart, and hold it sacred from contempt, even in imagination. Of talent there is abundance; of personal beauty and grace, too, there is no deficiency; but the right affections how rare and how lovely, though found in connexion with the rudest husks of humanity! Sport with these qualities, on the mere score of the deficiency of less valuable ones, is sport misplaced. Had the ill-used lady in question been a person of pretension, that circumstance would have given jurisdiction to ridicule; but she is not so described, and therefore we must condemn the writer for "an unwarrantable stretch of *authoratorial* power."

19th.—I went last night to Drury Lane to see the pantomime, which with Punch are, now-a-days, the only dramatic entertainments that a sensible man desires to witness, and I had the misfortune also to see the Critic. I say the misfortune, for excellent as the Critic is in itself, it is so played, one-half of it at least, as extremely to exasperate a spectator of an ordinary share of intelligence. The actors, the stupid creatures, absolutely make a set and studied burlesque of the Tragedy Rehearsed, and play it as they would Bombastes Furioso! This was never the intention of Sheridan. The perfection of the ridicule would consist in the very best tragic performance of the piece. If Young, and Ford, and Warde, and all the other first-rate mouters, and mummers, and ranters, were to play their best in it, they would not play it too well; nor need they fear that their finest acting would make the audience lose the sense of the absurdities imagined of the poet. By burlesquing the Tragedy Rehearsed, the wit is in effect quite destroyed. The most perfect play of Shakespear so acted would be ludicrous, and in the extravagances of the actors we altogether lose sight of the extravagances of the author. Burlesque is a kin to irony, and can never be too gravely conducted. It is vain to talk about the matter, however, as the stupidest and most obstinate of all stupid and obstinate creatures are the actors; and it is their way to gild refined gold, throw perfume on the violet.

The pantomime was much to my taste. I extremely relished setting the Babes in the Wood in the new and doubtless true light of a couple of misbegotten overgrown brats, romping, roaring, bouncing, banging, and sprawling about, full of riot and mischief, and prone to black eyes and bloody noses. Mr. Price's idea of a Robin Red Breast is also truly original, both in size and figure. Egad they're whackers. One thing, however, I have to observe, and that is, that they do something with their tails which does not accord with my ideas of propriety: I did not know what was not going to happen to the stage from the threatening

appearance. The Babes make a desperate attempt to catch the Robins, by salting their tails, which is a becoming feature in their pantomimic characters. In the wood scene, too, we see them, innocent little dears! engaged, might and main, in hunting down butterflies, and giving them such cogent slams with their hats. What pleased me most was an excellent battle between two armies of pigmies mounted on birds, headed by the clowns; they fought with delightful fury, and banged each other about to my perfect heart's content. A chimney-sweeper, too, is shot in a manner very satisfactory to the feelings. Pantomimes are the saturnalia which suspend the laws of the humanities, and we delight in seeing in them every kind of atrocity pleasantly perpetrated. Having said thus much about pantomimes, I should think it absolutely treason to cleverness not to quote a delightful essay on the subject, from the Companion of Mr. Leigh Hunt:—

“PANTOMIME.

[This article is not upon the Pantomimes now playing at the two houses, but upon the general spirit of the entertainment so called, and its proper appreciation.]

“He that says he does not like a pantomime, either<sup>s</sup> says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. ‘The child,’ as the poet says, ‘is father to the man;’ and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged thirty-five, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathize with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin’s quips and metamorphoses is to want a perception which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one’s uncle; not to like, or see, a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of sitting up at Christmas; not to sympathize with one’s children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

“Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state. Pantaloon, of the imbecile careflessness of another. The Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin’s mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman, (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter,) but of the inner girl of all the ladies in Italy,—the tender, fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombini*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept it in durance.

“The reader has only to transfer the character to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer, from some particular part of the empire, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye for his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor’s Fool, who loved ‘everything that was good;’ and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe



for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

"Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and fashions, the growth of aldermen, or of top-knots, the pretences of quackery; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change should be too hasty. But this view of it is only for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves now enjoying it. What whim! what fancy! what eternal movement. The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

"In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile; bending himself now this way, now that; bridling up like a pigeon: tipping out his toe like a dancer: then taking a fantastic skip; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy, and lo! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna: for—

"Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is! How void of any handsome infirmity! His very gait is owing to his having lived upon two-pence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look on the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

"He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear from his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, making himself a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram:—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between with a 'Hallo, I say;' and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors: while the clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a gallon cask or a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

"Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with hand against her side, tripping it with no inaneest insolence in a hornpipe; now un-

dulating it in a waltz; or 'caracoling' it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

"But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime; which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognised in the word pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound a *pan-t-o'-mimes*; that is to say, a set of mimes or mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of mimes expressing *pan*, or every-thing, by means of the *toe*,—*pan-toe-mime*. Be this as it may, pantomime is certainly a lively representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere—Pantaloön and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! look at them: they are evidently in full career; they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

"Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty, (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed;) and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their hearts by condemning an entertainment they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense. Let those know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived, (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will,) would have given thousands to feel as they do: and would have known that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it."

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[FROM THE NEW TIMES.]

"There was a newspaper called The Free Press established in February last, which lingered on until July, when it died of what the people in the North (whence its title was borrowed) call a 'wasting.' It died, but its works did not follow it, for there remained behind it a bill of £80*l.* for paper and stamps, due to Messrs. Battye and Co. of Aldersgate-street. The paper was established by Colonel Jones, and two respectable gentlemen—Joseph Hume, Esq. of Greek Bond memory; and the ingenious Mr. Place, the literary small-clothes man, who writes bitter articles on politics and all that, in the Westminster Review.\* The Free Press was to be carried on in a 'bold and uncompromising manner;' but, in order that the literary charger might have a martingale as well as spurs for his guidance, if any libel were inserted in the bold and uncompromising journal, the editor was to forfeit half his salary. Mr. Hume is a clever man—he did not put his name to the bond—he had enough of trouble that way before—he acted under the disguise of a respectable gentleman. Mr. Place was equally provident, but the gallant Colonel, unluckily for himself, allowed his name to be announced, and hence the defeat which Messrs. Battye and Co. sustained in the Common Pleas

\* Mr. Place never wrote a line in the Westminster Review.

yesterday, for it so happened that the colonel was not only a partner with Mr. Hume and Mr. Place, the tailor, and divers others, in the property of The Free Press, but he was also a partner in the house of Battye and Co. citizens and stationers. We have no wish to remark on the manner in which the colonel sought to slip the noose from himself, but it is not unamusing to observe the workings of the master passion in another of the trio, who supported the bold and uncompromising Free Press for four whole months. This calculating gentleman is Mr. Hume, whose character wanted only a few finishing touches of this kind to perfect it."

We happen to know, that last Spring, Mr. Hume was loud in his praise of The Free Press, and recommended it in all quarters as the best weekly journal; but at the time we had of course no suspicion that the *Honourable* Gentleman was interested in the subject of his commendation. In the simplicity of our hearts we placed it to the account of his gratitude, for The Free Press was as full of Joseph as Joseph was full of The Free Press. It was throughout a fulsome business indeed.

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— Mr. Lockhart has written, in an Annual called The Christmas Box, "A History of the late War," apparently with the design of *mystifying* very young children. It is rather too bad for the editor of the Quarterly Review to set his wits thus against babies; but though he may succeed in beguiling the poor innocents with false representations of facts, we are of opinion that their tender understandings will yet enable them to detect his monstrous errors of reasoning. Here is an example in an anecdote of Nelson, a kind of story told of all great men, and believed by none but Quarterly Reviewers and superannuated gossips:—

"When he was a very little boy he once did some very bold thing, and his mother asked him 'If he had no fear?' and the child did not know what she meant when she said this, and answered, *thinking fear was the name of some gentleman*, 'he had never seen Fear! Who is he? I don't know Mr. Fear.'

"This bold spirit continued with him," &c.

Now, a baby of six years of age is competent to correct Mr. Lockhart, and to tell him that the boy's ignorance of the feeling was not to be argued from his ignorance of the name of it. As well might we set down a child for a coward, because in his ignorance of the vocabulary he asked, "Courage! who is he? I don't know Mr. Courage." Supposing the story to be true, which it doubtless is not, the mother of Nelson was speaking an unknown language to her son; and it is a singular confusion of the understanding indeed, which would give to an *explained* ignorance of the meaning of the name, all the honour of a declaration of the ignorance of the thing. This, however, is the Lockhart logic for the use of babes. It is good to begin by adding their tender brains thus, and training them to inconsequences, whence, in proper time, they will come to read the Quarterly without startling. Mr. Lockhart's facts for the instruction of the poor deceived children, are about on a par with his logic. His history is a curious tissue of misrepresentation, and must prepare the young minds admirably for the future more elaborate superstructure of falsehood. He teaches the young idea how to shoot with the long bow.

He gives this account of the fall of Nelson at Trafalgar :—

“ Our admiral wore three stars on his coat that day; and the French noticed the stars, and suspecting it was some great man, set all their sharpshooters to mark at him.”

What foundation is there for this tale ? We believe none whatever. The most authentic accounts say that the shot was a chance shot.

The execution of the Duc D'Enghien was an atrocious proceeding ; and it was quite a surplusage in Mr. Lockhart to attempt to render it more odious by misrepresentations of the circumstances :—

“ I shall mention a few of these horrid actions of Buonaparte. First of all, he happened to hear that a very good young prince, a cousin of the murdered King Louis, was living not far from France ; and though this prince had done him no harm, and though he was living in the country of another sovereign, who had a right to have any body in his country that he liked, Buonaparte determined to send soldiers in the night, and break into the house where the young prince slept, and seize him and carry him into France. The soldiers did as they were bid. They brought the prince to a castle near Paris ; and next night, at twelve o'clock, he was carried down into the ditch of this castle. It was a very dark night : they tied a lanthorn on his breast, and made him stand a few yards from six soldiers, who had their guns ready loaded. They then told him that he was to be shot immediately ; and he perceived that they had put the lanthorn on his breast, that the light of the candle in the lanthorn might serve for a mark to the soldiers. They then offered to cover his eyes with a handkerchief ; but this noble prince was not afraid to look at the men who were ready to shoot him, and he refused to have his eyes bound. The word was given : he fell dead—a grave had been dug in the ditch beforehand ; and here they buried him, just as he fell. This horrid murder made all good men think, that God would not permit Buonaparte to have much more prosperity in the world. Even the French people (most of whom had by this time grown sorry for the murder of King Louis) were shocked beyond measure when they heard of this new cruelty. The murdered prince's name was the Duke of Enghien.”

The Prince *happened to be living not far from France*, and had done Buonaparte no harm !

Ask Mr. Lockhart, my little dears, *why* the Prince *happened* to be living so near France ; and whether it was with any very neighbourly designs to naughty Buonaparte ?

Ask him too, my loves, whether there was any trial of the Prince before his execution ?

Your historian has left it out ; but there was a trial—a mockery of justice certainly ; but a show, or rather a pretence of justice still.

Mr. Lockhart observes—“ This horrid murder made all good men think, that God would not permit Buonaparte to have much more prosperity in the world.”

It would have been quite as discreet to have omitted this thought of all the good men, as it so happened that God did permit Buonaparte to have much more prosperity in the world, notwithstanding the opinion

to the contrary of the most worthy and presuming of his creatures, who shape out the course of Providence according to their own ideas of right, and govern the world in anticipation by a kind of poetic justice.

A third very bad thing Buonaparte did, says Mr. Lockhart, was this: "He invited his friend, Ferdinand of Spain, to come and pay him a visit in France. - - - But one day after dinner, Buonaparte made soldiers come into the dining-room, and seize the King of Spain, and drag him away to prison. *No gentleman* ever did such a thing to his friend or guest," &c.

Think of that, little dears, "no gentleman ever did such a thing!" It was as bad as if he had put his knife to his mouth, or been helped twice to soup, or spoken with his mouth full, or coughed in his goblet, or squirted the washings of his teeth into his finger-glass.

Ask Mr. Lockhart whether it is *gentlemanly* to steal one's friend's fleet out of his harbour; or to bang it about his captain's ears? Very genteel king's do so; and we want to know whether it is reckoned pretty behaviour?

A just representation, or exact account or explanation of any thing, no matter how simple it may be, seems quite impossible to our Nursery Historian. Having told the poor children that Peninsula is a Latin word, meaning *almost island*, he adds—"I mention this, because the war that broke out in this part of the world is commonly called the War of the Peninsula, or the Peninsular War."

Now the babies and sucklings themselves may correct their exact instructor; and tell the editor of the Quarterly Review, that the war in question is not commonly called the War of the Peninsula, or ever so called—but the Peninsular War; and that he should have written the passage thus:—

I mention this because the war that broke out in this part of the world is commonly called the Peninsular War, [then the explanation,] *or*, the War of the Peninsula.

In a matter so simple, there being just a right and a wrong, the one trite in our daily colloquy, the other strange to the ear; it is curious to observe how characteristically the writer has managed to achieve an error.

If Mr. Lockhart were to make mention of our sultry season, he would surely tell little children that, "it is commonly called the days of the dog, or the dog-days."

There is much of habit doubtless in this. There is a habit of truth and exactness in all things, from the grandest to the most minute and insignificant subject; and there is an opposite habit of misrepresentation and misinformation equally comprehensive.

Describing the retreat from Moscow, the Baby Historian says:—

"One night there was only one little cottage where they halted: Buonaparte went into it with some of his generals, while the soldiers lay on the snow without; but he did nothing but roll himself on the mud floor, and curse his ill fortune."

Now my little dears, when you come to hate Buonaparte, as all good little people should hate him, it is right that you should hate him for just causes, of which there is an abundance; therefore do not consider this circumstance of the occupation of the hut as particularly

odious and selfish in Buonaparte, for it is the custom of chiefs and leaders to take excellent care of themselves; and it is right that they should do so indeed, for on them depends the safety of all those whom they command; and if exposed to the hardships of the common soldier, they would be in no condition to discharge the duties of the general. A man who has to construct a wigwam, boil the pot, or keep himself from starving with cold, is in no plight for thought and deliberation. The hut could only be occupied by a very few, and it was right and politic that those few should have it whose intellect was to direct the movement of the rest. It is always prudent to take care of the head in all positions of danger; because if the head is distracted, disordered, or stunned by a blow, we lose the sense which shows us how to take care of the whole of the body. Instinct instructs us to hold up our hands to ward off injuries from the head, and the hands are reconciled to the sacrifice. It is so too with the hands of an army: they do not repine at seeing the brain well provided for, and in a state of superior comfort and ease, which may the better allow of its performing its functions.

For this reason, my good little girls and boys, no soldier thought the worse of Buonaparte for occupying the only hut, while his troops were bivouacking in the wild snow; nor has any historian or writer ever thought the worse of him for this circumstance, or endeavoured to represent it in an odious light, except this Mr. Lockhart, who is a great Quarterly Reviewer, though a very little historian.

His story of Buonaparte's rolling himself on the mud floor, will, I fear, prejudice him more grievously in your tender minds, my loves, than is consistent with justice; for you will say, what Mr. Lockhart must have intended you to think, "Dear, what a naughty man Buonaparte was to spoil his clothes! the nice breeches that the nation gave him, all fouled with clay! For shame on Napoleon!" And I do not know how to satisfy you on this head without interfering with your nurse's precepts, touching the care of your small-clothes, and the avoidance of dirt, except by hinting to you the extreme probability that the story is not true.

When you grow bigger, you will hear of a general whose hounds were plentifully fed on biscuit while his troops wanted bread: and ask Mr. Lockhart then, little dears, whether that extravagance was not more culpable than Napoleon's occupation of the hut in the Russian wastes? If it be bad to prefer the comfort of oneself to that of one's fellow creatures, it is surely still worse to prefer the care of our dogs to that of our fellow men. The British Army too, knew that the full bellies of the commander's hounds had nothing to do with its welfare; but the French army were aware that the repose of their chief was necessary to their guidance through their difficulties.

Here is a representation more flagrantly dishonest—Lord help the innocent children whose minds are in such hands:—

"One night he got himself well wrapped up in furs, and stepped into a carriage, and drove off for Paris as fast as horses could carry him, without giving himself any more concern about his poor soldiers. He excused himself, afterwards, by saying, that it was impossible to get carriages and horses for them all, and that it would have done them

no good to see him stay, and freeze to death along with them. But the truth is, that, by this time, Buonaparte never thought of any thing but himself. When he reached Paris, and found himself once more in his own fine palace, he threw himself into a comfortable arm-chair by the fire side, and said laughing—" *Well, this is a great deal better than Moscow.*"

Ask Mr. Lockhart, my dears, whether Buonaparte did not quit his army at the pressing instance of his chiefs, and after all the greatest sufferings of the army had been undergone? Ask him too, whether the security of Buonaparte was not the best hope of his wrecked forces; and whether he could not make better terms for them in France, and in the seat of his power, then when involved in common with them in the toils of the foe? Ask him this, but do not mind what he tells you. He will talk about the captain's being the last man who should quit the wreck; but if you are more than five years' old, you will perceive that similes are not reasons; and that the argument which applies to the captain of a ship does not apply to the head of the army; for the hostility of winds and waves cannot be managed like that of men. If captains by quitting their wrecked vessels for the shore, could awe the tempest, and lull the winds, they would be fools and traitors to their crews for not doing so, just as quickly as the occasion required. Ships are not armies, however; winds are not men; metaphors are not arguments; and Quarterly Partisans are not reasoners or historians for men or children.

In his account of the battle of Waterloo Mr. Lockhart endeavours to make his poor innocent little readers suppose, that the victory was gained without the Prussians. He represents their appearance as a mere fortunate coincidence, not as the event that gave the turn to the battle

"On both sides thousands of brave men had fallen: but there was this difference in the situation of the two armies—the French were weary with so much charging and retreating, and dispirited by the resistance they had met with: the English, on the other hand, had stood almost in the same places all day; their strength was unbroken; and above all, they had been beating back the French at every charge, and were full of spirits and joy, and only anxious to be permitted to charge the French in their turn.

"The Duke of Wellington saw that the proper moment was at last come. He took off his hat, and led his men forward. The French, when they saw the English advancing, and the duke at their head, began to think it was high time to leave them the field to themselves."

Not a word yet of the advance of the Prussians on the flank, which did make the French soldiers, who are often, unfortunately for their commander, tacticians, think it high time to abandon the contest; and which rendered the charge of the English line practicable. But for the Prussian succours, our troops could never have ventured from their positions.

See, however, the manner in which the Baby Historian manœuvres

the Prussian army after *his* battle (for it is one of his own fabrication) has been won without it:—

“It was very fortunate for us that our allies, the Prussians, had, at this time, so brave and persevering a general as Blucher. That gallant old man, though he had been beaten himself so lately, and had so much to do to restore his soldiers to order and confidence, no sooner heard that Buonaparte and Wellington were engaged, than he marched through the woods to Waterloo, in hopes that he might be in time to take a share in the battle. He had a long and difficult march, and he arrived just when the English were about to make their grand attack on the French.”

But for the appearance of Blucher, the British army would not have advanced an inch from their position. The movement was notoriously not coincident with, but consequent on, the arrival of the Prussians.

Napoleon's treatment in St. Helena is described with the Tiny Historian's customary fidelity of representation.

“Here Buonaparte was lodged in a comfortable house, and *supplied* with friends and servants of his own choosing, and *plenty of money*; and he was at liberty to ride about the island, and spend his time in whatever manner he pleased.”

Add this qualification, my loves, that he was at liberty to ride about the island, subject only to the condition of his being shot by the sentinels if he rode anywhere about the island, where he had not liberty to ride;—that is to say, about nine-tenths of it. *Une douce liberté!* As well might it be said, Jackey, that you have liberty to run anywhere you please about the parish, when you know full well that if you break the bounds of the play-ground you are whipped.

We have thought it worth while to notice Mr. Lockhart's faults as a Nursery Historian, because they are curious as illustrative of the genius and practices of the Quarterly Reviewer, and rather important in respect of the correctness of the early impressions of children. It is certainly more desirable, that young people should imbibe truth than falsehood; and Mr. Lockhart appears in no very gracious light when taking advantage of the tender years of his readers, and deceiving them with all sorts of misrepresentations. He should in generosity have reserved this work for their papas in the Quarterly. We concern ourselves little at seeing a great hulking gentleman in buckskin breeches and top boots, *mystified* by the glosses and flim-flams of a Quarterly Reviewer; but we regard with quite another feeling the deception of a child by its Nursery Historian; and are averse to see the ugly characters of falsehood traced on the pure tablet of its young mind. They may, and will most probably be afterwards cancelled; but learning to unlearn is surely an unprofitable business; and it is better that the first sketch of history submitted to the eye of infancy should be true in all its lines and shading than false.

Our objections are suggested by no affection for the memory of Napoleon Buonaparte, which we respect probably as little as Mr.



Lockhart does ; but simply by our antipathy to a deceit—to conveying false impressions under the pretence of historical facts.

20th. I have often thought that the utmost conceivable depravity of human taste, would not of itself account for the intolerable trash which is sung at our vulgar theatres. The cause is at last explained. It now appears that there is a regular trade established between singers and composers ; and that our performers have their prices for the rubbish with which they fill our ears whenever we are rash enough to venture within reach of their voices.

The Atlas contains this statement:—

“ We have received from a correspondent the copy of a vocal piece in MS. which he states to have been offered by a young composer to a popular singer, ‘ for the purpose of obtaining his vocal aid in making it publicly known.’ The popular singer declined it, unless twenty pounds were paid him for singing it in public. Our correspondent argues—‘ Suppose it well written, and worthy of patronage—it is unknown. Suppose it ill-written—the public would have been bored with it for a certain number of nights.’ ”

In this land of venality, I am not in the least surprised to hear that the singers are paid for singing such songs as they commonly do sing on our stage ; but what astonishes me is, that an unpaid audience will consent to hear them. If a dustman were to say to a confectioner, “ Sir, I will give you a good round sum if you will exhibit my rubbish in your shop as ice cream,” I should not be in the least amazed at the acceptance of the offer, provided it was large enough ; but should certainly marvel at seeing a number of respectable and tasty folks sitting in the shop, and sipping the crunching filth out of delicate little glasses, and commending the flavour, and calling for a second treat.

But it is not in this single instance that the long-suffering gullibility of the audience astonishes me. In our theatres I see nothing so surprising as the public. Theatrical critics are quite wrong in criticising the performance ; they ought to criticise the public. It is the audience that ought to be made ashamed of itself. Let it be proclaimed that they clapped this and encored that, and so forth, and an impression might be made on the beast’s sense of shame, which is, in truth, the only sense it possesses. It is by no means difficult to put the great blatant brute out of conceit with itself. Actors who know it well, always insult it when it is becoming restive, and with the effect of reducing it at once to the most abject acquiescence with their will. Mr. Wallack is famous for kicking the public in a manner which is always well received by it.

The Harmonicon notices the performers’ practice of taking fees for singing rubbish. By the bye, I am glad to see a brother Diarian in this excellent publication, to the able conduct of which I have before borne my humble testimony.

“ 18th. A letter extracted from the Quarterly Musical Review appeared in the Bull of the 9th, attacking those public performers who take a fee from certain pseudo composers, for singing their songs. To-day the editor of the Bull states, that the letter was sent to him as an advertisement ; but defends the practice of such singers, by

saying, Mr. Brougham will not plead a cause without a fee. True—but Mr. Brougham does not get a large salary, and an overflowing benefit, under the implied condition that he will take no brief except he believes it to be a good one. The secret, however, is out; we now know why such trash is often heard. A few friends prudently posted by the composer, assist in cramming the stuff down the throats of an audience, and, *presto!* it appears in print, as an enthusiastically applauded song.”—*Diary of a Dilettante. Harmonicon.*

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### LEIGH HUNT'S LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries: with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By Leigh Hunt. London. Colburn. 1828.

MR. LEIGH HUNT is so naturally prone to unbosom himself to the public, with whom he always in his writings strikes up a friendly confidential intercourse, that previous to the appearance of this work the world was well acquainted with the character of all his friends of public notoriety—with his opinions on all possible topics, and more particularly with his opinion of himself. We looked for, and we have found nothing new in this volume, save that which relates in some way or other to the author's visit to Italy; for since that event in his life he has had little opportunity of communicating with his dear friend, his pensive public, or we should have as little to learn of the latter as of the former part of his life. It is thus that our attention is chiefly attracted to Mr. Hunt's account of Lord Byron; for he, though not entirely a new acquaintance, only became thoroughly well known to him in Italy. Of Moore, Lamb, Campbell, &c., we are familiar with all that the author has said or would repeat for the last or next twenty years. It is a novelty at any rate for one man of genius honestly to give a minute and apparently honest account of the real private character of another: but the privileges of the order to which both parties in fact belong, may excuse the hardihood and the singularity of the scheme. Posterity invariably attempts to rake up every peculiarity or characteristic trait from the memory of every great man; and it is always loudly lamented when neither the investigations of antiquaries nor the researches of ardent admirers can bring to light all that it is wished to discover. Mr. Leigh Hunt has saved posterity any trouble in the case of Lord Byron. We have his portrait here drawn by an acute observer and a shrewd metaphysician, who had the advantage of living with him on terms of intimacy—under the same roof. Cause of complaint seems to have existed between the parties, and the unfortunate death of Mr. Shelley rendered the situation of Mr. Hunt, in relation to Lord Byron, one of peculiar delicacy: we cannot allow that these circumstances could in the mind of Mr. Hunt lead to any wilful misrepresentation; but it is not improbable that they may have lent an unjust interpretation to circumstances meant to be taken otherwise, and it is therefore necessary to state in the outset this caution. Mr. Hunt, too, during their intercourse suffered all the pains of dependance: it is needless to remark how sensitive and captious such a situation is calculated to make a man, who if not proud in the ordinary sense of the word, is proud of the levelling

claims of genius, and who saw with disgust that such claims were not allowed to constitute equality with rank and wealth. Mr. Leigh Hunt's title to entire belief, when due allowance is made to the natural influence of these partly unconscious and secretly operating causes, no one will be hardy enough to deny; and when the denial is made, a look only upon the open, candid, blushing and animated face of the book itself will be sufficient to contradict it. If ever internal evidence was strong enough to quell the very thought of a suspicion, an instance is to be found here.

The portrait will be acknowledged to be one of those which all who do not know the original subject, from the reality of its look, and the force and nature of its impression, will pronounce to be a perfect likeness; and they who did know it would place the question beyond suspicion, unless indeed the picture is too close a resemblance to be flattering, unless, contrary to the usage of artists, it represents deformities as well as beauties. The ravages of the small-pox are never copied in a portrait. Biographies are generally all so much alike, that the changes of a few names and circumstances would make one pass for another. Eulogies deal in generals, and if a foible is confessed, it is commonly one possessed by all mankind. Characters are seldom attempted, except by historians and novelists; in both cases the original dwells only in the author's fancy. Viewed in this light, the character of Lord Byron is perhaps the very first that was ever drawn from life with fidelity and skill; we have him here as his intimate friends knew him—as those who lived with him felt him to be by hourly experience. Now, is this exposure right? a man's private and domestic qualities do not affect the public; it requires only from a man virtues of a different kind—decorum, honour, justice, and such like. The intricacies of temper, the caprices of vanity, the fluctuations of temperament, and all those shades which distinguish one man from another, at bed and board, are matters which do not interfere with the performances of citizenship; these are the qualities according to which the friendship of men, the love of women, the affection and respect of children, are regulated. Shall, then, the public be informed of that which does not concern it; or shall we accuse the publisher of such information of a breach of faith—of a treacherous betrayal of that which is only revealed under the sacred confidence of domestic intercourse? We confess that these fine words fall dead upon our ears. We see no reason that men should not be known as they really are, but many for it; it is the first step to amendment. Had all the published lives and characters been written in their true colours, the world would have been much further advanced in virtue. This hypocrisy in glossing over vice—in smoothing down the roughness and defects of character, is a kind of premium upon the indulgence of evil passion. Though the world may have little to do with the private virtues directly; inasmuch as these constitute by far the greater portion of its aggregate of happiness, there is no more important subject can be discussed before it than the excellencies and failings of eminent individuals. Neither can we discern the treachery spoken of—the treachery which is laid to the charge of Captain Medwin is of a different nature. That gentleman published loose conversations which could only have been uttered under the idea that they would go no further, and certainly not directly to the world,

This is a breach of a tacit agreement; but no man has a right to imply such an agreement regarding the opinions that may be formed of himself; this would be a too convenient veil, of which the worst men would be the readiest to avail themselves. No; it is a question not to be mooted, that if the world can be benefitted by a true portraiture of a man's character without the violation of a direct confidence, or without inflicting pain on the living by drawing their qualities into discussion, it may be done rightly. We have argued the matter generally. The particular case is a peculiarly favourable one. Lord Byron wrote about himself to all the world, and all the world has a right to know whether his account of himself was true. He made his private affairs matters of public notoriety, and in his private dealings confided always in the person next him—showed the most private of his letters—and was guilty of the most remarkable incontinence respecting both himself and others. Having thus despatched our preface, we shall proceed to the easy task of selecting the passages which, in the briefest space, convey Mr. Leigh Hunt's opinion of Lord Byron, and give the best picture of the ways of our popular poet in Italy.

First of all, let us quote a description of the circumstances under which Mr. Hunt's first visit was paid; it quickly introduces us to the members of Lord Byron's family:—

"In a day or two I went to see the noble bard, who was in what the Italians call *villeggiatura* at Monte-Nero; that is to say, enjoying a country-house for the season. I there met with a singular adventure, which seemed to make me free of Italy and stiletto, before I had well set foot in the country. The day was very hot; the road to Monte-Nero was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and when I got there, I found the hottest looking house I ever saw. Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unseasonable of all reds, a salmon colour. Think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun!

"But the greatest of all the heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I had grown so thin. He was dressed in a loose nankeen jacket and white trowsers, his neckcloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person, whom I had known in England.

"He took me into an inner-room, and introduced me to a young lady in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair (which she wore in that fashion) looking as if it streamed in disorder. This was the daughter of Count Gamba, wife of the Cavalière Guiccioli, since known as Madame, or the Countess, Guiccioli—all the children of persons of that rank in Italy bearing the title of their parents. The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned, that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young Count had interfered, and been stabbed. He was very angry; Madame Guiccioli was more so, and would not hear of the charitable comments of Lord Byron, who was for making light of the matter. Indeed there was a look in the business a little formidable; for, though the stab was not much, the inflictor of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch under the portico with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that issued forth. I looked out of window, and met his eye glaring upward, like a tiger. The fellow had a red cap on, like a *sans-culotte*, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre; a proper catiff. Thus, it appeared, the house was in a state of blockade; the nobility and gentry of the interior all kept in a state of impossibility by a rascally footman.

"How long things had continued in this state I cannot say; but the hour was come when Lord Byron and his friends took their evening ride, and the thing was to be put an end to somehow. Fletcher, the valet, had been dispatched for the police, and was not returned. It was wondered, among other things, how I had been suffered to enter the house with impunity. Somebody conceived, that the man might have taken me for one of the constituted authorities; a compliment which few Englishmen would be anxious to deserve, and which I must disclaim any pretensions to. At length we set out, Madame Guiccioli earnestly entreating 'Bairon' to keep back, and all of us waiting to keep in advance of Conte Pietro, who was exasperated. It was a curious moment for a stranger from England. I fancied myself pitched into one of the scenes in 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' with Montini and his tumultuous companions. Every thing was new, foreign and violent. There was the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the '*scelerato*;' the young Count, wounded and threatening; the assassin, waiting for us with his knife; and last, not least, in the novelty, my English friend, metamorphosed, round-looking, and jacketed, trying to damp all this fire with his cool tones, and an air of voluptuous indolence. He had now, however, put on his loose riding-coat of mazarin blue, and his velvet cap, looking more lordly than before, but hardly less foreign. It was an awkward moment for him, not knowing what might happen; but he put a good face on the matter; and as to myself, I was so occupied with the novelty of the scene, that I had not time to be frightened. Forth we issue at the door, all squeezing to have the honour of being the boldest, when a termination is put to the tragedy by the vagabond's throwing himself on a bench, extending his arms, and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaved; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman would conceive it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence; and to crown all, he requested Lord Byron to kiss him.

"The noble lord conceived this excess of charity superfluous. He pardoned him, but said he must not think of remaining in his service; and the man continued weeping, and kissing his hand. I was then amused with seeing the footing on which the gentry and their servants stand with each other in Italy, and the good nature with which the fiercest exhibitions of anger can be followed up. Conte Pietro, a generous good-humoured fellow, accepted the man's hand, and shook it with great good will; and Madame Guiccioli, though unable to subside so quickly from her state of indignant exaltation, looked in relenting sort, as if the pitying state of excitement would be just as good as the other. In fine, she concluded by according the man her grace also, saying my lord had forgiven him. The man was all penitence and wailing, but he was obliged to quit. The police would have forced him, if he had not been dismissed. He left the country, and called in his way on Mr. Shelley, who was shocked at his appearance, and gave him some money out of his very disgust; for he thought nobody would help such a fellow if he did not."—pp. 9—12.

Of the lady here mentioned, and who must now take her station among those celebrated persons to whom the world has always been singularly charitable, the mistresses of poets and painters, a more copious account is given: the hand that paints her portrait is that of a master.

"The way in which the connexion between the young Countess and Lord Byron had originated and was sanctioned, was, I thought, clear enough; but unfortunately it soon became equally clear, that there was no real love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to

hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned that this was impossible; and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him, to the extent that she supposed. I believe she would have taken great pride in the noble bard, if he would have let her; and remained a faithful and affectionate companion as long as he pleased to have her so; but this depended more on his treatment of her and still more on the way in which he conducted himself towards others, than on any positive qualities of his own. On the other hand he was alternately vexed and gratified by her jealousies. His regard being founded solely on her person, and not surviving in the shape of a considerate tenderness, had so degenerated in a short space of time, that if you were startled to hear the lady complain of him as she did, and that too with comparative strangers, you were shocked at the licence which he would allow his criticisms on her. The truth is, as I have said before, that he had never known any thing of love but the animal passion. His poetry had given this its gracefuller aspect, when young; he could believe in the passion of Romeo and Juliet: but the moment he thought he had attained to years of discretion, what with the help of bad companions and a sense of his own merits for want of comparisons to check it, he had made the wise and blessed discovery, that women might love himself though he could not return the passion; and that all women's love, the very best of it, was nothing but vanity. To be able to love a quality for its own sake, exclusive of any reaction upon one's self love, seemed a thing that never entered his head. If, at any time, therefore, he ceased to love a woman's person, and found leisure to detect in her the vanities natural to a flattered beauty, he set no bounds to the light and coarse way in which he would speak to her. There was coarseness in the way in which he would talk to women, even when he was in his best humour with them. I do not mean on the side of voluptuousness, which is rather an excess than a coarseness; the latter being an impertinence, which is the reverse of the former. I have seen him call their attention to circumstances, which made you wish yourself a hundred miles off. They were connected with anything but the graces with which a poet would encircle his Venus. He said to me once of a friend of his, that he had been spoilt by reading Swift. He himself had certainly not escaped the infection.

"What completed the distress of this connexion, with respect to the parties themselves, was his want of generosity in money-matters. The lady was independent of him, and disinterested; and he seemed resolved that she should have every mode but one, of proving that she could remain so. I will not repeat what was said and lamented on this subject. I would not say any thing about it, nor about twenty other matters, but that they hang together more or less, and are connected with the truth of a portrait which it has become necessary to me to paint. It is fortunate that there are some which I can omit. But I am of opinion that no woman could have loved him long. Pride in his celebrity, and the wish not to appear to have been mistaken or undervalued on their own parts, might have kept up an appearance of love, long after it had ceased; but the thing would have gone without doubt, and that very speedily. Love may be kept up in spite of great defects and even great offences—offences too against itself. Lord Byron, out of a certain instinct, was fond of painting this in his poetry. But there are certain deficiencies, which by depriving a passion of the last resources of self-love necessary to every thing human, deny to its last consolation—that of taking pity on itself; and without this, it is not in nature that it should exist. Lord Byron painted his heroes criminal, wilful, even selfish in great things; but he took care not to paint them mean in little ones. He took care also to give them a great quantity of what he was singularly deficient in—which was self-possession: for when it is added, that he had no address, even in the ordinary sense of the word—that he hummed and hawed, and looked confused, on very trivial occasions—that he could much more easily get into a dilemma than out of it, and with much greater skill wound the

self-love of others than relieve them—the most common-place believer's in a poet's attractions will begin to suspect that it is possible for his books to be the best part of him." — — — — —

"Madame Guiccioli, who was at that time about twenty, was handsome and lady-like, with an agreeable manner, and a voice not partaking too much of the Italian fervour to be gentle. She had just enough of it to give her speaking a grace. None of her graces appeared entirely free from art; nor, on the other hand, did they betray enough of it to give you an ill opinion of her sincerity and good humour. I was told, that her Romagnese dialect was observable; but to me, at that time, all Italian in a lady's mouth was Tuscan pearl; and she trolled it over her lip, pure or not, with that sort of conscious grace, which seems to belong to the Italian language as a matter of right. I amused her with speaking bad Italian out of Ariosto, and saying *speme* for *speranza*; in which she goodnaturedly found something pleasant and *pellegrino*; keeping all the while that considerate countenance, for which a foreigner has so much reason to be grateful. Her hair was what the poet has described, or rather *blond*, with an inclination to yellow; a very fair and delicate yellow at all events, and within the limits of the poetical. She had regular features, of the order properly called handsome, in distinction to prettiness or to piquancy; being well proportioned to one another, large rather than otherwise, but without coarseness, and more harmonious than interesting. Her nose was the handsomest of the kind I ever saw; and I have known her both smile very sweetly, and look intelligently, when Lord Byron has said something kind to her. I should not say, however, that she was a very intelligent person. Both her wisdom and her want of wisdom were on the side of her feelings, in which there was doubtless mingled a good deal of the self-love natural to a flattered beauty. She wrote letters in the style of the 'Academy of Compliments'; and made plentiful use, at all times, of those substitutes for address and discourse, which flourished in England at the era of that polite compilation, and are still in full bloom in Italy—

'And evermore

She strew'd a *mi rallegro* after and before.'

In a word, Madame Guiccioli was a kind of buxom parlour-boarder, compressing herself artificially into dignity and elegance, and fancying she walked, in the eyes of the whole world, a heroine by the side of a poet. When I saw her at Monte-Nero, she was in a state of excitement and exaltation, and had really something of this look. At that time also she looked no older than she was; in which respect a rapid and very singular change took place, to the surprise of every body. In the course of a few months she seemed to have lived as many years. It was most likely in that interval that she discovered she had no real hold on the affections of her companion. The portrait of her by Mr. West—

'In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,'

is flattering upon the whole; has a look of greater delicacy than she possessed; but it is also very like, and the studied pretension of the attitude has a moral resemblance. Being a half-length, it shows her to advantage; for the fault of her person was, that her head and bust were hardly sustained by limbs of sufficient length. I take her to have been a good hearted zealous person, capable of being very natural if she had been thrown into natural circumstances, and able to show a companion, whom she was proud of, that good-humoured and grateful attachment, which the most brilliant men, if they were wise enough, would be as happy to secure as a corner in Elysium. But the greater and more selfish the vanity, they less will it tolerate the smallest portion of it in another. Lord Byron saw in the attachment of any female nothing but what the whole sex were prepared to entertain for him; and instead of allowing himself to love and be beloved for the qualities which can only be realized upon intimacy, and which are the only securers at last of all attachments, whether for the illustrious or the obscure, he gave up his

comfort, out of a wretched compliment to his self-love. He enabled this adoring sex to discover, that a great man might be a very small one. It must be owned, however, as the reader will see presently, that Madame Guiccioli did not in the least know how to manage him when he was wrong."—pp. 23—39.

Having thus introduced to the notice of the reader the persons of the drama, we shall proceed to collect the scattered traits which Mr. Hunt detected during his uncomfortable experience of Lord Byron's acquaintance. They are gathered from different parts of the work, and though unconnected, in our idea, complete the picture:—

"He recreated himself in the balcony, or with a book; and at night when I went to bed, he was just thinking of setting to work with Don Juan. His favourite reading was history and travels. I think I am correct in saying that his favourite authors were Bayle and Gibbon. Gibbon was altogether a writer calculated to please him. There was a show in him, and at the same time a tone of the world, a self-complacency and sarcasm, a love of things aristocratical, with a tendency to be liberal on other points of opinion, and to crown all, a splendid success in authorship, and a high and piquant character with the fashionable world, which found a strong sympathy in the bosom of his noble reader. Then, in his private life, Gibbon was a voluptuous recluse; he had given celebrity to a foreign residence, possessed a due sense of the merits of wealth as well as rank; and last, perhaps not least, was no speaker in Parliament. I may add, that the elaborate style of his writing pleased the lover of the artificial in poetry, while the synical turn of his satire amused the genius of Don Juan. And finally, his learning and research supplied the indolent man of letters with the information which he had left at school.

"Lord Byron's collection of books was poor, and consisted chiefly of new ones. I remember little among them but the English works published at Basle, (Kames, Robertson, Watson's History of Philip II., &c.) and new ones occasionally sent him from England. He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakspeare and Milton; 'because,' he said, 'he had been accused of borrowing from them!' He affected to doubt whether Shakspeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it; an extravagance, of which none but a patrician author could have been guilty. However, there was a greater committal of himself at the bottom of this notion than he supposed; and, perhaps, circumstances had really disabled him from having the *proper* idea of Shakspeare, though it could not have fallen so short of the truth as he pretended. Spenser he could not read; at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of the poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the Fairy Queen, and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study window, and said, 'Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see any thing in him:' and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spenser is not very likely; but I really do not think that he saw much. Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. It would have been impossible to persuade him that Sandys's Ovid was better than Addison's and Croxall's. He wanted faith in the interior of poetry to relish it, unpruned and unpopular. Besides, he himself was to be mixed up somehow with every thing, whether to approve it or disapprove. When he found Sandys's Ovid among my books, he said, 'God! what an unpleasant recollection I have of this book! I met with it on my wedding-day; I read it while I was waiting to go to church.' Sandys, who is any thing but an anti-bridal poet, was thenceforward to be nobody but an old fellow who had given him an unpleasant sensation. The only great writer of past times whom he read with avowed satisfaction, was Montaigne, as the reader may see by an article in the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the same article may be seen the reasons why, and the passages that he marked in that author.



Franklin he liked. He respected him for his acquisition of wealth and power; and would have stood in awe, had he known him, of the refined worldliness of his character, and the influence it gave him. Franklin's works and Walter Scott's were among his favourite reading. His liking for such of the modern authors as he preferred in general, was not founded in a compliment to them; but Walter Scott, with his novels, his fashionable repute, and his ill-opinion of the world whom he fell in with, enabled him to enter heartily into his merits, and he read him over and over again with unaffected delight. Sir Walter was his correspondent, and appears to have returned the regard; though, if I remember, the dedication of *The Mystery*, frightened him. They did not hold each other in the less estimation, the one for being a lord and the other a lover of lords; neither did Sir Walter's connexion with the calumniating press of Edinburgh at all shock his noble friend. It added rather 'a fearful joy' to his esteem; carrying with it a look of something 'bloody, bold, and resolute:' at the same time, more resolute than bold, and more death-dealing than either; a sort of available other-man's weapon, which increased the sum of his power, and was a set-off against his character for virtue." - - - - -

"I passed a melancholy time at Albaro, walking about the stony alleys, and thinking of Mr. Shelley. My intercourse with Lord Byron, though less than before, was considerable; and we were always, as the phrase is, 'on good terms.' He knew what I felt, for I said it. I also knew what he thought, for he said that, 'in a manner;' and he was in the habit of giving you a good deal to understand, in what he did not say. In the midst of all his strange conduct, he professed a great personal regard. He would do the most humiliating things, insinuate the bitterest, both of me and my friends, and then affect to do all away with a soft word, protesting that nothing he ever said was meant to apply to myself." - - - - -

"It is a credit to my noble acquaintance, that he was by far the pleasantest when he had got wine in his head. The only time I invited myself to dine with him, I told him I did it on that account, and that I meant to push the bottle so, that he should intoxicate me with his good company. He said he would have a set-to; but he never did it. I believe he was afraid. It was a little before he left Italy; and there was a point in contest between us (not regarding myself) which he thought perhaps I should persuade him to give up. When in his cups, which was not often, nor immoderately, he was inclined to be tender; but not weakly so, nor lachrymose. I know not how it might have been with every body, but he paid me the compliment of being excited to his very best feelings; and when I rose late to go away, he would hold me down, and say with a look of entreaty, 'Not yet.' Then it was that I seemed to talk with the proper natural Byron as he ought to have been; and there was not a sacrifice I could not have made to keep him in that temper, and see his friends love him as much as the world admired. Next morning it was all gone. His intimacy with the worst part of mankind had got him again in its chilling crust; and nothing remained but to despair and joke.

"In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incedon. He was not a good mimic in the detail; but he could give a lively broad sketch; and over his cups his imitations were goodnatured, which was seldom the case at other times. His Incedon was vocal. I made pretensions to the oratorical part; and between us, we boasted that we made up the entire phenomenon. Mr. Mathews would have found it defective; or rather, he would not; for had he been there, we should judiciously have secreted our pretensions, and had the true likeness. We just knew enough of the matter to make proper admirers." - - - - -

"This reminds me of the cunning way in which he has spoken of that passion for money in which he latterly indulged. He says, in one of his most agreeable, off-hand couplets in *Don Juan*, after telling us what a poor inanimate thing life has become for him—

"So for a good old gentlemanly vice,  
I think I shall take up with avarice."

This the public were not to believe. It is a specimen of the artifice noticed in another place. They were to regard it only as a pleasantry, issuing from a generous mouth. However, it was very true. He had already taken up with the vice, as his friends were too well aware; and this couplet was at once to baffle them with a sort of confession, and to secure the public against a suspicion of it. It was curious to see what mastery he suffered the weakest passions to have over him; as if his public fame and abstract superiority were to bear him out privately in every thing. He confessed that he felt jealous of the smallest accomplishments. The meaning of this was, that supposing every one else, in all probability, to feel so, you were to give him credit for being candid on a point which others concealed; or if they were not, the confession was to strike you as a piece of extraordinary acknowledgment on the part of a great man. The whole truth of the matter was to be found in the indiscriminate admiration he received. Those who knew him, took him at his word. They thought him so little above the weakness, that they did not care to exhibit any such accomplishment before him. We have been told of authors who were jealous even of beautiful women, because they divided attention. I do not think Lord Byron would have entertained a jealousy of this sort. He would have thought the women too much occupied with himself. But he would infallibly have been jealous, had the beautiful woman been a wit, or drawn a circle round her pianoforte. With men I have seen him hold the most childlike contest for superiority; so childish that had it been possible for him to divest himself of a sense of his pretensions and public character, they would have exhibited something of the conciliating simplicity of Goldsmith. He would then lay imaginary wagers; and in a style which you would not have looked for in high life, thrust out his chin, and give knowing, self-estimating nods of the head, half nod and half shake, such as boys playing at chuck-farthing give, when they say, 'Come; I'll tell you what now.' A fat dandy who came upon us at Genoa, and pretended to be younger than he was, and to wear his own hair, discomposed him for the day. He declaimed against him in so deploring a tone, and uttered the word 'wig' so often, that my two eldest boys, who were in the next room, were obliged to stifle their laughter." - - - - -

"His love of notoriety was superior even to his love of money; which is giving the highest idea that can be entertained of it. But he was extremely anxious to make them go hand in hand. At one time he dashed away in England and got into debt, because he thought expense became him; but he looked to retrieving all this, and more, by marrying a fortune. When Shelley lived near him in Switzerland, he appeared to be really generous, because he had a generous man for his admirer, and one whose influence he felt extremely. Besides, Mr. Shelley had money himself, or the expectation of it; and he respected him the more, and was anxious to look well in his eyes, on that account. In Italy, where a different mode of life, and the success of Beppo and Don Juan, had made him conclude that the romantic character was not necessary to fame, he shocked his companion one day, on renewing their intimacy, by asking him, whether he did not feel a real respect for a wealthy man, or, at least, a greater respect for the rich man of the company, than for any other? Mr. Shelley gave him what Napoleon would have called 'a superb no.' It is true, the same question might have been put at random to a hundred Englishmen; and all, if they were honest, might have answered 'Yes;' but these would have come from the middling ranks, where the possession of wealth is associated with the idea of cleverness and industry. Among the privileged orders, where riches are inherited, the estimation is much more equivocal, the richest man there being often the idlest and stupidest. But Mr. Shelley had as little respect for the possession or accumulation of wealth under any circumstances, as Lord Byron had the reverse; and he would give away hundreds with as much zeal for another man's comfort, as the noble lord would willingly save a guinea even in securing his pleasures. Perhaps, at one period of his residence there, no man in Italy,

certainly no Englishman, ever contrived to practice more rakery and economy at one and the same time. Italian women are not averse to accepting presents, or any other mark of kindness; but they can do without them, and his lordship put them to the test. Presents, by way of showing his gratitude, or as another mode of interchanging delight and kindness between friends, he had long ceased to make. I doubt whether his fair friend, Madame Guiccioli, ever received so much as a ring or a shawl from him. It is true she did not require it. She was happy to show her disinterestedness in all points unconnected with the pride of her attachment; and I have as little doubt, that he would assign this as a reason for his conduct, and say he was as happy to let her prove it. But to be a poet and a wit, and to have had a liberal education, and write about love and lavishment, and not to find it in his heart, after all; to be able to put a friend and a woman upon a footing of graceful comfort with him in so poor a thing as a money matter—these were the sides of his character, in which love, as well as greatness, found him wanting, and in which he could discern no relief to its wounded self-respect, but at the risk of a greater mortification. The love of money, the pleasure of receiving it, even the gratitude he evinced when it was saved him, had not taught him the only virtue upon which lovers of money usually found their claims to a good construction:—he did not like paying a debt, and would undergo pestering and pursuit to avoid it. ‘But what,’ cries the reader, ‘becomes then of the stories of his making presents of money and manuscripts, and his not caring for the profits of his writings, and his giving 10,000*l.* to the Greeks? He did care for the profits of what he wrote, and he reaped a great deal: but, as I have observed before, he cared for celebrity still more; and his presents, such as they were, were judiciously made to that end. ‘Good heavens!’ said a fair friend to me the other day, who knew him well—if he had but foreseen that you would have given the world an account of him! What would he not have done to cut a figure in your eyes!’ As to the Greeks, the *present* of 10,000*l.* was first of all well trumpeted to the world: it then became a *loan* of 10,000*l.*; then a loan of 6,000*l.*; and he told me, in one of his incontinent fits of communication and knowingness, that he did not think he should ‘*get off*’ under 4000*l.*’ I know not how much was lent after all; but I have been told, that good security was taken for it: and I was informed the other day, that the whole money had been repaid. He was so jealous of your being easy upon the remotest points connected with property, that if he saw you ungrudging even upon so small a tax on your liberality as the lending of books, he would not the less fidget and worry you in lending his own. He contrived to let you feel that you had got them, and would insinuate that you had treated them carelessly, though he did not scruple to make marks and dogs’-ears in your’s. O Truth! what scrapes of portraiture have you not got me into.” - - - - -

“If Lord Byron had been a man of address, he would have been a kinder man. He never heartily forgave either you or himself for his deficiency on this point; and hence a good deal of his ill-temper, and his carelessness of your feelings. By any means, fair or foul, he was to make up for the disadvantage; and with all his exaction of conventional propriety from others, he could set it at nought in his own conduct in the most remarkable manner. He had an incontinence, I believe unique, in talking of his affairs, and showing you other people’s letters. He would even make you presents of them; and I have accepted one or two that they might go no farther. But I have mentioned this before. If his five hundred confidants, by a retinence as remarkable as his laxity, had not kept his secrets better than he did himself, the very devil might have been played with I know not how many people. But there was always this saving reflection to be made, that the man who could be guilty of such extravagancies for the sake of making an impression, might be guilty of exaggerating or inventing what astonished you; and indeed, though he was a speaker of the truth on ordinary occasions—that is to say, he did not tell you he had seen a dozen horses, when he had only seen

two—yet, as he professed not to value the truth when in the way of his advantage (and there was nothing he thought more to his advantage than making you stare at him), the persons who are liable to suffer from this incontinence had all the right in the world to the benefit of this consideration.

“His superstition was remarkable. I do not mean in the ordinary sense, because it was superstition, but because it was petty and old womanish. He believed in the ill-luck of Fridays, and was seriously disconcerted if any thing was to be done on that frightful day of the week. Had he been a Roman, he would have startled at crows, while he made a jest of augurs. He used to tell a story of somebody's meeting him, while in Italy, in St. James's-street. The least and most childish of superstitions may, it is true, find subtle corners of warrant in the greatest minds; but as the highest pictures in Lord Byron's poetry were imitations, so in the smallest of his personal superstitions he was maintained by something not his own. His turn of mind was material egotism, and some remarkable experiences had given it a compulsory twist the other way: but it never grew kindly or loftily in that quarter. Hence his taking refuge from uneasy thoughts, in sarcasm, and trifling, and notoriety. What there is of a good-natured philosophy in *Don Juan*, was not foreign to his wishes; but it was the commonplace of the age, repeated with an air of discovery by the noble Lord, and as ready to be thrown in the teeth of those from whom he took it, provided any body laughed at them. His soul might well have been met in St. James's-street, for in the remotest of his poetical solitudes it was there. As to those who attribute the superstition of men of letters to infidelity, and then object to it for being inconsistent, because it is credulous, there is no greater inconsistency than their own; for as it is the very essence of infidelity to doubt, so according to the nature it inhabits, it may as well doubt whether such and such things do not exist, as whether they do: whereas, on the other hand, belief in particular dogmas, by the very nature of its tie, is precluded from this uncertainty, perhaps at the expense of being more foolishly certain.

“It has been thought by some, that there was madness in his composition. He himself talked sometimes as if he feared it would come upon him. It was difficult, in his most serious moments, to separate what he spoke out of conviction, and what he said for effect. In moments of ill-health, especially when jaded and over-wrought by the united effects of composition, and drinking, and sitting up, he might have had nervous misgivings to that effect, as most people perhaps are accustomed to have, than choose to talk about it. But I never saw any thing more mad in his conduct, than what I have just been speaking of; and there was enough in the nature of his position to account for extravagancies in him, that would not have attained to that head under other circumstances. If every extravagance of which men are guilty, were to be pronounced madness, the world would be nothing but the Bedlam, which some have called it, and then the greatest madness of all would be the greatest rationality, which, according to others, it is. There is no end to these desperate modes of settling and unsettling every thing at a jerk. There was great perversity and self-will in Lord Byron's composition. It arose from causes which it would do honour to the world's rationality to consider a little closer, and of which I shall speak presently. This it was, together with extravagant homage paid him, that pampered into so regal a size every inclination which he chose gave way to. But he did not take a hawk for a handsaw; nor will the world think him deficient in brain. Perhaps he may be said to have had something, in little, of the madness which was brought upon the Roman emperors in great. His real pretensions were mixed up with imaginary ones, and circumstances contributed to give the whole a power, or at least a presence in the eyes of men, which his temperament was too feeble to manage properly. But it is not in the light of a madman that the world will ever seriously consider a man whose productions delight them, and whom they place in the rank of contributors to the stock of wit. It is not as the madmen witty, but as the wit injured by circum-

stances considered to be rational, that Lord Byron is to be regarded. If his wit indeed would not have existed without these circumstances, then it would only show us that the perversest things have a tendency to right themselves, or produce their ultimate downfall: and so far I would as little deny that his lordship had a spice of madness in him, as I deny that he had not every excuse for what was unpleasant in his composition; which was none of his own making. So far, also, I would admit that a great part of the world are as mad as some have declared all the rest to be; that is to say, that although they are rational enough to perform the common offices of life, and even to persuade the rest of mankind that their pursuits and passions are what they should be, they are in reality but half rational beings, contradicted in the very outset of existence, and dimly struggling through life with the perplexity sown within them.

"To explain myself very freely, I look upon Lord Byron as an excessive instance of what we see in hundreds of cases every day; namely, of the unhappy consequences of a parentage that ought never to have existed—of the perverse and indiscordant humours of those who were the authors of his being. His father was a rake of the wildest description; his mother a violent woman, very unfit to improve the offspring of such a person. She would vent her spleen by loading her child with reproaches; and add, by way of securing their bad effect, that he would be as great a reprobate as his father. Thus did his parents embitter his nature; thus they embittered his memory of them, contradicted his beauty with deformity, and completed the mischances of his existence. Perhaps both of them had a goodness at heart, which had been equally perplexed. It is not that individuals are to blame, or that human nature is bad; but that experience has not yet made it wise enough. Animal beauty they had at least a sense of. In this our poet was conceived: but contradiction of all sorts was superadded, and he was born handsome, wilful, and lame. A happy childhood might have corrected his evil tendencies, but he had it not; and the upshot was that he spent an uneasy, over-excited life, and that society have got an amusing book or two by his misfortunes. The books may even help to counteract the spreading of such a misfortune; and so far it may be better for society that he lived. But this is a rare case. 'Thousands of such mistakes are round about us, with nothing to show for them but complaint and unhappiness.

"Lord Byron's face was handsome; eminently so in some respects. He had a mouth and chin fit for Apollo; and when I first knew him, there were both lightness and energy all over his aspect. But his countenance did not improve with age, and there were always some defects in it. The jaw was too big for the upper part. It had all the wilfulness of a despot in it. The animal predominated over the intellectual part of his head, inasmuch as the face altogether was large in proportion to the skull. The eyes also were set too near one another; and the nose, though handsome in itself, had the appearance, when you saw it closely in front, of being grafted on the face, rather than growing properly out of it. His person was very handsome, though terminating in lameness, and tending to fat and effeminacy; which makes me remember what a hostile fair one objected to him, namely, that he had little beard; a fault which, on the other hand, was thought by another lady, not hostile, to add to the divinity of his aspect—*imberbis Apollo*. His lameness was only in one foot, the left; and it was so little visible to casual notice, that as he lounged about a room (which he did in such a manner as to screen it) it was hardly perceivable. But it was a real and even a sore lameness. Much walking upon it fevered and hurt it. It was a shrunken foot, a little twisted. This defect unquestionably mortified him exceedingly, and helped to put sarcasm and misanthropy into his taste of life. Unfortunately the usual thoughtlessness of schoolboys made him feel it bitterly at Harrow. He would wake and find his leg in a tub of water. The reader will see how he felt it whenever it was libelled; and in Italy, the only time I ever knew it mentioned, he did not like the subject, and hastened to change

it. His handsome person, so far rendered the misfortune greater, as it pictured to him all the occasions on which he might have figure in the eyes of company; and doubtless this was a great reason, why he had no better address. On the other hand, instead of losing him any real regard or admiration, his lameness gave a touching character to both. Certainly no reader would have liked him, or woman loved him, the less, for the thought of this single contrast to his superiority. But the very defect had taught him to be impatient with deficiency. Good God! when I think of these things, and of the common weaknesses of society, as at present constituted, I feel as if I could shed tears over the most willing of my resentments, much more over the most unwilling, and such as I never intended to speak of; nor could any thing have induced me to give a portrait of Lord Byron and his infirmities, if I had not been able to say at the end of it, that his faults were not his own, and that we must seek the causes of them in mistakes common to us all. What is delightful to us in his writings will still remain so, if we are wise; and what ought not to be, will not only cease to be perilous, but be useful. Faults which arise from an exuberant sociality, like those of Burns, may safely be left to themselves. They at once explain themselves by their natural candour, and carry an advantage with them; because any thing is advantageous in the long run to society, which tends to break up their selfishness. But doctrines, or half-doctrines, or whatever else they may be, which tend to throw individuals upon themselves, and overcast them at the same time with scorn and alienation, it is as well to see traced to their sources. In comparing notes, humanity gets wise; and certainly the wiser it gets, it will not be the less modest or humane, whether it has to find fault, or to criticise the fault-finder." - - - - -

"Lord Byron had no conversation, properly speaking. He could not interchange ideas or information with you, as a man of letters is expected to do. His thoughts required the concentration of silence and study to bring them to a head; and they deposited the amount in the shape of a stanza. His acquaintance with books was very circumscribed. The same personal experience, however, upon which he very properly drew for his authorship, might have rendered him a companion more interesting by far than men who could talk better: and the great reason why his conversation disappointed you was, not that he had not any thing to talk about, but that he was haunted with a perpetual affectation, and could not talk sincerely. It was by fits only that he spoke with any gravity, or made his extraordinary disclosures; and at no time did you well know what to believe. The rest was all quip and crank, not of the pleasantest kind, and equally distant from simplicity or wit. The best thing to say of it was, that he knew playfulness to be consistent with greatness; and the worst, that he thought every thing in him was great, even to his vulgarities.

"Mr. Shelley said of him, that he never made you laugh to your own content. This, however, was said latterly, after my friend had been disappointed by a close intimacy. Mr. Shelley's opinion of his natural powers in every respect was great; and there is reason to believe, that Lord Byron never talked with any man, to so much purpose as he did with him. He looked upon him as his most admiring listener; and probably was never less under the influence of affectation. If he could have got rid of this and his title, he would have talked like a man; not like a mere man of the town, or a great spoiled schoolboy. It is not to be concluded that his jokes were not now and then very happy, or that admirers of his lordship, who paid him visits, did not often go away more admiring. I am speaking of his conversation in general, and of the impression it made upon you, compared with what was to be expected from a man of wit and experience.

"He had a delicate white hand, of which he was proud; and he attracted attention to it by rings. He thought a hand of this description almost the only mark remaining now-a-days of a gentleman; of which it certainly is not, nor of a lady either; though a coarse one implies handiwork. He

often appeared holding a handkerchief, upon which his jewelled fingers lay imbedded as in a picture. He was as fond of fine linen as a quaker; and had the remnant of his hair oiled and trimmed with all the anxiety of a Sardanapalus.

"The visible character to which this effeminacy gave rise, appears to have indicated itself as early as his travels in the Levant, where the Grand Signior is said to have taken him for a woman in disguise. But he had tastes of a more masculine description. He was fond of swimming to the last; and used to push out to a good distance in the Gulf of Genoa. He was also, as I have before-mentioned, a good horseman; and he liked to have a great dog or two about him, which is not a habit observable in timid men. Yet I doubt greatly whether he was a man of courage. I suspect that personal anxiety, coming upon a constitution unwisely treated, had no small hand in hastening his death in Greece.

"The story of his bold behaviour at sea in a voyage to Sicily, and of Mr. Shelley's timidity, is just reversing what I conceive would have been the real state of the matter, had the voyage taken place. The account is an impudent fiction. Nevertheless, he volunteered voyages by sea, when he might have eschewed them; and yet the same man never got into a coach without being afraid. In short he was the contradiction his father and mother had made him. To lump together some more of his personal habits in the style of Old Aubrey, he spelt affectedly, swore somewhat, had the Northumbrian burr in his speech, did not like to see women eat, and would merrily say that he had another reason for not liking to dine with them; which was, that they always had the wings of the chicken.

"For the rest—

'Ask you, why Byron broke through every rule?

'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.' "

Pages 44—92.

Mr. Hunt enters into an examination of the various publications which have been broached on the subject of Lord Byron's life and character; and as he condescends to criticise some very paltry performances, we are surprised that he did not bestow some attention on a paper which formerly appeared in this magazine (for October, 1824). It is the only sketch that has been written in the same spirit as his own; and since it remarkably coincides in all leading points with the view above given, may be considered a confirmation of its truth. This sketch appeared soon after Lord Byron's death, and attracted much attention at the time, it having been copied from our pages into almost every other journal of the day. It was thought much too true, much too unceremonious, and the very reverse of sentimental, the tone into which the nation struck after the death of this remarkable person.

Hitherto we have spoken of Lord Byron, and he is enough for one paper; nevertheless the reader will find much matter for agreeable contemplation in the other portraits, but most particularly that which has the *se ipse pinxit* at its foot. One of the cleverest sketches of character we remember is that of Mr. Leigh Hunt's father, the Rev. Isaac Hunt, originally a barrister in America, then a fugitive loyalist, and afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England, who lost a bishopric by his too social qualities. From the account of Mr. Leigh Hunt's voyage to Italy, we shall make a long but final extract. It is one of the most amusing, as well as natural descriptions of a sea voyage, by a landsman, and would contrast well with one of Mr. Cooper's vigorous sketches of the same scenes, as viewed by a skilful and daring seaman:—

"Our vessel was a small brig of a hundred and twenty tons burden, a good tight sea-boat, nothing more. Its cargo consisted of sugar; but it took in also a surreptitious stock of gunpowder, to the amount of fifty barrels, which was destined for Greece. Of this intention we knew nothing, till the barrels were sent on board from a place up the river: otherwise, so touchy a companion would have been objected to; my wife, who was in a shattered state of health, never ceased to entertain apprehensions on account of it, except when the storms that came upon us presented a more obvious peril. There were nine men to the crew, including the mate. We numbered as many souls, though with smaller bodies, in the cabin, which we had entirely to ourselves; as well we might, for it was small enough. On the afternoon of the 15th of November (1821), we took leave of some dear friends, who accompanied us on board; and next morning we were awakened by the motion of the vessel, making its way through the shipping in the river. The new life in which we thus, as it were, found ourselves enclosed, the clanking of iron, and the cheering cries of the seamen, together with the natural vivacity of the time of day, presented something animating to our feelings; but while we thus moved off, not without encouragement, we felt that the friend whom we were going to see was at a great distance, while others were very near, whose hands it would be a long while before we should touch again, perhaps never. We hastened to get up and busy ourselves; and great as well as small found a novel diversion in the spectacle that presented itself from the deck, our vessel treading its way through the others with gliding bulk.

"The next day it blew strong from the south-east, and even in the river (the navigation of which is not easy) we had a foretaste of the alarms and bad weather that awaited us at sea. The pilot, whom we had taken in over-night, (and who was a jovial fellow with a whistle like a blackbird, which, in spite of the dislike that sailors have to whistling, he was always indulging,) thought it prudent to remain at anchor till two in the afternoon; and at six, a vessel meeting us, carried away the jib-boom, and broke in one of the bulwarks. My wife, who had a respite from the most alarming part of her illness, and whom it was supposed that a sea-voyage, even in winter, might benefit, again expectorated blood with the fright; and I began to regret that I had brought my family into this trouble.—Even in the river we had a foretaste of the sea; and the curse of being at sea to a landsman is, that you know nothing of what is going forward, and can take no active part in getting rid of your fears, or in 'lending a hand.' The business of these small vessels is not carried on with the orderliness and tranquillity of greater ones, or of men-of-war. The crew are not very wise; the captain does not know how to make them so; the storm roars; the vessel pitches and reels; the captain, over your head stamps and swears, and announces all sorts of catastrophes. Think of a family hearing all this, and parents in alarm for their children!

"On Monday, the 19th, we passed the Nore, and proceeded down Channel amidst rains and squalls. We were now out at sea; and a rough taste we had of it. I had been three times in the Channel before, once in hard weather; but I was then a bachelor, and had only myself to think of. Let the reader picture to his imagination the little back-parlour of one of the shops in Fleet-street or the Strand, attached or let into a great moving vehicle, and tumbling about the waves from side to side, now sending all the things that are loose, this way, and now that. This will give him an idea of a cabin at sea, such as we occupied. It had a table fastened down in the middle; places let into the wall on each side, one over the other, to hold beds; a short, wide, sloping window, carried off over a bulk, and looking out to sea; a bench, or locker, running under the bulk from one side of the cabin to the other; and a little fire-place opposite, in which it was impossible to keep a fire on account of the wind. The weather, at the same time, was bitterly cold, as well as wet. On one side the fire-place was the door, and on the other a door leading into a petty closet dignified with the title of the state-room. In this room



we put our servant, the captain sleeping in another closet outside. The births were occupied by the children, and my wife and myself lay, as long as we could manage to do so, on the floor. Such was the trim, with boisterous wet weather, cold days, and long evenings, on which we set out on our sea-adventure.

"At six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, we came to in the Downs, in a line with Sandown castle. The wind during the night increasing to a gale, the vessel pitched and laboured considerably; and the whole of the next day it blew a strong gale, with hard squalls from the westward. The day after the weather continuing bad, the captain thought proper to run for Ramsgate, and took a pilot for that purpose. Captains of vessels are very unwilling to put into harbour, on account of the payment they have to make, and the necessity of supporting the crew for nothing while they remain. Many vessels no doubt are lost on this account; and a wonder is naturally expressed, that men can persist in putting their lives in jeopardy in order to save a few pounds. But when we come to know what a seaman's life is, we see that nothing but the strongest love of gain (whether accompanied or not by the love of spending) could induce a man to take a voyage at all; and he is naturally anxious to save, what he looks upon as the only tangible proof, that he is not the greatest fool in existence. His life, he thinks, is in God's keeping; but his money is in his own. To be sure, a captain who has been to sea fifty times, and has got rich by it, will go again, storms or vows to the contrary notwithstanding, because he does not know what to do with himself on shore; but unless he had the hope of adding to his stock, he would blunder into some other way of business, rather than go, as he would think, for nothing. Occupation is his real necessity, as it is that of other money-getters: but the mode of it without the visible advantage, he would assuredly give up. I never met with a seaman (and I have put the question to several) who did not own to me, that he hated his profession. One of them, a brave and rough subject, told me, that there was not a 'pickle' of a midshipman, not absolutely a fool, who would not confess that he had rather eschew a second voyage, if he had but the courage to make the avowal.

"I know not what the Deal pilot, whom we took on board in the Downs, thought upon this point; but if ever there was a bold fellow it was he; and yet he could eye a squall with a grave look. I speak not so much from what he had to do on the present occasion, though it was a nice business to get us into Ramsgate harbour: but he had the habit of courage in his face, and was altogether one of the most interesting-looking persons I have seen. The Deal boatmen are a well-known race, revered for their matchless intrepidity, and the lives they have saved. Two of them came on board the day before, giving opinions of the weather, which the captain was loth to take, and at the same time insinuating some little contraband notions, which he took better. I thought how little these notions injured the fine manly cast of their countenances, than which nothing could be more self-possessed and even innocent. They seemed to understand the first principles of the thing, without the necessity of inquiring into it; their useful and noble lives standing them instead of the pettier ties and sophisms of the interested. Our pilot was a prince, even of his race. He was a tall man in a kind of frock-coat, thin but powerful, with high features, and an expression of countenance fit for an Argonaut. When he took the rudder in hand, and stood alone, guiding the vessel towards the harbour, the crew being all busied at a distance from him, and the captain as usual at his direction, he happened to put himself into an attitude the most graceful as well as commanding conceivable; and a new squall coming up in the horizon, just as we were going to turn in, he gave it a look of lofty sullenness, threat, as it were, for threat,—which was the most magnificent aspect of resolution I ever beheld. Experience and valour assumed their rights, and put themselves on a par with danger. In we turned, to the admiration of the spectators who had come down to the pier, and to the satisfaction of all on board, except the poor captain, who, though it was his own doing, seemed, while gallantly congratulating the

lady, to be eyeing, with sidelong pathos, the money that was departing from him.

"We stopped, for a change of weather, nearly three weeks at Ramsgate, where we had visits from more than one London friend, to whom I only wish we could give a tenth part of the consolation when they are in trouble, which they afforded us. At Ramsgate I picked up Condorcet's *View of the Progress of Society*, which I read with a transport of gratitude to the author, though it had not entered so deeply into the matter as I supposed. But the very power to persevere in hopes for mankind, at a time of life when individuals are in the habit of reconciling their selfishness and fatigue by choosing to think ill of them, is a great good in any man, and achieves a great good if it act only upon one other person. A few such instances of perseverance would alter the world. For some days we remained on board, as it was hoped that we should set sail again. Ramsgate harbour is very shallow; and though we lay in the deepest part of it, the vessel took to a new and ludicrous species of dance, grinding and thumping upon the chalky ground. The consequence was, that the metal pintles of the rudder were all broken, and new ones obliged to be made; which the sailors told us was very lucky, as it proved the rudder not to be in good condition, and it might have deserted us at sea. We lay next a French vessel, smaller than our own, the crew of which became amusing subjects of remark. They were always whistling, singing, and joking. The men shaved themselves elaborately, and cultivated heroic whiskers; strutting up and down when at leisure, with their arms folded and the air of naval officers. A woman or two, with 'kerchiefs and little curls, completed the picture. They all seemed very merry and good-humoured. At length, tired of waiting on board, we took a quiet lodging at the other end of the town, and were pleased to find ourselves sitting still, and secure of a good rest at night. It is something, after being at sea, to find oneself not running the fork in one's eye at dinner, or suddenly sliding down the floor to the other end of the room. My wife was in a very weak state; but the rest she took was deep and tranquil, and I resumed my walks. Few of the principal bathing-places have any thing worth looking at in the neighbourhood, and Ramsgate has less than most. Pegwell Bay is eminent for shrimps. Close by is Sir William Garrow, and a little farther on is Sir William Curtis. The sea is a grand sight, but it becomes tiresome and melancholy,—a great monotonous idea. I was destined to see it grander, and dislike it more.

"On Tuesday the 11th of December, we set forth again, in company with nearly a hundred vessels; the white sails as they shifted and presented themselves in different quarters, made an agreeable spectacle, exhibiting a kind of noble minuet. My wife was obliged to be carried down to the pier in a sedan; and the taking leave a second time of a dear friend rendered our new departure a melancholy one. I would have stopped and waited for summer-time, had not circumstances rendered it advisable for us to persevere; and my wife herself fully agreed with me, and even hoped for benefit, as well as a change of weather. Unfortunately, the promise to that effect lasted us but a day. The winds recommenced the day following, and there ensued such a continuity and vehemence of bad weather as rendered the winter of 1821 memorable in the shipping annals. It strewed the whole of the north-western coasts of Europe with wrecks. The reader may remember that winter: it was the one in which Mount Hecla burst out again into flame, and Dungeness lighthouse was struck with lightning. The mole at Genoa was dilapidated. Next year there were between fourteen and fifteen thousand sail less upon Lloyd's books; which, valued at an average at £1500, made a loss of two millions of money:—the least of all the losses, considering the feelings of survivors. Fifteen hundred sail, (soldiers,) were wrecked on the single coast of Jutland.

"Of this turmoil we were destined to have a sufficient experience; and I will endeavour to give the reader a taste of it, as he sits comfortably in his arm-chair. He has seen what sort of cabin we occupied. I will now speak

of the crew and their mode of living, and what sort of trouble we partook in common. He may encounter it himself afterwards if he pleases, and it may do him good; but again I exhort him not to think of taking a family with him.

"Our captain, who was also proprietor of the vessel, had been master of a man-of-war, and was more refined in his manners than captains of small merchantmen are used to be. He was a clever seaman, or he would not have occupied his former post; and I dare say he conducted us well up and down Channel. The crew when they were exhausted, accused him of a wish of keeping us out at sea, to save charges,—perhaps unjustly; for he became so alarmed himself, or was so little able to enter into the alarms of others, that he would openly express his fears before my wife and children. He was a man of connexions superior to his calling; and the consciousness of this, together with success in life, and a good complexion and set of features which he had in his time, rendered him, though he was getting old, a bit of a coxcomb. When he undertook to be agreeable, he assumed a cleaner dress, and a fidgetty sort of effeminacy, which contrasted very ludicrously with his old clothes and his doleful roughness during a storm. While it was foul weather, he was roaring and swearing at the men like a proper captain of a brig, and then grumbling and saying, 'Lord bless us and save us!' in the cabin. If a glimpse of promise re-appeared, he put on a coat and aspect to correspond, was constantly putting compliments to the lady, and telling stories of other fair passengers whom he had conveyed charmingly to their destination. He wore powder; but this not being sufficient always to conceal the colour of his hair, he told us it had turned grey when he was a youth, from excessive fright in being left upon a rock. This confession made me conclude that he was a brave man, in spite of his exclamations. I saw him among his kindred, and he appeared to be an object of interest to some respectable maiden sisters, whom he treated kindly, and for whom all the money, perhaps, that he scraped together, was intended. He was chary of his 'best biscuit,' but fond of children; and was inclined to take me for a Jonah for not reading the Bible, while he made love to the maid-servant. Of such incongruities are people made, from the great captain to the small!

"Our mate was a tall handsome young man, with a countenance of great refinement for a seaman. He was of the humblest origin; yet a certain gentility was natural in him, as he proved by a hundred little circumstances of attention to the women and children, when consolation was wanted, though he did not do it ostentatiously or with melancholy. If a child was afraid, he endeavoured to amuse him with stories. If the women asked him anxiously how things were going on, he gave them a cheerful answer; and he contrived to show by his manner that he did not do so in order to make a show of his courage at their expense. He was attentive without officiousness, and cheerful with quiet. The only fault I saw in him, was a tendency to lord it over a Genoese boy, an apprentice to the captain, who seemed ashamed of being among the crew, and perhaps gave himself airs. But a little tyranny will creep into the best natures, if not informed enough, under the guise of a manly superiority, as may be seen so often in upper boys at school. The little Genoese was handsome, and had the fine eyes of the Italians. Seeing he was a foreigner, when we first went on board, we asked him whether he was not an Italian. He said no, he was a Genoese. It is the Lombards, I believe, that are more particularly understood to be Italians, when distinction of this kind is made; but I never heard it afterwards. He complained to me one day, that he wanted books and poetry; and said that the crew were a '*brutta gente*.' I afterwards met him in Genoa, when he looked as gay as a lark, and was dressed like a gentleman. His name was a piece of music—Luigi Rivarola. There was another foreigner on board, a Swede, as rough a subject and northern, as the Genoese was full of the 'sweet south.' He had the reputation of being a capital seaman, which enabled him to grumble to better advantage than the others. A coat of the mate's hung up to dry, in a situation not perfectly legal, was not to be seen by him without a comment.

The fellow had an honest face withal, but brute and fishy, not unlike a Triton's in a picture. He gaped up at a squall with his bony look, and the hair over his eyes, as if he could dive out of it in case of necessity. Very different was a fat fair-skinned carpenter, with a querulous voice, who complained on all occasions, and in private was very earnest with the passengers to ask the captain to put into port. And very different again from him was a jovial strait-forward seaman, a genuine Jack Tar, with a snub nose and an under lip thrust out, such as we see in caricatures. He rolled about with the vessel, as if his feet had suckers; and he had an oath and a jest every morning for the bad weather. He said he would have been 'd—d' before he had come to sea this time, if he had known what sort of weather it was to be; but it was not so bad for him, as for the gentlefolks with their children.

"The crew occupied a little cabin at the other end of the vessel, into which they were tucked in their respective cribs like so many herrings. The weather was so bad, that a portion of them, sometimes all, were up all night, as well as the men on watch. The business of the watch is to see that all is safe, and to look out for vessels a-head. He is very apt to go to sleep, and is sometimes waked with a pail of water chucked over him. The tendency to sleep is very natural, and the sleep in fine weather delicious. Shakspeare may well introduce a sailor-boy sleeping on the top-mast, and enjoying a luxury that wakeful kings might envy. But there is no doubt that the luxury of the watcher is often the destruction of the vessel. The captains themselves, glad to get to rest, are careless. When we read of vessels run down at sea, we are sure to find it owing to negligence. This was the case with regard to the steam-vessel, the *Comet*, which excited so much interest the other day. A passenger, anxious and kept awake, is surprised to see the carelessness with which every seaman, let the weather be what it may, goes to bed when it comes to his turn. Safety, if they can have it; but sleep at all events. This seems to be their motto.—If they are to be drowned, they would rather have the two beds together, the watery and the worsted. Dry is too often a term inapplicable to the latter. In our vessel, night after night, the wet penetrated into seamen's births: and the poor fellows, their limbs stiff and aching with cold, and their hands blistered with toil, had to get into beds as wretched as if a pail of water had been thrown over them.

"Such were the lives of our crew from the 12th till the 22nd of December, during which time we were beaten up and down Channel, twice touching the Atlantic, and driven back again like a hunted ox. One of the gales lasted, without intermission, fifty-six hours; blowing all the while, as if it would 'split its cheeks.' The oldest seaman on board had never seen rougher weather in Europe. In some parts of the world, both east and west, there is weather of sudden and more outrageous violence; but none of the crew had experienced tempests of longer duration, nor more violent for the climate. The worst of being at sea in weather like this, next to your inability to do any thing, is the multitude of petty discomforts with which you are surrounded. You can retreat into no comfort, great or small. Your feet are cold; you can take no exercise on account of the motion of the vessel; and a fire will not keep in. You cannot sit in one posture. You lie down, because you are sick; or if others are more sick, you must keep your legs as well as you can, to help them. At meals, the plates and dishes slide away, now to this side, now to that; making you laugh, it is true; but you laugh more out of satire than merriment. Twenty to one you are obliged to keep your beds, and chuck the cold meat to one another; or the oldest and strongest does it for the rest, desperately remaining at table, and performing all the slides, manoeuvres, and sudden rushes, which the fantastic violence of the cabin's movements has taught him. Tea, (which, for the refreshment it affords in toil and privation, may be called the traveller's wine,) is taken as desperately as may be, provided you can get boiling water; the cook making his appearance when he can, with his feet asunder, clinging to the floor, and swaying to and fro with the kettle. By the by, I have not mentioned our cook; he was a Mulatto, a merry knave, constantly drunk. But the habit of

drinking, added to a quiet and sly habit of uttering his words, had made it easy to him to pretend sobriety when he was most intoxicated; and I believe he deceived the whole of the people on board, except ourselves. The captain took him for a special good fellow, and felt particularly grateful for his refusals of a glass of rum; the secret of which was, he could get at the rum whenever he liked, and was never without a glass of it in his œsophagus. He stood behind you at meats, kneading the floor with his feet, as the vessel rolled; drinking in all the jokes, or would-be jokes, that were uttered; and laughing like a dumb goblin. The captain, who had eyes for nothing but what was right before him, seldom noticed his merry devil; but if you caught his eye, there he was, shaking his shoulders without a word, while his twinkling eyes seemed to run over with rum and glee. This fellow, who swore horrid oaths in a tone of meekness, used to add to my wife's horrors by descending, drunk as he was, with a lighted candle into the 'Lazaret,' which was a hollow under the cabin, opening with a trap-door, and containing provisions and a portion of the gun-powder. The portion was small, but sufficient, she thought, with the assistance of his candle, to blow us up. Fears for her children occupied her mind from morning till night, when she sank into an uneasy sleep. While she was going to sleep I read, and did not close my eyes till towards morning, thinking (with a wife by my side, and seven children around me) what I should do in case of the worst. My imagination, naturally tenacious, and exasperated by ill health, clung, not to every relief, but to every shape of ill that I could fancy. I was tormented with the consciousness of being unable to divide myself into as many pieces as I had persons requiring assistance; and must not scruple to own that I suffered a constant dread, which appeared to me very unbecoming a man of spirit. However, I expressed no sense of it to any body. I did my best to do my duty and keep up the spirits of those about me; and your nervousness being a great dealer in your joke fantastic, I succeeded apparently with all, and certainly with the children. The most uncomfortable thing in the vessel was the constant wet. Below it penetrated, and on deck you could not appear with dry shoes but they were speedily drenched. Mops being constantly in use at sea, (for seamen are very clean in that respect, and keep their vessel as nice as a pet infant,) the sense of wet was always kept up, whether in wetting or drying; and the vessel, tumbling about, looked like a wash-house in a fit. We had a goat on board, a present from a kind friend, anxious that we should breakfast as at home. The storm frightened away its milk, and Lord Byron's dog afterwards bit off its ear. But the ducks had the worst of it. These were truly a sight to make a man hypochondriacal. They were kept in miserable narrow coops, over which the sea constantly breaking, the poor wretches were drenched and beaten to death. Every morning, when I came upon deck, some more were killed, or had their legs and wings broken. The captain grieved for the loss of his ducks, and once went so far as to add to the number of his losses by putting one of them out of its misery; but nobody seemed to pity them otherwise. This was not inhumanity, but want of thought. The idea of pitying live-stock when they suffer, enters with as much difficulty into a head uneducated to that purpose, as the idea of pitying a diminished piece of beef or a stolen pig. I took care not to inform the children how much the creatures suffered. My family, with the exception of the eldest boy, who was of an age to acquire experience, always remained below; and the children, not aware of any danger, (for I took care to qualify what the captain said, and they implicitly believed me,) were as gay, as confinement and uneasy beds would allow them to be. With the poor ducks I made them outrageously merry one night, by telling them to listen when the next sea broke over us, and they would hear Mr. P., an acquaintance of theirs, laughing. The noise they made with their quacking, when they gathered breath after the suffocation of the salt water, was exactly like what I said: the children listened, and at every fresh agony there was a shout. Being alarmed one night by the captain's open expression of his apprehension, I prepared the children for the worst that might happen,

by telling them that the sea sometimes broke into a cabin, and then there was a dip over head and ears for the passengers, after which they laughed and made merry. The only time I expressed apprehension to any body was to the mate, one night when we were wearing ship off the Scilly rocks, and every body was in a state of anxiety. I asked him, in case of the worst, to throw open the lid of the cabin-stairs, that the sea might pour in upon us as fast as possible. He begged me not to have any sad thoughts, for he said I should give them to him, and he had none at present. At the same time, he turned and severely rebuked the carpenter, who was looking doleful at the helm, for putting notions into the heads of the passengers. The captain was unfortunately out of hearing.

"I did wrong, at that time, not to 'feed better,' as the phrase is. My temperance was a little ultra-theoretical and excessive; and the mate and I were the only men on board who drank no spirits. Perhaps there were not many men out in those dreadful nights in the Channel who could say as much. The mate, as he afterwards let me know, felt the charge upon him too great to venture upon an artificial state of courage; and I feared that what courage was left me, might be bewildered. The consequence was, that from previous illness and constant excitement, my fancy was sickened into a kind of hypochondriacal investment and shaping of things about me. A little more, and I might have imagined the fantastic shapes which the action of the sea is constantly interweaving out of the foam at the vessel's side, to be sea-snakes, or more frightful hieroglyphics. The white clothes that hung up on pegs in the cabin, took, in the gloomy light from above, an aspect like things of meaning; and the winds and rain together, as they ran blind and howling along by the vessel's side, when I was on deck, appeared like frantic spirits of the air, chasing and shrieking after one another, and tearing each other by the hair of their heads. 'The grandeur of the glooms' on the Atlantic was majestic indeed: the healthiest eye would have seen them with awe. The sun rose in the morning, at once fiery and sicklied over; a livid gleam played on the water, like the reflection of lead; then the storms would recommence; and during partial clearings off, the clouds and fogs appeared standing in the sky, moulded into gigantic shapes, like antediluvian wonders, or visitants from the zodiac; mammoths vaster than have yet been thought of; the first ungainly and stupendous ideas of bodies and legs, looking out upon an unfinished world. These fancies were ennobling from their magnitude. The pain that was mixed with some of the others, I might have displaced by a filip of the blood.

"Two days after we left Ramsgate, the wind blowing violently from the south-west, we were under close-reefed topsails; but on its veering to westward, the captain was induced to persevere, in hopes that by coming round to the north-west, it would enable him to clear the Channel. The ship laboured very much, the sea breaking over her; and the pump was constantly going.

"The next day, the 14th, we shipped a great deal of water, the pump going as before. The fore-topsail and foresail were taken in, and the storm staysail set; and the captain said we were 'in the hands of God.' We now wore ship to southward.

"On the 15th, the weather was a little moderated, with fresh gales and cloudy. The captain told us to-day how his hair turned white in a shipwreck; and the mate entertained us with an account of the extraordinary escape of himself and some others from an American pirate, who seized their vessel, plundered and made it a wreck, and confined them under the hatches, in the hope of their going down with it. They escaped in a rag of a boat, and were taken up by a Greek vessel, which treated them with the greatest humanity. The pirate was afterwards taken, and hung at Malta, with five of his men. This story, being tragical without being tempestuous, and terminating happily for our friend, was very welcome, and occupied us agreeably. I tried to get up some ghost stories of vessels, but could hear of nothing but the Flying Dutchman: nor did I succeed better on another occasion. This

dearth of supernatural adventure is remarkable, considering the superstition of sailors. But their wits are none of the liveliest to be acted upon ; and then the sea blunts while it mystifies ; and the sailor's imagination, driven in, like his body, to the vessel he inhabits, admits only the petty wonders that come directly about him in the shape of storm-announcing fishes and birds. His superstition is that of a blunted and not of an awakened ignorance. Sailors had rather sleep than see visions.

" On the 16th, the storm was alive again, with strong gales and heavy squalls. We set the fore storm staysail anew, and at night the jolly-boat was torn from the stern.

" The afternoon of the 17th brought us the gale that lasted fifty-six hours, ' one of the most tremendous,' the captain said, ' that he had ever witnessed.' All the sails were taken in, except the close-reefed topsail and one of the trysails. At night, the wind being at south-west, and Scilly about fifty miles north by east, the trysail sheet was carried away, and the boom and sail had a narrow escape. We were now continually wearing ship. The boom was unshipped, as it was ; and it was a melancholy sight to see it lying next morning, with the sail about it, like a wounded servant who had been fighting. The morning was occupied in getting it to rights. At night we had hard squalls with lightning.

" We lay to under main-topsail until the next morning, the 19th, when at ten o'clock we were enabled to set the reefed foresail, and the captain prepared to run for Falmouth ; but finding he could not get in till night, we hauled to the wind, and at three in the afternoon wore ship to south-westward. It was then blowing heavily ; and the sea, breaking over the vessel, constantly took with it a part of the bulwark. I believe we had long ceased to have a duck alive. The poor goat had contrived to find itself a corner in the long-boat, and lay frightened and shivering under a piece of canvass. I afterwards took it down in the cabin to share our lodging with us ; but not having a birth to give it, it passed but a sorry time, tied up and slipping about the floor. At night we had lightning again, with hard gales, the wind being west and north-west, and threatening to drive us on the French coast. It was a grand thing, through the black and turbid atmosphere, to see the great fiery eye of the lighthouse at the Lizard Point ; it looked like a good genius with a ferocious aspect. Ancient mythology would have made dragons of these noble structures,—dragons with giant glare, warning the seaman off the coast.

" The captain could not get into Falmouth : so he wore ship, and stood to the westward with fresh hopes, the wind having veered a little to the north ; but, after having run above fifty miles to the south and west, the wind veered again in our teeth, and at two o'clock on the 20th, we were reduced to a close-reefed main-topsail, which, being new, fortunately held, the wind blowing so hard that it could not be taken in without the greatest risk of losing it. The sea was very heavy, and the rage of the gale tremendous, accompanied with lightning. The children on these occasions slept, unconscious of their danger. My wife slept too, from exhaustion. I remember, as I lay awake that night, looking about to see what help I could get from imagination, to furnish a moment's respite from the anxieties that beset me, I cast my eyes on the poor goat ; and recollecting how she devoured some choice biscuit I gave her one day, I got up, and going to the cupboard took out as much as I could find, and occupied myself in seeing her eat. She munched the fine white biscuit out of my hand, with equal appetite and comfort ; and I thought of a saying of Sir Philip Sidney's, that we are never perfectly miserable when we can do a good-natured action.

" I will not dwell upon the thoughts that used to pass through my mind respecting my wife and children. Many times, especially when a little boy of mine used to weep in a manner equally sorrowful and good-tempered, have I thought of Prospero and his infant Miranda in the boat,—' me and thy crying self ;' and many times of that similar divine fragment of Simonides, a translation of which, if I remember, is to be found in the ' Adventurer.' It

seemed as if I had no right to bring so many little creatures into such jeopardy, with peril to their lives and all future enjoyment; but sorrow and trouble suggested other reflections too:—consolations, which even to be consoled with, is calamity. However, I will not recall those feelings any more. Next to tragical thoughts like these, one of the modes of tormenting oneself at sea, is to raise those pleasant pictures of contrast, dry and firm-footed, which our friends are enjoying in their warm rooms and radiant security at home. I used to think of them one after the other, or several of them together, reading, chatting, and laughing, playing music, or complaining that they wanted a little movement and must dance; then retiring to easy beds amidst happy families; and perhaps, as the wind howled, thinking of us. Perhaps, too, they thought of us sometimes in the midst of their merriment, and longed for us to share it with them. That they did so, is certain; but, on the other hand, what would we not have given to be sure of the instant at which they were making these reflections; and how impossible was it to attain to this, or to any other dry-ground satisfaction! Sometimes I could not help smiling to think how Munden would have exclaimed, in the character of Croaker, 'We shall all be blown up!' The gunpowder I seldom thought of. I had other fish to fry; but it seemed to give my feet a sting sometimes, as I remembered it in walking the deck. The demand for dry land was considerable. 'That is the point with landmen at sea;—something unwet, unconfined, but, above all, firm, and that enables you to take your own steps, physical and moral. Panurge has it somewhere in Rabelais, but I have lost the passage.

"But I must put an end to this unseasonable mirth.—'A large vessel is coming right down upon us;—lights—lights!' This was the cry at eleven o'clock at night, on the 21st December, the gale being tremendous, and the sea to match. Lanthorns were handed up from the cabin, and, one after the other put out. The captain thought it was owing to the wind and the spray; but it was owing to the drunken steward, who jolted them out as he took them up the ladder. We furnished more, and contrived to see them kept in; and the captain afterwards told me that we were the salvation of his vessel. The ship, discerning us just in time, passed ahead, looking very huge and terrible. Next morning, we saw her about two miles on our lee-bow, lying-to under trysails. It was an Indiaman. There was another vessel, a smaller, near us in the night. I thought the Indiaman looked very comfortable, with its spacious and powerful body; but the captain said we were better off a great deal in our own sea-boat; which turned out to be too true, if this was the same Indiaman, as some thought it, which was lost the night following off the coast of Devonshire. The crew said, that in one of the pauses of the wind they heard a vessel go down. We were at that time very near land. At tea-time the keel of our ship grated against something, perhaps a shoal. The captain afterwards very properly made light of it; but at the time, being in the act of raising a cup to his mouth, I remember he turned prodigiously grave, and, getting up, went upon deck.

"Next day, the 22nd, we ran for Dartmouth, and luckily succeeding this time, found ourselves, at twelve o'clock at noon, in the middle of Dartmouth harbour."—pp. 434—454.

#### DR. CHANNING'S CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

A PAMPHLET has lately been reprinted here which does honour to the name it bears. This is the first of Dr. Channing's publications that has fallen in our way: it is not however difficult to make out the class of writers to which he belongs. He is a moralist who has not squared his notions by existing institutions or in a servile compliance with established prejudices: he is not a philosopher after the manner of



**Paley.** He is able to see through the mischievous impositions with which rulers have so long deluded the ignorant people: he comprehends the folly, the vanity, the wickedness, of military glory, of ambitious war, of diplomatic treachery, and all the iniquitous mysteries of state craft. The Americans probably think him eloquent; he thinks so himself. This is a pity, for to this notion we must assign the vague and indefinite sentences in which the orator too often sacrifices the sense to the sound. We would however gladly compound in our writers for a similar fault, if they would look upon the questions he discusses with the same enlightened views. We fear, however, that the moralists who examine every measure by the test of its usefulness to the people at large, and not to the interests of a particular class, are chiefly confined to the other side of the Atlantic: their great prototype is however an Englishman, whose name will be better known to posterity than it is to his contemporaries. By way of recommending this brochure to the notice of the world, we will quote a few passages, premising, that the whole is equally elaborate, and the greater part equally deserving.

The means which Napoleon employed in subduing the world are thus characterised: and the grand mistakes he made in his policy pointed out:—

“ Force and corruption were the great engines of Napoleon, and he plied them without disguise or reserve, not caring how far he insulted, and armed against himself, the moral and national feelings of Europe. His great reliance was on the military spirit and energy of the French people. To make France a nation of soldiers was the first and main instrument of his policy; and here he was successful. The revolution indeed had in no small degree done this work to his hands. To complete it he introduced a national system of education, having for its plain end to train the whole youth of France to a military life, to familiarize the mind to this destination from its earliest years, and to associate the idea of glory almost exclusively with arms. The conscription gave full efficacy to this system; for as every young man in the empire had reason to anticipate a summons to the army, the first object in education naturally was, to fit him for the field. The public honours bestowed on military talent, and a rigorous impartiality in awarding promotion to merit, so that no origin, however obscure, was a bar to what were deemed the highest honours of Europe, kindled the ambition of the whole people into a flame, and directed it exclusively to the camp. It is true the conscription, which thinned so terribly the ranks of her youth, and spread anxiety and bereavement through all her dwellings, was severely felt in France. But Napoleon knew the race whom it was his business to manage; and by the glare of victory and the title of the Grand Empire, he succeeded in reconciling them for a time to the most painful domestic privations, and to an unexampled waste of life. Thus he secured, what he accounted the most important instrument of dominion, a great military force. But on the other hand, the stimulants, which for this purpose, he was forced to apply perpetually to French vanity, the ostentation with which the invincible power of France was trumpeted to the world, and the haughty vaunting style which became the most striking characteristic of that intoxicated people, were perpetual irritations of the national

spirit and pride of Europe, and implanted a deep hatred towards the new and insulting empire, which waited but for a favourable moment to repay with interest the debt of humiliation.

"The condition of Europe forbade, as we believe, the establishment of universal monarchy by mere physical force. The sword, however important, was now to play but a secondary part. The true course for Napoleon seems to us to have been indicated, not only by the state of Europe, but by the means which France, in the beginning of her revolution, had found most effectual. He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make at least a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments, should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. \* He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away all the pageantry and forms of court, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable changes to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy. He might have found abuses enough against which to array himself as a champion. By becoming the head of new institutions, which would have involved the transfer of power into new hands, and would have offered to the people a real improvement, he might every where have summoned to his standard the bold and enterprising, and might have disarmed the national prejudices to which he fell a prey. Revolution was still the true instrument of power. In a word, Napoleon lived at a period, when he could only establish a durable and universal control, through principles and institutions of some kind or other, to which he would seem to be devoted.

"It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon, to adopt, perhaps to conceive, a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking feature of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect way, a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly

inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibleness, which were his master feelings, and which made force his darling instrument of dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be the centre, in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the Great Empire, discovered, that he expected to reign, not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance."—pp. 17—25.

Further errors in Buonaparte's scheme are enumerated; among others, the elevation of his brothers to the thrones of Europe, and his imitation of the forms of the old courts:—

"Through the same blinding egotism, he was anxious to fill the thrones of Europe with men bearing his own name, and to multiply every where images of himself. Instead of placing over conquered countries efficient men, taken from themselves, who, by upholding better institutions, would carry with them large masses of the people, and who would still, by their hostility to the old dynasties, link their fortunes with his own, he placed over nations such men as Jerome and Murat. He thus spread a jealousy of his power, whilst he rendered it insecure; for as none of the princes of his creation, however well disposed, were allowed to identify themselves with their subjects, and to take root in the public heart, but were compelled to act openly and without disguise, as satellites and prefects of the French emperor; they gained no hold on their subjects, and could bring no strength to their master in his hour of peril. In none of his arrangements did Napoleon think of securing to his cause the attachment of nations. Astonishment, awe, and force, were his weapons; and his own great name, the chosen pillar of his throne.

"So far was Buonaparte from magnifying the contrast and distinctions between himself and the old dynasties of Europe, and from attaching men to himself by new principles and institutions, that he had the great weakness, for so we view it, to revive the old forms of monarchy, and to ape the manners of the old court, and thus to connect himself with the herd of legitimate sovereigns. This was not only to rob his government of that imposing character which might have been given it, and of that interest which it might have inspired as an improvement on former institutions, but was to become competitor in a race in which he could not but be distanced. He could indeed pluck crowns from the heads of monarchs; but he could not by any means infuse their blood into his veins, associate with himself the ideas which are attached to a long line of ancestry, or give to his court the grace of manners, which belongs to older establishments.

His true policy was, to throw contempt on distinctions which he could not rival; and had he possessed the genius and spirit of the founder of a new era, he would have substituted for a crown, and for other long worn badges of power, a new and simple style of grandeur, and new insignia of dignity, more consonant with an enlightened age, and worthy of one who disdained to be a vulgar king. By the policy which he adopted, if it be worthy of that name, he became a vulgar king, and showed a mind incapable of answering the wants and demands of his age. It is well known, that the progress of intelligence had done much in Europe, to weaken men's reverence for pageantry and show. Nobles had learned to lay aside their trappings in ordinary life, and to appear as gentlemen. Even royalty had begun to retrench its pomp; and in the face of all this improvement, Buonaparte stooped from his height, to study costumes, to legislate about court dresses and court manners, and to outshine his brother monarchs in their own line. He desired to add the glory of master of ceremonies to that of conqueror of nations."—pp. 25, 26.

At the present moment when a man whose sole claim is military success, is raised to the post of prime minister and manager of our national interests, it may be useful to read Dr. Channing's distinction between military talent and general intellectual power:—

"Military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general, who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces; to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The

conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions; and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed?"—pp. 7, 8.

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HERBERT MILTON.—HERBERT LACY.

Herbert Milton. 3 vols. London. Saunders and Odey. 1828. Post 8vo.

Herbert Lacy, by the Author of Granby. 3 vols. Colburn. 1828. Post 8vo.

**PAR nobile fratrum!** A couple of fashionable gentlemen of undoubted pretensions—privileged persons—received everywhere—handsome, elegant, accomplished, honourable, brave, gallant—deeply in love with ladies of perfect beauty, excellence, and a hundred thousand pounds. Such are the two Herberts—the heroes of this pair of “high life” novels. They have moreover in common a double-tongued, double-dyed villain, who plots through each of the three volumes with the same end—to secure a woman and a fortune; and the means they take are not very dissimilar—but here the resemblance ends. Herbert Milton is a clever, dashing, performance; but in its sketches of life it draws in caricature; in its sketches from the fancy it is wild and improbable; it mixes up, in short, the exaggeration of reality with the impossibility of the imagination. We admire the talents of the author, but lament his want of judgment, and lay down his book with a dissatisfied feeling. But no one can accuse the author of Granby of being led away by his genius: he is not a writer of talent, but he is that which gives to our sober imaginations a sincerer pleasure. He is a man of

good sense—well-disposed, an accurate observer and writes from life. His subjects are as aristocratical as those of the other novels of the same class; though this is no recommendation to us, still a good account of any influential portion of society is manifestly desirable. Mr. Lister's picture has this advantage, that he does not confine his views to the frivolous and more contemptible divisions of the nobility of these realms. The people of "Almack's," and several other similar books, are a worthless race, of whom their milliners and grooms could give as accurate a history as anybody else. Mr. Lister's experience has lain among a somewhat better set; and what is more, a much larger and more important stratum of the party-coloured House of Lords—the steadier, quieter and more respectable nobility—the families who spend the chief part of the year at their seats, and among their country neighbours, are the subjects of Mr. Lister's pen. We should not be surprised if some of the aristocracy of Yorkshire felt a little sore at the near resemblance which traits of some portraits, if not whole countenances bear to some of the great men of those northern parts. Besides much well-drawn character, Herbert Lacy has a great deal of sensible remark on social questions. Novels present an excellent vehicle for deductions of this kind: this is their redeeming point. As for the story of Herbert Lacy, it is certainly *more* probable, and nearer to the experience of modern times than usual; at the same time we confess that we consider it all utterly impossible. The smooth-tongued villain Sackville, though admirably well drawn, goes much too far for a person of his prudence. We cannot however sufficiently admire the dexterity with which he is made to lie in every word he speaks, without permitting himself to utter a single falsehood which can be laid hold of, or which the simplest qualification will not turn into excellent truth. In picking out some extracts, pleasant, or justly remarkable for their goodness in any kind, we shall set aside the story altogether, and view them simply as isolated pieces of writing.

The first passage is the character of a kind of modern Will Wimble—a Mr. Luscombe—a hanger on:—

"Mr. Luscombe was a gentleman now on the verge of forty; but who, in spite of the visible ravages of tell-tame Time, still endeavoured to affect the stripling, always joined the most youthful group in company, and danced and prattled with very young ladies, with all the zest of one-and-twenty. He was a person very slightly endowed with the advantages either of birth, fortune, talents, or appearance; and who owed his success in society chiefly to his good humour, and to a certain ductility of character which enabled his acquaintance to mould him easily to their will. He was a pattern of utility and compliance: no person served more purposes, or served them with greater willingness. He was always useful to fill a gap in a party, and to help to make things go off well: was set at the end of the table when the lady of the house retired to the side; would either tell a story himself, or be the subject of another's; could make a fourth at whist, when wanted; knew when to press a lady to the instrument; and was invaluable to dance with little misses at their first ball. Above all things, he was an inimitable butt; for he not only patiently received the gibes of his assailants, but invited their attacks by seeming to enjoy them. He understood a joke well; knew both how to laugh, and to listen; and had sufficient tact to abstain from wearying any one with his own discourse. He did a little of every thing tolerably ill, and was consequently an useful foil upon most occasions.

The awkward squad of a shooting party would generally make bold to bet that they would kill more game than Luscombe; and bad indeed must be billiard player, whom he did not put in good spirits. In short, he was one of those passive persons, who seem to fill in modern society a similar situation to that which was formerly borne by the court fool in the establishments of feudal princes."—Vol. i. pp. 89—91.

Some of the principal scenes take place at the country-house of a Lord Appleby, who is however a very secondary person, as will be seen from the following clever sketch of him. He is the model of an empty lord with a fine house:—

"Hitherto we have heard nothing of Lord Appleby. At this, however, let nobody be surprised, for he was not a person much calculated to attract attention any where, though decidedly more conspicuous in his own house than in any other. He was inoffensive, mild, and amiable. His chief merit in society was that of being a perfect gentleman: his countervailing demerits, vanity and dulness. His conversation was languid and common place; and its only approach to piquancy, consisted in a querulous tone of sickly fastidiousness. His vanity was of a harmless kind, which few refused to humour, and was chiefly displayed in an overweening admiration of every thing that belonged to himself. His place, house, books, pictures, whatever he had, was infinitely better than any body else could possibly possess; while, at the same time, he disclaimed receiving from them any positive pleasure, and always lamented the trouble and vexation which they entailed upon him.

"On the following morning, Lacy was indulging him with a few civil comments upon the beauty of Huntley, and complimenting him upon his liberality, in throwing it open to the inspection of the curious.

"‘Mr. Lacy,’ said his lordship, inwardly delighted with the subject, but looking the picture of misery and disgust; ‘never have a show house. I assure you, having tried it, that the plague, and the nuisance, and the annoyance, and the trouble, are something perfectly inconceivable. Day after day, people come, and they are admitted: and in they walk, and away they ramble through your rooms, and go where you will, there you meet them. As I say, for the time being, you are not master of your own house; your house, as I say, is not your own: you are not master of your own house. It is indeed a serious drawback from the trifling satisfaction of having things that are considered worth seeing.’

"Lacy assented; but said that it must be very gratifying to think that he had the means of giving so much pleasure, and, perhaps, of improving the taste of his visitors.

"‘Ah, yes—very true—it ought to be gratifying, of course; though I must honestly confess that I do it rather as a duty than as any source of gratification. I have tried to remedy the evil by restricting admission to certain days—but all in vain; it would not do—the throng of applicants was too great. You see,’ he observed, pointing out two carriages which appeared in a distant part of the approach, ‘a case in point—see how we are pestered. I shall just have time before they arrive to show you the picture I was mentioning,’ and so saying, taking Lacy by the arm, he led him into another room."—Vol. i. pp. 96—99.

The party landed from these vehicles proves to be the family of a wealthy London attorney, partly retired from his professional engagements, and recreating himself and his family by summer excursions. He happens to be connected with a visitor of the house, so that Lord Appleby, as he passes through one of the rooms, is compelled to notice him, when the following characteristic dialogue takes place. Mr. Bagshawe is a pretender to virtue, and his family pretend to gentility:—

"The unpleasantness of her situation was increased by the sudden entrance of Lord Appleby, who, finding himself in the same room, and seeing that

they were friends of hers, advanced towards them with the civil intention of paying his personal respects, at the same time looking at Agnes in a way that showed his expectation that she would perform the ceremony of an introduction. This was accordingly done, and Agnes then hoped that, after a few bows, and a few more words on either side, the conference would be ended.

"But Mr. Bagshawe, pleased with such dignified accession to his acquaintance, and anxious to acquit himself of a flourishing eulogium, which lay ready on his tongue's end, after a prefatory hem, and a glance round the room, addressed his lordship in a style which foreboded anything rather than a brief interview.

" 'Your walls, my lord,' said he, waving his hand, 'are well filled with food for the eye of taste. I must confess I was not prepared for such a banquet as your lordship spreads before your visitors. I was told that I should be dazzled; but my expectations are quite exceeded, and I hope I may be allowed to congratulate your lordship on the possession of this noble, indeed I may say, this peerless collection.'

"The beautiful appropriateness of this speech was, in a great measure, lost upon Lord Appleby: but without reflecting that his eulogist had not yet seen more than a small and inferior part of the collection which he so warmly commended, he perceived that praise and admiration were the objects of his address, and with these, however administered, he was always disposed to be satisfied. He had a keen perception of vulgarity, and a pride which usually shrunk from the contamination of its approach: but his pride was less active than his vanity; and in order to gratify the latter with flattery, even of so broad and clumsy a description, he condescended, from pure good-nature, as he thought, to prolong his civilities to the Bagshawes. He smiled, frowned, shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, allowed that he had some good things, and then, affecting an air of fastidious indifference, vouchsafed to point out some object which was most worthy of their attention.

" 'There is a picture,' said he, pointing to a small Correggio, 'which I am not sorry to have got. I imported it myself. No one knows,' he added, shaking his head, with a piteous look, 'no one knows the trouble, and the money, and what not, which that small picture cost me—not more than I thought it was worth; but more, I verily believe, than any other picture I have.'

" 'Only think! such a small one as it is!' exclaimed Mrs. Bagshawe, measuring it with her eye, and looking from it, with surprise, to a gigantic Sneyders which hung above.

" 'Quite a gem!' said Mr. Bagshawe, who had gathered from the lips of Christie and Phillips, a few choice specimens of the phraseology of the auction-room. 'A very capital bit of the master, and in a remarkably fine condition. Your lordship deserves the thanks of the country for securing us such a treasure. Correggio is very scarce, my lord; we don't see him every day. In good preservation he is invaluable. Money can hardly buy him pure.'

"Lord Appleby made a grave inclination of assent, his better taste beginning to take a slight alarm at the professional tone of his visitor's remarks, and he directed his attention somewhat impatiently to another picture.

" 'Uncommon fine, indeed, my lord!' exclaimed Mr. Bagshawe. 'The air of the head is beautiful—so flowing!—so—and then, what a depth! What a—look at it, my dear. Mrs. B., my lord, is fond of the arts as well as I. We have all our little turn that way. Only look at it, my dear; see what a breadth there is about it! I never saw such a breadth in my life!'

" 'It is not so broad as the picture next to it,' said the lady, very innocently, and in an under tone, as if to correct her husband's mistake. Lord Appleby heard the remark, and the well-bred corners of his mouth, exhibited, for a moment, the least possible disposition to smile. Mr. Bagshawe frowned at his wife, and sidged across the room. 'Ha!' said he, glad to change



the subject, 'an old acquaintance, I perceive. I saw the original of this at Milan. It is really a very perfect copy.'

"A cloud passed over Lord Appleby's brow at mention of the word 'copy,' and he felt as only a collector can feel.

"'I never hang up copies,' he replied, suppressing, with a laudable effort, his generous glow of indignation. 'This is a *duplicate*, if you will; but equally original with the picture at Milan. Oh, you shall be convinced, sir,' said he, to the humbled and apologizing Mr. Bagshawe, who was backing out of the scrape, with all the cumbrous dexterity of a well-trained dray-horse, 'you shall be convinced: you shall take nothing on my bare assertion. I will show you a remarkable variation, that, in my humble opinion, is quite conclusive. Look at the right foot of the left hand figure; on that foot are six toes. Now, sir, I ask you, as a judge of painting, would a servile copyist have done that? Would any but the easy, negligent hand of the master? Impossible, every way impossible. That sixth toe decides the question.'

"Mr. Bagshawe hastened to repair his error by promptly assenting to his lordship's remark, and assured him, that the sixth toe was a hundred pounds in the picture's way in any auction-room in London."—Vol. i. pp 107—113.

The good sense of the author suggests to him, after representing these good people, the Bagshawes, in ridiculous contrast with persons of higher rank, and of different, if not better manners—that in the members of this worthy family themselves, there is nothing really ridiculous but their pretensions—the aiming at what they are not—a passion which unfortunately rages in England at the present day—for how many ages past it has distinguished the population of this country we are not aware—it is a chief source of misery now, and more generally the cause of ruin than any other folly or extravagance we can name. Mr. Lister has introduced into a conversation of his hero and heroine the following remarks:—

"'It is rather malicious in you to ask me a question that I am sure you can so well answer yourself. Yes, I cannot acquit them all. Mr. Bagshawe rather too much affects *virtù*, and a pretty mode of expressing himself; but in other respects, when there is no immediate call for display, is a well judging, right hearted man. The eldest daughter is a little *maniéré*—at least before company, though a quiet, good girl at home. In fact, she has seen just enough of society to spoil her a little, and not enough to do her good. As to the rest of the family, I never feel much disposed to smile at *them*—they are so perfectly natural—they show you so plainly what they are, and seem to have no wish to pass for anything more. To be sure I am sometimes a little amused with Mrs. Bagshawe's misconceptions; but she would never be guilty of them, if she was not taken out of her element. People to be thoroughly ridiculous must be either affected or misplaced. If I could by possibility meet my relations, the Bagshawes, at Almack's, I dare say I should feel ashamed of them, though nevertheless I should be angry at myself for such a feeling. It is a very unamiable species of false shame.'"—Vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

The next personage we shall introduce to our readers is another empty peer, the Earl of Rodborough, a solemn coxcomb. Mr. Herbert Lacy, the hero, waits upon him with a polite offer from his father, Sir William Lacy, of the refusal of an estate, which Sir William, himself, although it has been proposed to him, and he is desirous of buying, feels delicate about purchasing, as it is immediately contiguous to Lord Rodborough's property.

"The peer, whom he was about to visit, was a handsome, dignified-looking man, now on the verge of threescore, but still vain of his fine per-

son, and endeavouring to render less visible the ravages of age, by youthful attire of the most fashionable kind. His prominent characteristic was an inordinate vanity which obscured many of his best qualities, and gave him an air of affection which, when his age was taken into account, caused many persons to undervalue the sense and talent which he really possessed. He was a strange mixture of arrogance and goodnature; apparently difficult of access, and impatient of controul, but in truth, easily led by any one who would take the trouble to flatter his vanity; and though repulsive and proud in his general deportment, was courteous and winning in his manner towards those who appeared sufficiently to acknowledge his high claims. With the great importance of the Earl of Rodborough, nobody could be more fully impressed than he was himself. Popularity he was both too proud and too indolent to court, and he rather took the opposite course of husbanding his civilities, and not making himself cheap and common in the eyes of his neighbours. Of them he affected to know very little; seldom asked them to his house, and paid off his scores, by a sweeping admission to occasional fêtes. His hospitalities were generally confined to people of his own set, and a few 'young men about town,' who came to Westcourt to kill his pheasants, and dangle in the train of Lady Rodborough." - - - - -

"After a ride of eight miles, Lacy arrived at the door of Westcourt House, an elegant and extensive mansion, in the Palladian style, built by the grandfather of the present lord. Lord Rodborough was said to be at home, and Lacy dismounted and entered the house. He was first shown into a waiting-room, containing a few family pictures, and some genealogical records of the antiquity of the owner's lineage; while the servant went to announce his presence to his lordship. After a delay well contrived, to impress the visitor with an awful sense of the exalted presence he was about to enter, the servant returned to say, that Lord Rodborough was at liberty to see him, and he was conducted through several passages, to what seemed to be his lordship's private sitting-room. His lordship was there discovered, seated in an easy chair, with a toothpick in one hand, and a newspaper in the other.

"As Lacy entered, he looked up with such an air of surprise, as might have led any one to suppose that he first became conscious at this moment, that such a person was in the house. This, however, was not the case, for the servant had previously informed him, who it was that solicited the honour of waiting upon him, and he had meanwhile been preparing himself to look as unprepared as possible. Peering with half-closed eyes at Lacy as he approached, he got up slowly from his chair, and leaning with one hand upon the table, that he might not appear to rise with too much *empressement* to receive his visitor, he extended to him one finger of the other hand, that held the toothpick, and motioning to him to take a seat, sunk back gracefully into his own chair.

"After answering Lord Rodborough's gracious hope that his father was well, Lacy explained the object of his coming, and delivered the letter with which he was charged, and which his lordship received with as much condescension of manner as if its object was to entreat a favour instead of conferring one. Indeed, he had rather it had been so, for he was very much alive to the awkwardness of being indebted to his inferior. Great also as was his respect for that self-possession, which is the result of an acquaintance with good society, yet as Lacy was a very young man, and merely the son of a baronet, he would have been better pleased to have seen him sheepishly overwhelmed with the awfulness of the presence into which he was ushered. He could then have been very gracious and encouraging, and would have kindly smoothed the terrors of his brow, in consideration for the feelings of the downcast youth. But as Lacy did not seem by any means awe-stricken, he had only to open the letter, and pointing to a roll of paper that lay upon the table, 'While I am casting my eye over this, Mr. Lacy,' he obligingly added, 'perhaps you would like to amuse yourself with looking at that map.'"

In the third volume we are once more introduced to the Bagshawes, who again give rise to some clever observations respecting the state of society in London, and the absurd prejudices which graduate the respective portions of it in the scale of fashion.

"Mr. Bagshawe, since we saw him at Huntley Park, had received a considerable accession of fortune by the death of one of his relations. He had at length resigned the profession of an attorney, which he had been latterly following rather lazily; and, in obedience to the urgent and oft-repeated representations of his wife and daughters, had, early in the spring, quitted the legal quarter of the town, and given up his old neighbours and a good house for the worse and dearer one in Lower Grosvenor-street. He himself was not ambitious of change, and rather regretted it, when he compared the respective comforts of the two residences: but the ladies absolutely refused to stoop to such petty considerations. The situation, they thought, must amply compensate for all inferiority. Within sight of Grosvenor-square, and in the great thoroughfare from thence to Bond-street, even a hovel must be preferable to the best of houses in those regions which have been proclaimed in parliament as unknown. To Mrs. Bagshawe it seemed like a change of being, and she felt as if every thing that society could offer was now within her reach. Who shall describe the pleasure with which she viewed her new direction! She was even half sorry that the printer of her visiting card had deprived her of the pleasure of writing it there.

"I cannot find that in any other city, ancient or modern, this 'pride of place' has acquired such strength as in London. Wonderful is the magic which lies in those words, 'a good situation'; laudable the discrimination of some of its inhabitants. It would be almost possible, with their assistance, to make out a scale of the comparative gentility of the streets and squares. The claims of the latter would be easily settled. St. James's and Grosvenor-squares would look down like rival potentates from a proud height of dignity on their humbler brethren of Berkeley, Hanover, and Portman; and these, in return, may discharge their contempt on the minor northern fry of Cavendish, Manchester, Bryanstone, and Montague. But these can still treat others as inferiors. Many and nice are the gradations of square-hood: numerous are its steps of precedence. Even the distant Finsbury, separated from the 'world' like ancient Britain, may have neighbours, in that remote and half-discovered region, with whom it may think it 'foul scorn' to be classed; and these again may have inferiors, the knowledge of whose existence has not yet travelled westward of the meridian of Charing-cross.

"'Tell me your company, and I will tell what you are,' says an adage of no mean wisdom; but London would seem to scorn such extensive data, and limits the inquiry to 'Tell me your street.' At the same time, singular to say, it is almost the only place where vicinity hardly ever produces acquaintance: it would rather seem to repel it; for a next-door neighbour is proverbially unknown. Wherein, then, consists the mighty magic of situation? In truth we are somewhat insensible to its influence; but we know that many feel it strongly. Difficult as it may sometimes be to define the peculiar advantages of what is called a good situation, it is easy to trace the feeling which assigns such false importance to these minute and trivial distinctions. Look at the dense throng of London society, and this will furnish the explanation. It is a scene of desperate rivalry, where crowds press on like mariners from a wreck, filling to the utmost the frail boats that are to bear them to the shore, and each feeling that he should be safe if his neighbour were drowned. It is an over crowded arena, where advancement is open to all who choose to struggle for it. There are no broad, impassable lines of demarcation; nothing that compels the aspirant to despair of admission to any extent of social honours: every claim, however trivial, may conduce to the desired success; and the pretensions of each individual are often made up of a number of particulars, too insignificant to be separately

considered. Thus the resources of vanity are taxed to the utmost; and he who can assert no other superiority over his immediate rivals, who are running with him the race of society, will probably discover that—he lives in a better situation.

"The Bagshawes, in their migration, did but follow the feeling of the million; but they (and principally the lady) had augured too much from the happy transition. Mrs. Bagshawe seemed to have thought that their change of neighbourhood would necessarily be followed by a change of society: but she had not sufficiently considered that there is no neighbourhood in London; and two months had passed without any flattering results. She looked wistfully at the Court Guide, where she saw with pleasure their homely name figuring in the list by the side of titles; but she found that she was quite as far from any acquaintance with these personages as when two miles of building lay between them. Knockers were plied to the right and left: but such tantalizing peals seldom thundered at her door; and though the progress of her carriage at night was often checked by the throngs that flocked to neighbouring routs, she was not a wit the more invited. She also saw less than formerly of her old acquaintance in the distant quarter that she had quitted. She questioned herself whether she had been guilty of any neglect, and feared, in the simplicity of her heart, that her friends might accuse her of growing 'fine.' But they had not paid her the compliment of so unincurred a suspicion. She had gained nothing in their eyes by her migration; and if they now called upon her less frequently, it was for this plain reason, that she was farther out of their way."—Vol. iii. pp. 76—81.

The nearest approach which they make to intimacy with the aristocracy about them turns out to be an acquaintance between their servants and those of a noble neighbour. The time of the young ladies is occupied with detecting the fashionables as they pass the windows: to know them by sight is considered the next step to a personal acquaintance:—

"The second Miss Bagshawe, who had been amusing herself with looking out of the window, broke in upon her tale by exclaiming aloud that Lord John Wharton was just returning from his morning ride.

"'Dear me, how late he is!' said Mrs. Bagshawe, with all the interest of an intimate acquaintance. 'But he is generally late; and which horse is he riding, Lucy? Is it the grey or the black?'

"'The bay,' said Miss Lucy, who seemed to have been a critical observer of Lord John's horses.

"'I am sorry it isn't the grey,' said her mother, 'that Mrs. Jones might have taken a look at it. His lordship rides a charming grey horse sometimes, ma'am. He is a very elegant young man, is Lord John; and Lady Jane, his sister, is a very elegant young woman. She goes out a riding too. They live close by at their father's house, the Marquis of Northallerton's, next door but one, ma'am, and that is the reason we see so much of them.'

"'You are acquainted with them, then?' said Agnes.

"'Why,' said Mrs. Bagshawe, with a slight degree of hesitation, 'we know them very well—by sight; but I cannot exactly say that we know them at present; to speak to; but some of our servants are quite intimate with some of the marquis's people, and we see and hear a good deal of them, one way or other.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

This is an exquisite piece of vulgarity; it is for such touches as well as for its perception of character, generally speaking, that we prefer Herbert Lacy to his rival Herbert Milton. The latter novel, out of respect for Mr. Lister's work, has been republished under the inappropriate title of *Almack's Revisited*.

## HISTORY OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY.

A History of the Court of Chancery ; with practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity. By Joseph Parkes. Longman, 1823. One Volume, 8vo.

THIS work, which is not yet published, but which will appear in the course of the present month, commences a new era in legal history. The History of Mr. Reeves and the Miscellanies of Barrington are mere dry and antiquarian records of the growth of law and English judicial establishments. The general "Historics of England" have been palpably deficient in that important and valuable department of historical illustration connected with the laws and jurisprudence of the country. Legal histories have been generally undertaken to expound the value of ancient institutions ; Mr. Parkes's History of the Court of Chancery is to illustrate the value of the principles of legislation and jurisprudence, by showing the ignorance of science in the founders of our early courts of equity and common law. A knowledge of *technical* and black letter law has been generally wanting in the popular historians of our country, and in the instance of Coke the excess of that occult and mystical learning smothered his senses and all taste for the science and principles of his profession. All the modern lawyers of great intellect and acquirement have been either absorbed in the craft of the law as a trade, or in the more gainful trade of *politics*. Moreover, they were too much interested in the spoils of the profession to acknowledge or to expose its grievances and unnecessary cost to the nation. The Barons in Magna Charta bound down their kings not to sell, deny, or delay justice ; but when the sale, denial, and delay of justice gave birth to places and fees (which distributed among the younger children of the nobility compensated *them* for the endurance of injustice), then the people were left to shift for themselves, and the famous stipulation in the charter became an obsolete statute. The last science also which in England has reaped the benefit of logic and correct reasoning is jurisprudence : the fact is singular ; the cause involves a longer disquisition than we can now afford.

A second re-action in the interests of the Aristocracy has again taken place—they are caught in the web of their own sophistry : the state of the law has now entangled in hopeless intricacy, litigation, and plunder all the large landed properties and fortunes of the country : the nobles and collective wisdom of the nation are therefore once more interested in its reformation. This is undoubtedly one of the many causes operating in England for the reform and improvement of the laws. The vast commercial interests of the kingdom also, the natural subjects of litigation, have deluged the existing tribunals with actions and suits beyond what even the physical powers of the administrators of justice can duly try or determine. Lord Eldon was accustomed to *bag* the papers of the equity suitors till Paternoster-row would not have held the mass of written evidence scattered through the chambers of his law subjects, the equity draftsmen and solicitors ; and which his lordship, because he bagged all the fees

logically thought he could therefore read and adjudicate: "I will take the papers home and endeavour to give judgment to-morrow." Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the present vice-chancellor of the Court of Chancery, in his evidence before the Chancery Commission, and when he probably had not the *rem in spe*, asserted that "the load of business now in the court was so great that three angels could not get through it." Sir Lancelot Shadwell is now of course an *archangel*. There are certain phases in the human mind analogous to the constitutional changes of the body; and few classes of society have been so remarkably subject to the pecuniary influence of these set periods of life as the lawyers.

Added to these causes of legal reform, the science of jurisprudence has certainly been of modern and rapid stride. The pandects and the old jurists no longer command that exclusive adoration which formerly prevented even men of genius from penetrating mysticisms and discovering reason. The political changes in Europe, during the last century, brought forth the Russian, Prussian, and Napoleon codes; and North America having no ready-made-law suited to the demands of justice, and no sinister interests banded in corrupt support of the sediment of bad law left by the mother country when she separated from it, soon used her unshackled energies to construct and improve the various courts of justice. All these concurrent causes have gradually induced a more original and fruitful study of the science of jurisprudence. Ultimately the philosophical and original mind of Mr. Bentham, the great parent of the science, opened a revelation of natural truth; and the rays of light are bursting on all nations of the earth.

The English legislature also, interested for the reasons *aforesaid*, yea, and even the lawyers themselves, have gradually awaked to the importance of the subject, and foreseen the torrent of public opinion rushing against the antiquated erections of barbarous times. The nation may be said to be alive to this important subject, and all the political changes past, present, or to come, will not diminish the necessity of legislative attention, or the certainty of some eventual and sweeping reform. The lawyers have begun "to turn their backs upon themselves:" the house must be on fire when the landlord runs away. But levity apart, there is much merit due to the many able and leading practisers of the law who have lately lent a helping hand to the exposure of its abuses. The mention of names would be almost invidious; but the legislative labours of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. John Williams, Mr. Brougham, and other members of the House of Commons; and the bold publications of Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Uniacke, Mr. Montagu, and especially the masterly evidence of Mr. Bickersteth before the Chancery Commission, should silence the vulgar calumnies of some, who, by a sweeping condemnation denounce the whole learned profession as fools or knaves. To this honourable list of members of the profession, aiding its advancement, may be added the author of the History of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Parkes has submitted the Court of Chancery as the anatomical demonstrator exposes the human body to a complete and analytical dissection. Antiquity is used not to sanctify defects, but to

trace their origin, that historical investigation may discover, with the cause the cure of the diseases of the legal system. At the same time the weaknesses of the antiquarian and historian, who generally pile detail on detail, whether or not they illustrate the object of the history, are avoided. The work is a complete exposure of the fallacy of the adoration paid to the institutions of our ancestors, because they are *old*; and it completely dissipates the delusion, that the laws and legal institutions of this country were "founded on wisdom" and "first principles." It is made manifest, that they were imperfect works, constructed in dark ages, for the temporary purposes of the days of their creation, always struggling with wry birth and corruption for existence, and protected by a very limited appreciation of the real value or wants of justice.

It is somewhat singular that no honest or searching history of any of our Courts of Law should have been previously undertaken or accomplished, in order to trace, as to, the fountain head, the origin and progress of abuses which have for some years past occupied so large a share of the public attention and complaint. It was singularly observable in the annual debates on the Chancery question in the House of Commons, that *no* equity lawyer aided in the exposure of the nature or causes of evils with which the country rung; and not till the last two years did the *profession* either perceive or dare to animadvert on their means of getting bread. It is, however, most gratifying to know, that in the instance of those who have so ably and disinterestedly lent their aid in the public cause, not only honour, but profit in their profession, has followed their efforts, a merited consequence, which distinctly marks both the public and professional appreciation of their labours. Nor must the efforts of Mr. Peel pass unnoticed or ungratefully acknowledged. Mr. Peel has been the first legal reformer in *power*, and although he may as yet have accomplished little real amendment, he has given a *tone* to the feeling of the country, a fashion highly useful in its consequences, of not only exciting public attention to the state of the law, but stirring up the profession to plans for its improvement.

But to confine ourselves to the Court of Chancery. Mr. Parkes's volume will be highly useful at the present moment. The important subject of the state and reform of the jurisdiction of Equity must attract the particular attention of the legislature during the present session of parliament. The question had slept during the preceding session. There was no reason why it should have slumbered, but political persons in England are apt to fall asleep under occasional circumstances, and their parliamentary motions cease. All parties, however, are now pledged to the present and serious consideration of the imperfection of the Court of Chancery, except Lord Eldon and his eccentric attorney-general, Sir Charles Wetherell. Lord Lyndhurst, under every principle and motive, is committed to some real plan of improvement; it is not merely his bounden duty, but his interest, and report has stated that his attention has been deeply occupied in devising practicable remedies for abuses which are echoed throughout the country in louder and louder notes of complaint and despair.

This <sup>infernal</sup> court has now within its jaws an increasing amount

of property, almost incredible. And the following account of its progressive and inordinate funds in court, distinctly marks the insatiate nature of its vortex :—

	£.	s.	d.
1756, the total amount was	2,864,976	16	1
1766	4,019,004	19	4
1776	6,602,229	8	6
1786	8,848,535	7	11
1796	14,550,397	2	0
1806	21,922,754	12	8
1816	31,953,890	9	5
1818	33,534,520	0	10

This amount has now increased to *forty millions* sterling! to which must be added its involvement in litigation and uncertain possession of various real and bankrupt property.

The first chapter in Mr. Parkes's history, argues the necessity of reform in the Court of Chancery. The second details the nature and origin of that anomaly of law, unknown in all other countries, improperly termed *Equity*; and the gradual way in which the king, who formerly heard petitions in person, subsequently referred them to his *deputy*. The progress of the jurisdiction, and the administration of it, are then traced from the reign of Edward III. through all the dynasties, to the reign of James I. And it is not a little curious to notice the incessant representations of the Commons against the usurpation of the court and its chancellors, the invasion of the common law and the rights of juries, and the predictions of future evils. The deplorable nuisance of the court, during the reign of Charles I., is narrated in Chapter VII. from indisputable authorities and historical evidence, and the innumerable evils resulting from the *political* functions of the chancellor, are distinctly and boldly exhibited. Indeed the subsequent proceedings of the Commonwealth men, to break up and re-construct the court, are fully justified in the enormity of the then existing evils of the jurisdiction, which the country loudly demanded should be terminated. The history of the Court of Chancery during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, forms the most original and valuable historical portion of the volume. It is an impartial and laborious collation of the journals of the two Houses of Parliament, and of innumerable contemporary tracts and legal works from whence a new and singular light is cast on the proceedings of those calumniated and misrepresented times. After a review of the various legislative enactments of the republican and protectorate parliaments, and of the numerous books which issued from the press exposing the defects of the law, this chapter closes with the following remarks on this interesting period:—

“ With the exception of a few tracts on the Chancery controversy, it may truly be asserted that no answer of any importance appeared in reply to these public impeachments of the corrupt state of the law, and that no counter authorities can be set off against the great names arrayed in the cause of its reformation. The sweeping plans of the Commonwealth men, of course created a strong band of enemies among the number of those in possession of the goodly inheritances of the law offices. The old argument of antiquity, however, was their chief



weapon, and all their reasoning was comprised in their title pages: their antagonists they were pleased to style a 'parcel of 'clay-pated, ignorant, green wits;' as if assertions were proofs, and nick names incontrovertible logic. In lieu of reasoning, lampoons and satirical poetry in abundance were vented against the advocates and plans of law-reform. It was gravely contended that the law abuses were necessary to keep men from contriving mischief in the commonwealth. A quarto tract, entitled 'The Proposals of the Committee for Regulating the Law, both in sense, form, and practice, communicated to public view, by especial order and command,' in the midst of its humour, and forced ridicule on the law committee, speaks of the 'court of iniquity,' alias the Court of Chancery, where a man may be suspended and demurred in his just right, from generation to generation, by the power of the purse.' But the inimitable satire of Butler, in the following reign, is an annihilating set off against the ignorant humour of these laureat wits.

"The corrupt state of the law was a copious subject of pulpit preaching by the fanatic religionists of these ultra religious days. A whole chapter, and a very amusing one, might be filled with the citation of their preposterous but zealous arguments. Deuteronomy and the Decalogue were the only codes that could righteously or wisely regulate the practice of the courts of common law and Chancery; and all the difficult points of practice were to be decided by reference to cases in the Epistles. It is unnecessary to trace the causes of the Commonwealth fanaticism: every one versed in the history of the human mind will perceive them in the fierce collision of the Reformation with the long established religion of Rome: popular feeling, like the torrent of lava on the burning volcano, the ebullition of which down the steep precipice is uncertain till the moment of its bursting fulness, usually runs in opposite directions.

"These Puritan lawgivers could not perceive that the Jewish law was of three distinct classes—*moral, political, and ceremonial*; that the jurisprudence and customs originated in the *peculiar* circumstances of the Jewish people and neighbouring nations; that they were founded on a theocracy, or civil government, in which the Jews considered God as their King, and themselves as his subjects; all which circumstances in no wise related to the state of England in the seventeenth century. Superstition, however, concealed these simple facts from the mistified intellects of our evangelical ancestors.

"It cannot be necessary to apologise for the unusual length and full details of this chapter; as the history of the law proceedings of the Commonwealth and Protectorate Government is highly important, and has never before been fully investigated or collected into a digested narrative.

"It is not within the province of this volume to indulge in any disquisition on the few beneficial results which immediately succeeded the opposition to the Stuarts, and the labours of the commonwealth men. It cannot be denied that their sanguine expectations were never realised, and that the most unfortunate consequences in many instances followed their ardent efforts. The causes of this grievous disappointment and ill success, did not result from any lack of virtuous motives or ability in the promoters of the different plans of

reformation: they are rather to be ascribed to the difficulties opposed by the effects of long continued *mis*-government, of Cromwell's usurpation and selfish designs, and to the state of society, which was doubtless unprepared for forms and objects of government which anticipated the march of time. Liberty was an exotic that could not then flourish in the soil and climate of England; but like the foreign plants, which by repeated propagation from seed, at length become inured to their new climate, it required to be nursed with long and diligent care until gradually enabled to thrive by its own native and unprotected vigour." - - -

"It would be equally irrelevant to detail many of the real national benefits which *did* originate in the commonwealth and protectorate policy; in the commanding and dignified relations of the kingdom with foreign powers, in the navigation acts and other important legislation. We need no further evidence of the honest and masterly views of the leading men of that eventful age than is exhibited in their plans of legal reform, which with more time, and under happier auspices, might have conferred essential obligations on the country. And it would be equally ungrateful not to mention the admirable plan of Cromwell for reforming the constitution of parliament, which even Clarendon is obliged to confess '*was generally looked upon as an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in better times.*'"—pp. 137—139.

A series of chapters then chronologically pursue the history of the court through all the subsequent reigns to the present period; with a particular notice of the personal and professional character of every chancellor, the state of the court, the publications against it, and the innumerable but constantly abortive attempts of the people and the legislature to stem its usurpation, and remedy its scandalous abuses. The Great *Plague* was the only enemy which arrested its progress, and *that* was considered a visitation, if possible, worse than the evils of equity. The corruption, time-serving, and bigoted ignorance of the lawyers of early days, though proverbial, surpass all belief, as they are really displayed and exposed in this history. A more degrading record of knavery was never before presented to the political public; and the illustration, which the successive details of the history give, in tracing the evils of this monstrous court, is most valuable, and carries a conviction to the mind which it is impossible to resist. This history will altogether explode the absurdly vulgar error, that the abuses of the court originated in the *persons* of modern judges, rather than in the *system* and barbarous construction of the early jurisdiction. The character given of Lord Eldon justly exemplifies this dogma; it discriminately paints the *real* character of the *ex*-chancellor, stripped of the garnish of his place-seeking partisans, and cleared from the party feelings and misrepresentations of his personal and contemporary opponents:—

#### LORD ELDON'S CHARACTER.

"Lord Loughborough was succeeded by Lord Eldon, on the 14th of April, 1801, and excepting the short intervening chancellors of Lord Erskine from the 7th of February, 1800, to the 1st of April, 1807, he retained possession of the seals till 21st, 1827. When the sun of his judicial power and patronage is setting in the recent ministerial revolutions, it would be illiberal to treat his [professional

Character with needless asperity, or to withhold the meed of praise so justly due to the industry, integrity, and *technical* knowledge of equity which peculiarly marked his long career in the Court of Chancery. It is to be regretted that the judicial failings of Lord Eldon have been magnified into the one great and original cause of the evils of the court, which may give rise to a mistaken expectation that his retirement from office will of itself lead to the climax of its reformation. These pages demonstrate that the abuses attendant on the administration of English equity, are of remote origin and progressive accumulation: that long before Lord Eldon was born they existed in an equal degree, compared with the relative quantum of litigation before the court, and have merely been aggravated by his constitutional tendency to doubt and procrastinate. But although Lord Eldon is absolved from the moral responsibility attaching to the *source* of the abuses of his jurisdiction, he is deeply culpable in upholding and increasing them by a long continual denial of their existence, and an unceasing opposition to their investigation and legislative removal. Since Lord Eldon's accession to the chancellorship the funds of the suitors in court have *doubled* in amount, and the real property involved has probably quadrupled. Many of the evils of his judicial reign have doubtless originated in the increase of litigation, arising out of the vast mercantile transactions of the nation. A country pre-eminently commercial, by the multitude and intricacy of its contracts, will engender lawsuits in a far greater relative proportion than other states. It was, however, the duty of a judge of liberal and comprehensive mind, to have adapted his court to the new order of things; and so far from the antiquity of the abuses forming any valid justification of Lord Eldon's conduct, it should have been an additional motive for securing his attention to the improvement of his extended jurisdiction. But he invariably discountenanced every legislative inquiry and proposed reform. The political night-mare of *innovation* haunted his imagination: in his legal vocabulary, reformation and revolution were synonymous, and the latter word was another synonym for destruction. He belonged to the old school of Aristotelian lawyers, deeply versed in the fictions, subtleties, and procedure of English equity; and as a pedantic linguist conceives the acquisition of dead languages to be, not the means of acquiring knowledge, but knowledge itself, so Lord Eldon mistook the means for the end, the *forms* of Justice for the *substance* of Equity. Notoriously ignorant of, and by nature incapable of justly appreciating, the great principles of legislative science and jurisprudence, he superstitiously adhered to every thing *old* because it was ancient, and objected to the introduction of every thing modern because it was *new*. The progress of jurisprudence in other countries was not his study but his horror; and he would as soon have consented to introduce judicial improvements from abroad, as to admit foreign corn without duty. Perceiving what is obvious to every reflecting being, that hasty decisions in doubtful cases furnish incontrovertible proofs of weakness of mind, he yet failed to discover that to distrust that which is plain, and doubt that which is clear, is an equally convincing evidence of imbecility of intellect. He greatly resembled Coke; though he prided himself on his imagined similarity to a man of much greater mind, the 'impeached

revolutionist,' Lord Somers. The arguments of Coke, in the preface to the fourth part of his Reports, exactly correspond with the reasoning of the late chancellor in favour of established and ancient law: 'The Locrenses in Magna Græcia had a sharp law against innovation; Plato denounces inventors of new things; Suetonius writes to the same purpose; Periander of Corinth has an apothegm that old laws and new meats are fittest,' *ergo*, the laws of England must not be altered! The character given of Coke applies exactly to Lord Eldon; that he is 'a mere great lawyer, and like all such had a mind so walled in by law-knowledge, that in its bounded views it shut out the horizon of the intellectual faculties, and the whole of his philosophy lay in statutes.' No man has ever yet explored the heavens and surveyed the stars with a microscope."—pp. 351—354.

The following extract from the preface further notices the character of Lord Eldon, and what is to be expected and sought from his successor:—

"These pages might have been published at an earlier period of last year, but the political and ephemeral object of exposing the errors and depreciating the professional reputation of Lord Eldon was not the author's purpose: the *court*, not the *chancellor*, is the subject of the volume. Since the greater portion was printed, various changes have taken place in the political administration of the government. A bigoted aversion to innovation has given way to an avowed desire of keeping pace with time and the exigencies of the age. It was the wise saying of our greatest English philosopher and chancellor, that 'they who will *not* apply new remedies must expect new evils; for Time is the greatest innovator: and if time, of course, alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?' It is now no longer fashionable to couple the existence of the Constitution and Judicial Establishments with the continuance of certain ministers and judges in office: the British public know that a sincere attachment to our national institutions is perfectly consistent with the ardent desire of correcting their abuses and extending their utility. Lord Eldon, like the Spartan lawgiver, would have fain sworn his countrymen not to alter their laws after his death till they heard from him on the subject; and, in imitation of the Locrian penal law, would have soon ordained that every proposer of a new statute should come publicly with a halter round his neck and adventure a hanging if he failed in his undertaking. But Lord Lyndhurst has succeeded Lord Eldon, and is pledged to an early and effective reform of his jurisdiction. The bold and comprehensive mind of the new chancellor is able to redeem this public pledge, and if he fails in the full performance of his duty the responsibility and guilt will be correspondingly great. Those members of the legislature also, who have for so many years denounced the national curse of this court, when they possess the *power* to apply the remedy, will surely not violate their words in their actions. The next session of parliament will be the test of sincerity. In the meanwhile a work, which briefly gives the history of this anomalous court and its abuses, may meet with a dispassionate reception, and keep alive the public interest in a political and judicial subject of such extreme importance to the nation.

"It is here incontestibly proved, that however the evils of the English courts of equity may have been aggravated by the judicial incompetency and errors of the judges who have presided in them, they originated and still exist in the system itself. Lord Lyndhurst may excel his predecessor in decision of character, but only so far will he remedy the abuses of his court; and unless his chancellorship be accompanied by a subdivision of labour, and a complete revision of the procedure and principles of the jurisdiction, it does not require the gift of prophecy to foretel, that in a very few years we shall witness a renewal and increase of the public complaints of the abuses of the Chancery."—pp. xvi.—xviii.

The *remedial* portion of the work is of course, though not historically, substantially, the most important. A complete analysis is given of the various jurisdictions of the English Court of Chancery. The importance and practicability of numerous reforms tending to remove the *causes* of litigation, or in other words, lessening the subjects of litigation, is first pointed out, viz.; the state of laws of real property, of the technical forms of conveyancing, the laws regarding trusts, corporations, and charities; the bankrupt laws and jurisdiction, and various alterations and amendments of the general law and judicial system of the country. For this great and necessary object, a *real* Commission is proposed for the deliberate and honest consideration of every department of reform. A subdivision of the labour of the court, and of the jurisdictions, is proposed and particularised; and though, last, not least, the substitution of *viva voce* for written evidence, (not however with the accompaniment of a jury,) and which Mr. Parkes considers an amendment greatly overlooked, but all important. We cannot extract any portion of this part of the work, but must conclude with recommending it to the consideration of all those interested in the grave and paramount question on which so much light is thrown by Mr. Parkes's elaborate and valuable work.

### BOOKS, BOOKSELLERS, AND BOOKMAKERS.

AN eminent bookseller, the other day, declined undertaking the publication of a work that had been offered to him, on the ground that it was contained only in one volume: adding, that if the author were able to expand it into two volumes, that he would then willingly give a satisfactory price for the copyright. Our uninitiated readers will not understand the philosophy of this arrangement. They must be told that it costs as much to *advertise* a small book as a large one; while the receipts are only half the amount. The cost of advertising amply consequently consumes the profits. Hence, an author who publishes a work in one volume at his own expence, must either avoid the expence, and consequently the advantage of *advertising*, or he must forego all hopes of profit. A bookseller, whose sole motive is of course gain, will refuse to engage in a work which is not likely to remunerate him. Exceptions to this rule are numerous—for instance—school books, which, if they are sold at all, circulate an immense number—scientific

books, whose sale is limited and confined to a small class of men, who are on the watch for works which interest them, and do not require to be repeatedly told of the existence of a new work. Now, as most works are capable of expansion, by the application of a few arts of authorship, it is natural that the author should stretch his manufacture to the necessary magnitude, in order to secure the booksellers offer: the loss must fall upon the public, who not only pay in pence, but are more or less injured by having trash bolstered into a work that might otherwise be excellent—time is consumed, and half the instruction of reading lost—for two books might be read for one, which costs the price of both. This is one of the evils not of advertising, but of the expense of advertising. A publisher's account is a curiosity; for in the publication of a small work, it will generally be found, that the expense of making its existence known, equals the whole cost of printing it, of the paper on which it is printed, and of the boards in which it is folded.

It is believed, and we know that it has been affirmed, by one of the houses of greatest business in the metropolis, that two out of every three works presented to the public, *fail*; that is, produces no profit, but generally speaking, leave a loss. This average will be varied by the greater or less judgment or astuteness of the publisher: some men are better judges of excellence, and some have a shrewder knowledge of what will *take*. Under this system, it is clear, the third book must remunerate the publisher for the other two—he must either increase the proportion of the price, or he must pay less to the author. Thus the author and the public combine to pay the bookseller for his risk—to *insure* his deficiency in judgment and tact.

All those who have dabbled in literature, have heard of the system of *half profits*. It is a plan to remedy the defects noticed in the preceding paragraph: to save the public and the bookseller, and to throw the greater part of the risk of publication on the author. The publisher, it is true, secures him from all risk of loss, except the loss of such time and labour as he has expended on his work: and if an author produces a commodity not marketable, it is right that he alone should suffer; if any body is to bear loss, it is manifestly the original author of all cause of loss. This, however, is not the view which an author usually takes of this plan, and it is right that he should be enlightened: the plan itself is, that the publisher shall defray all the expenses of paper, print, and advertisements; but that, paying nothing for the copyright, the profits on the account shall be equally divided; the bookseller, however, be it observed first of all, charging 10 per cent. on the gross receipts for his trouble of publishing. The author, sanguine in his expectations of success, enters readily into a scheme which bears every mark of fairness: he reckons upon profits which never accrue. He acts under a delusion, as the following considerations will show: when a manuscript is submitted to a publisher—if he is not himself a literary man, and a dabbler in authorship—for then there is no answering for the ideas and motives that may warp such men from the high road of profitable trade—the questions he puts to himself are:—1. Will the publication have a run.—2. Will it pay.—3. Will it never move at all. If the third—he sends his respectful compliments to the author, and begs to decline the publication—for any or no reason; as his courtesy may

direct. If the second—he sees the author, and proposes the *half profits* scheme—if the first, he makes the offer of a sum to secure the copyright. In publishing at half profits, his risk is small; for he has ascertained the claims to notice which the work possesses; poetry he knows is waste paper; voyages and travels are sure of a certain sale; works of the imagination are useless, except cast in a certain fashionable mould; didactic treatises depend upon the name of the writer; speculations are moonshine—philosophy, is on a level with poetry unless appearing under the auspices of learned societies or an established reputation. A shrewd man can tell exactly whether a work will *pay*, which is all he is anxious about—the per centage he takes, will remunerate him for his trouble, and the expences of his establishment: outlay of capital there is none, for he pays for nothing, except by bills at long date; and before they are due, he has secured payment, or nearly so, for the copies sold. In case he fails in his calculation, the failure cannot be great, unless he is a very unskilful person indeed, for a few hundred copies are sure to be sold; and the stock, which publishers have many ways of putting off, generally ends in squaring the account. Sometimes there is a balance after all deductions: an author *may* receive a few pounds, but we never heard of an instance of any adequate success attending this arrangement: for the publisher, if he is good for any thing in his trade, is sure to buy that which is really worth any thing: by worth, we mean saleable to such an extent as to induce him to undertake a speculation. The publisher has another advantage—the works on joint account give to the world the idea of a speculative and liberal mode of procedure: of a man in a very extensive way, and consequently bring a crowd of authors to his door. They moreover give him an opportunity of making his own works known to the world at least—and sometimes at no expence. They enable him to be liberal of other people's publications to reviews and newspapers, and thereby get himself a name. A young author generally sacrifices his first, and probably best work in this manner; if it is successful, his publisher will make him an offer of money for the next—which got up in haste to grow rich; and under the intoxicating influence of success, seldom equals the former. It is then the bookseller who suffers.

Besides the direct means of advertising, the publisher generally wields one or more powerful instruments of producing the same effect indirectly. Under his influence he usually has some review, magazine, or literary newspaper—or if not the works themselves—the *writers* in them. For his own books his motives are strong enough to put these means in operation—not so with his works on *half profits*. The instruments alluded to—the reviews, magazines, and reviewers—may be considered as generally, if not particularly, under the influence of the booksellers as a body. For without their aid, a great sale is scarcely to be expected: and with their opposition, the greatest efforts are necessary to support an independent existence. The public cannot appreciate the sacrifices which in this struggle are made partly for their sakes under a sense of duty, and partly for the satisfaction of private feelings of justice and honour: neither are they aware how easy it would be to sail down the stream with a fair wind; for an honest and impartial criticism requires time and talent: but a mass of indiscriminate eulogy

costs nothing—except indeed to the writer's conscience. Since the public have not intelligence to select their guides, the only parties to be considered are the proprietors of the critical works and the proprietors of the books, who, be it observed, have the selling of both the work and the criticism. They can blast or puff as they list: and the common interests of trade teach them what to do. Unhappily the bulk of purchasers, unable or unwilling to judge for themselves, listen to any stupid bookseller's gossip, and form their opinions (if such can be called opinions) accordingly—and they are deluded.

[The greatest mistake made by authors is to suppose, that, educated as gentlemen, and enjoying their society and mode of life, authorship can support them. No man ought to expect more from authorship than payment for his *manual* labour in writing. If he will estimate his work as a law-stationer does, by the same number of pence per folio, he will probably not be disappointed, on the supposition that he is a man of talents and judgment. Sir Walter Scott may be quoted as an exception, and we give those who differ from us all the benefit of this single instance. Southey might, perhaps, be mentioned as an exception also: but setting aside his receipts for articles in reviews, which we exclude from present consideration, we would venture to assert that had he spent the same time in the office of a law stationer, or other copyist, that he would have been equally well paid for his time. It follows that all the headwork must be thrown in: consequently no man, unless he derives a sufficient livelihood from other sources, can afford to write books. Novels and poetical Tales, such as those of Byron, may perhaps be quoted against us; and the munificence of Mr. Colburn referred to as a proof of the unsoundness of our doctrine. Let it however be remembered, that a man can only write two or three novels of the class alluded to in his lifetime: his experience will of necessity be exhausted. That it is an easy thing for any idle man to write one or two, and that consequently crowds of competitors are entering the field, composed of persons moreover who possess the grand recommendation of having distinctions to be puffed, and not standing under the necessity of imposing hard terms upon the publisher. Genius of a very rare character might spring up in either of these departments; and genius, to a certain extent, is secure—we are speaking of superior, but at the same time ordinary, acquirements.

In other classes of publication, if a man has accumulated practical or theoretical information, it is probable that a demand exists for it when condensed into a book—but one book may hold all the information which a life has accumulated. In cases where the information has to be collected from a vigorous and intelligent perusal of other works, as in the compilation of a history, it will be found that a common clerk in a banking-house is better paid. Let the reader refer to the accounts which exist of the price given for such works as Gibbon's History for instance, and then set against it the outlay in books, and the quantity of time bestowed upon it. Gibbon received, we believe, six thousand pounds for his work; a sum not exceeding the expense of the library he found necessary to supply the materials;—deducting, however, only the interest of this sum, and taking into account the number of years during which he was occupied upon his work, he probably receives at the rate of about two hundred pounds a-year; an income



which at Lausanne might perhaps pay his house-rent, and keep his sedan. We have heard that Mr. Mill received fifteen hundred pounds for his work on British India: judging from the labour consumed in this elaborate work, and estimating the remuneration at the rate which a confidential attorney's clerk is paid, we are convinced that five thousand pounds would not have been an equivalent for the copyright to him. Probably the sum given was fully equal to the marketable value of it. We are acquainted with instances of authors, who, pursuing the more dignified lines of study, have published several works accounted works of importance and deep research in the world of literature, and which have raised their names to high consideration in the public estimation; these gentlemen have declared themselves not merely unremunerated for either time or talent, but considerably out of pocket. There are other instances of men paying publishers bills to the amount of four or five hundred a-year, for the pleasure of enlightening a world which will not be enlightened. These gentlemen complain loudly of the stupidity and ingratitude of the public: of its wretched taste, of its love of trash,\* of the baseness of critics. The truth is, that men ought not to write for a pecuniary return; much less ought they to propose to make literature a profession, and expect to live by the sale of their productions. This not only causes much pain and disappointment in the parties themselves, but the idea that literature is a good trade misleads many an unhappy individual, and seriously injures the quality of literature itself. This is done in many ways, by producing a great number of works, which injure one another by a ruinous competition: by creating hasty and undigested publications, which, written only to serve a temporary purpose—the procuring of money, are hurried into the world by their authors as fast as their own imperfections hasten them out of it: by degrading the general character of authors who undoubtedly would stand much higher with the world, and consequently take a higher place in their own respect, if they were induced to publish wholly or chiefly by a desire to inform or improve mankind, or to secure a lasting fame. No one can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under a notion of being paid, and well paid.

The earliest stanzas which used formerly to be written in honour of a mother's birthday or a sister's wedding, are now no sooner indited than sent to a magazine for publication; the article of remuneration being delicately but firmly insisted upon. The first efforts of imagination in a tale, or the first disquisition or essay boldly written, and which we should have expected formerly to be either timidly shown to a friend, or in a moment of modest diffidence committed to the flames, are now sent round to every periodical, with notes, impudently and importunately begging for an immediate return in the shape of money; and in case of no notice being taken of these precious productions, or of their being thrown among a heap of similar papers, or perhaps into the fire, angry letter succeeds angry letter, demanding instant restitution of the "property so shamefully withheld," or its "equivalent in a check." More melancholy cases frequently occur: let a man fall into misfortune or unhappily become the inmate of a prison, he scrawls

some wild and incoherent stuff, and sending to the editor of the first periodical that occurs to his memory, accompanies his paper with a pressing request for an immediate return of its value and with a melancholy account of his distress.

It is but a piece of retributive justice that the periodicals, which have done more to infuse this mercenary spirit among writers, should be most exposed to the inconvenience arising from it. The practice which modern periodicals have introduced, of paying their contributors according to the length of their articles, is absurd: not quite so absurd as paying a tailor according to the length of the lappels of his coat or the legs of his trowsers. There are many elements of value in a paper besides length, which, in fact, ought to vary inversely with payment after a certain standard has been exceeded. This practice, however, of paying by sheet or by page, has spread the notion, that writing sonnets to a publisher is like writing checks on a banker. The great inequality which this estimate by length has induced into payment is another evil. It has caused writers to receive great sums, who have earned them neither by labour nor talent; and in cases where great research and great power have been concentrated in a small space, the contributor has gone without adequate reward. The latter evil is scarcely so great as the former. The system of payment in periodicals has been attended with the further evil of bringing into the field a regular army of mercenaries, who have driven out the occasional contributor, and have led many publications, which commenced with a body of great power, to depend solely upon men whose trade it is to supply criticisms by the gross: men altogether of an inferior order in every consideration. It is a tradesman's notion, that a critical work can be carried on with success—if only he is “willing to go to the expence!” No money can compensate for the want of union, of intensity of purpose, of a prevailing and harmonious spirit infused into a publication by a good editor and his party: men who are bound together by common purposes and common tastes.

The fact is, that literature, and professors of literature, are both still in a very anomalous state. They are the irregular growth of accident, and neither are as yet placed on a right footing. A “man of letters” in France has always been an accredited character: sometime before the Revolution he was, perhaps, too much of a hanger-on; he was always, however, esteemed, and at length the “men of letters,” as a body, acquired great influence: at any rate, no man in France was ashamed of being known as a literary character; and no one, not even the humblest and most ignorant, would refuse to acknowledge his claims to consideration. We believe that a gentleman in England would much rather be announced as a stockbroker, or sugarbaker, than a literary man—a character which would lead him to be shunned as a person of low occupation, vulgar manners, and dangerous society. There may be some foundation for this: for literature is unhappily professed by many who were never educated, and whose sole title to its honour consists in the manufacture of paragraphs for a newspaper. Chiefly, however, the contempt bestowed on the name of “homme de lettres,” arises from an Englishman's respect for wealth, and his contempt for every thing poor. It is a common place, of universal reception, that an author must be poor—a poor devil—“living upon his

wits," "getting his bread by his pen," and hardly doing that: hence much of the obloquy bestowed upon the character. Much may arise from ignorance of the real nature of a literary man's pursuits. If he writes, libels are often thought to be his daily task: men have heard of mercenary pamphleteers, of fellows who sell personalities and get a scoundrel's livelihood by threatening publications. It is curious to examine into the nature of a country gentleman's notion of a writer: and we well knew a member of the Upper House, whose daily theme after dinner, when he had passed a certain mark over the bottle, was furious and incoherent declamation against *authors*, because, at an election, before he came to his full title, some writers of placards and hand-bills had exposed the shallowness of his pretensions, and shown up some of his private vices.

### CROCKFORD'S: OR, LIFE IN THE WEST.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL, M. P.

London. Saunders and Otley. 1828.

THIS is the second edition of a work which we had never heard had come to a first. Anxious to see the quality of that which so rapidly gained favour, and more particularly desirous of looking into a novel which Mr. Peel (a political sun in a partial eclipse, as the dedication has it), *permits* to be dedicated to him, we have turned over its pages. The author is said, in the puffs of the day, to be a "sporting nobleman:"—a fact which internal evidence would confirm. The author is evidently either a lord or a footman, for no other classes treat the rules of grammar and orthography with equal contempt. The novel opens with the announcement, that near the close of June, 18—, the Marquis of Meadowdale entertained at dinner, "which he was often accustomed to do," a few select and distinguished friends at his splendid mansion in Portman-square. After the ladies have left the table, the gentlemen stay behind to push the bottle about: the reason of this novel proceeding is thus explained. The Marquis—

—"Thinking it a good old English custom, where it is not indulged too far,—one whose social, friendly, and hospitable appearance cheers the heart, unfetters the mind of forced formality, impules an interchange of sentiments, displays to view kindred souls, and *rents asunder the veil which idle fashion and diffidence obscures the ingenuous and spontaneous effusions of the heart.*"—Vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

The finest little "effusion of the heart," in this conversation from which the veil is rent is the following:—

" 'Well,' said the Marquis of Meadowdale, addressing himself particularly to Sir Walter Mortimer, changing from trifling sallies that were flying about to a subject of national interest, 'what are we to think of the recent breaking up of an administration whose principles led the country gloriously and triumphantly through a long and sanguinary war, against a mighty foe, before whom the great powers of the Continent bowed, and to whom the prosperity of England was as a cancer which, it seemed, was either to prove mortal to his political existence, or be eradicated by the total ruin of a land, the mistress of the sea—of nations,—and the enlightener of the world?' "—Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

What can be clearer than that the Marquis is a member of the Upper House?

The conversation recovers after this sprightly sally, and Sir Walter Mortimer, the hero and exemplar of the book, pronounces this eulogy on Mr. Peel.—We are no longer surprised at the “permission.”

“ ‘ Mr. Peel, uniting rare and serviceable talents, with conscious rectitude, unbending integrity, and political consistency, which, mingling with every estimable impulse in private life, gave a tone and character to the performance of his various and important duties, so congenial to the habits and happiness of the people—the spirit of the times, and the prosperity of the empire, that the hearts of all are penetrated with the deepest respect and favour; convinced that the high office in the state he held, could not have devolved to abler or better hands. The progress the right honourable gentleman is still making to ameliorate our jurisprudence and render it more consonant with justice and humanity, is at once worthy of the heart to feel its aptitude, and the mind to conceive its accomplishment.’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

The liveliness of this brilliant party is at length broken in upon by a summons to the ladies.

“ The summons was instantly obeyed by Sir Walter Mortimer, with infinite satisfaction, as nothing to him was more pleasing than the society of ladies of high refinement, accomplishments, wit, and beauty; and more especially, as he would join one, *who* the silent throbbing of his heart when he thought of, or approached, told him was far otherwise than indifferent to its dearest and choicest affections.”—Vol. i. p. 15.

Lady Eliza, the Marquis's daughter, captivates the Baronet, with some music: a Swiss piece, called the Marquis's “tit bit,” is particularly admired, also a German piece. The author observes, with great taste respecting the latter, that “many German pieces are capable of being played with magic harmony.” Lady Eliza played delightfully “on the piano; every key was touched with a feeling and softness, that each note seemed to *breathe one upon another*, so as to produce the most melting effect.”

Lord Meadowdale was a very upright man and enlightened senator:

“ His lordship always recommended mild and conciliatory measures, whenever any class of mechanics were thrown out of employ and starving.”—Vol. i. p. 23.

The Marchioness is equally exemplary; especially in her dislike of large parties.

“ She never approved of those large assemblies, which from the variety of characters and costume, and the crushing that attends them, corresponded, her ladyship thought, very nearly with the idea she had formed of a masquerade.”—Vol. i. p. 24.

But Lady Eliza was the most bewitching of beauties, as any one may see from the description of her.

“ Lady Eliza Mary Dawn was so highly embellished by nature and cultivation, as would make her an object of interest and attraction in all relations of life. Her ladyship was rather above the common height, of the most exquisite proportions, and a waist *extremely unique and round*.

“ Her eyes were dark blue and full, surmounted with a brow rather dark, finely arched, and embossed in long silken lashes, through which they flashed the mildest and purest beams of unassuming modesty, tenderness, intelligence, and love. - - -

“ Her chin was small and round, with a slight tinge of light pink upon its summit. Her high and polished forehead was partly overshadowed by long,

fine, dark, luxuriant auburn tresses, confined a little near the temples, but allowed to fall wildly by the side of *two pretty little ears*, and which every movement of the head, or passing breeze, would throw into some new fantastical form, and vary the golden hue of each ringlet, as it gracefully fell to find a resting place about the well-rounded shoulders, or on the most lovely, snowy, and glossy bosom ever beheld.

‘ Their skin transparent, and glossy fair,  
As their milk had creamed in circle there.’

And the small blue veins branching down like the fibres of a leaf, or the inlets of a river, seemed ready to gush through the delicate texture of the skin that confined them, which, though covered with richly worked muslin, could not escape the eye of a lover.”—Vol. i. pp. 25—28.

Sir Walter, the baronet already spoken of, is a man who has seen a great deal of the world; and has turned all his experience to the improvement of his virtue and his fifteen thousand a-year. That he was quite universal in his knowledge may be vouched for.

“ Quaffing iced champagne and claret at Stevens’s at one time, and then proceeding of through every varied scene, even to the smoking a segar and taking his ‘go’ of brandy, Welch rabbit, and ‘nip’ of ale, at certain places famous for such entertainment; at another, the colonel had the widest range whereby to lay in a store of useful knowledge which an enlightened, well-regulated mind like his could wish for; no practice in life scarcely but what he thus became intimately acquainted with.”—Vol. i. pp. 35, 36.

The vices of gaming this perfect gentleman had avoided as well as every other stain:—

“ At this time many a ruined gambler and *casual person who happened* to cross his path, had to thank him for the means of satisfying the cravings of hunger. Some of his acquaintances practised deeply upon his credulity, which, together with the information he obtained from time to time, from persons whose company he *purposely fell* into, and whose reckless confidence was often given, when they wanted to ‘borrow’ of him a *crown or so*, gave him such a clear insight into certain transactions of the world, that enabled him ultimately to disrobe them of their false appearances, and view them in their proper colours.”—Vol. i. p. 34.

It was very natural in the Marquis of Meadowdale to be anxious to secure so perfect a character as a friend to his son, the Earl of Upland.

“ The straight forward, manly and upright commentaries upon passing events, which were ‘ever and anon’ falling from the lips of Sir Walter Mortimer, could not fail to be entertaining and instructive to any one, but more especially to a young nobleman little *informed upon* the ways of men, of unsteady notions, and who was destined sooner or later to inherit a high title and 70,000*l.* a year—an *object* ever surrounded by the heartless temptations and knavery of the world.”—Vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

Sir Walter, however, designs to be more than a friend to lovely the Lady Eliza: he only watched to know her sentiments, for he felt sure of *meeting with no bar* to his affection *with the heads* of her ladyship’s family.—Vol. i. p. 37.

The Marquis of Meadowdale the very day after this dinner suddenly comes upon his son in the Park, in the midst of a knot of “legs” of quality. The scene is described with much nature:—

“ The Marquis of Meadowdale and Lady Eliza were enjoying their afternoon’s ride *about* the park, accompanied by Sir Walter Mortimer, and *when winding round by the statue of Achilles* from the new road by the Serpentine

River, which leads to the pretty bridge that separates Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens, the party came suddenly in view of a cluster of horsemen, for the *major part* what are called 'sporting' noblemen and gentlemen.

"The day was hot, which they appeared to feel, for scarcely one of them sat his horse properly; two or three were dismounted and resting their arms over the saddles; some were leaning upon their elbows upon the backs of their steeds; one had his knee upon the saddle, and supported his leg with his hand: another was seated upon his horse, like a boy upon a bench, with both legs on one side; two others had thrown their feet out of their stirrups, and their legs were carelessly dangling by the sides of their *Rosentantes*, like those members of a Guy Fawkes over a pole, as if they did not appertain to their bodies.

"There was nothing remarkable to distinguish the rest, excepting that Lord Upland was of the number, who, upon seeing the trio approach, immediately *clapped spurs to his horse* and joined them.

"His Lordship had no sooner left them than he immediately became the subject of conversation, which *is always the case* with every new candidate in the arena of fashionable life, or in any other grade of society.

"Honourable George Fopperry—in a drawling affected manner, at the same time taking a segar case out of one pocket, and a gold-mounted phosphorous box and matches out of another, from which he took a segar 'perfume a la rose,' (on this hot day)—'Who the de-veal, Oaks, is that fel-lowe just rode off?—Egad, my lord, he sits his horse monstrously well.'

"Lord Oaks.—'D——n me if I know, George, but he has just joined the Marquis of Meadowdale, a thundering rich old buck.'"—Vol. i. pp. 39—41.

The Honourable George Fopperry, the brother of the Earl of Seaton, "was a good-hearted fellow, but possessing little sense to guide him. *He had scarcely acquired the knowledge how to speak his own language.* He had just come to a fortune of 22,000*l.* a year, left him by a maternal uncle, which was going from him as fast as possible." Lord Oaks was a very inferior character; "he had crept under the rose into a common gaming-house concern, in conjunction with an honourable colonel, the brother of an earl, who derives his title from an *insular island* and a French party."

The detection of his son in such company, gave the marquis great uneasiness; and he could not permit Sir William to leave him that day without returning home with him to dinner. Sir William's obliging conduct is described with great delicacy and simplicity.

"On the return of the family party to Portman Square, after assisting Lady Eliza to alight from her horse, and handing her ladyship to the drawing-room to the marchioness, who had been out in the carriage all the morning shopping, the baronet bowed his leave, and was on the point of mounting his horse in order to meet a tavern party, when the marquis expressed the pleasure he should feel by his staying to dine.

"The invitation was given in a tone expressive of the great desire of the marquis, that it should be complied with. Sir Walter, therefore, dispatched his groom with a note of excuse to his tavern friends.

"*It was not from any particular desire to go, that he made a movement to leave,* though he always wished to keep his engagements."—Vol. i. pp. 59, 60.

While the ladies went to dress, the gentlemen, who did not dress after their ride, remained in the parlour adjoining the dining-room, and began to talk of the Corn Laws. The marquis's remarks on this question are a model of clearness and precision.

"The noble marquis, with forceable eloquence and practical foresight, pointed out the impolicy of injuring one interest of the community to uphold

another, and demonstrated most clearly, for a country to be vigorously prosperous and generally happy, all the measures of government should have the effect of making every interest hinge upon the rest, deriving advantages from the energies of all, while it ramifies its own in return, which his lordship described as 'a good disposition of things.'—Vol. i. p. 60.

Now it happened unluckily that the length of this sentence was such, that the ladies had not only dressed during its delivery, but actually arrived at the foot of the stairs; the gentlemen thus treating them with an apparent neglect, which went to the hearts of them both:—

"The footman now entered to announce dinner, and said the ladies were descending from the drawing-room.

"The marquis, who was always very scrupulous in paying attention to the courtesies of refined life, was vexed that the subject, upon which they had been speaking, *had precluded the accompanying* of his lady and daughter from the drawing to the dining-room, and at seeing them upon the stairs, preceded by *one*, and followed by *two* footmen. [Admire the precision.]

"His lordship, attended by Sir Walter and Lord Upland, hastened to the foot of the stairs, in order to repair the oversight as soon as possible. It was this constant evincement of delicate and respectful devotion that displayed the lover in the husband, the magic power of which increased, if possible, the glow of affection that had first warmed and united their hearts.

"Sir Walter, it may well be supposed, felt much chagrined at having thus lost part of the time, the opportunity afforded, of *holding* his lovely charmer by the hand.

"He felt more than usual regret on this occasion, for the fair being of his idolatry never looked more beauteous. Not *expecting any one* to dine with the family, Lady Eliza had *paid very little attention to the adjustment of her hair*, after the exercise of riding, which might be considered, by prudish persons, a little out of curl; but which flowing wildly about her neck—the usual delicate colour of the cheeks being heightened by the ride to the appearance of a slight blush of carnation upon a white rose and arrayed in smiles—the pupil of the eye, from elasticity of spirits, almost extending over its blue incasement—and the slender waist of a white robe being carelessly confined with a sash of French-white ribbon, altogether gave her so soft, so romantic, so perfectly natural, so bewitchingly feminine an appearance, that the baronet was completely dazzled and enchanted."—Vol. i. pp. 60—62.

It is not surprising that this glare of beauty somewhat discomposed Sir Walter.—Vol. i. p. 2.

It is well the marquis's cook did not perceive him mixing vinegar with the butter! he had served with the turbot; but this is not half so bad as the baronet's next vagary; he actually peppers a *half-finished* glass of Madeira, till Lord Upland hands him the *salt-cellar*—with "allow me, Sir Walter! you want salt also."

The baronet's "felicitous way," however, extricates him from the awkwardness of his situation:—

"At least," said the baronet, joining in the laugh against himself, 'I have made a 'devil' of a mistake, but it is only to be accounted for by the gross error of suffering ideas to wander into fanciful regions of bliss, instead of allowing them to remain sensible of the presence of those (bowing to the ladies) who would make any region—a region of bliss.'

"You have a most felicitous way, Sir Walter," said the marchioness, 'of getting out of a dilemma.'—Vol. i. p. 64.

The indurous use of the pepper-castor, observes a sporting nobleman, "*with most others* would have covered *them* with infinite confusion."

The exposure of the gaming-houses is introduced by Sir Walter in a course of evening lectures before this elegant audience: we will give a specimen or two of the materials which he selected for their improvement, and then leave this sporting noble, his patron, the new Home Secretary, and his respectable publishers to congratulate each other on their second edition.

"Two or three o'clock in the morning is a busy hour at these haunts. A flat is being landed up-stairs at billiards, back-gammon, or chicken-hazard; while down stairs, in this box, a flat is being landed at cards; in that, in going the odd one, or tossing up; in another, by making bets upon a race, or a fight, with 'legs of straw,' or with those who never intend to pay if they lose, which amounts to the same thing. Bets of all kinds, and in all ways, are taken that are offered, upon the chance of their coming off right, in which event they seek payment; but if they come off wrong, they seek—obscurity.

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Wait-here, bring me a lobster and a bottle of champagne.'

"Waiter.—'Directly, sir. This is the coolest seat, sir.'

"Landlord.—'What has that gentleman ordered?'

"Waiter.—'A lobster and a bottle of champagne. He is a first-rate *swell*, but I never saw him here before.'

"Landlord.—'Go and ask Mrs. — for the key of the wine cellar, I'll fetch the wine myself. Tell her to prepare the best lobster boiled this afternoon.'

"The landlord brought a bottle of *foreign* champagne, (for it must be remarked, that he can produce some real *home champagne* as well,) of the best quality in his cellar, wiping it with a napkin, 'Do you wish the cork drawn now, sir?'

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'No, I must feed first; take this 'eau-de-cologne' glass (it was a tapering champagne glass) a-way, and bring me a tumbler. Have you no ice?'

"Landlord.—'None left, sir, the hot weather melts it so soon. You will find, sir, this bottle very cool and in high condition, sir, there is not finer wine in all the world, sir,' bowing very low.

"No. 3 Box.

"*Two legs and a lady, over a pint of sherry and oysters.*

"The lady was beginning to look a little the worse for wear and tear, late hours, and drinking; but was a very fine figure, with features extremely well formed, and still looked striking by candle-light.

"First leg.—'G— that's a first-rate *nob*. Look how civil — is to him. I'm — if he's not drinking champagne out of a tumbler. I say, Soph., go slily out of the room, return presently, and see if you can't tackle to him.'

"Second leg. (Having beckoned the landlord to come to him.)—'Who is that gentleman? he seems a *tip-top* fellow.'

"Landlord.—'I don't know, but he's a regular *blood*. He has the most beautiful gold chain round his neck I ever saw. I'll pound it, it cost full thirty guineas.'

"First leg.—'My eyes and limbs! he'll make a fine flat.'

"Sophia retired, adjusted her curls, and then walked up the room towards Mr. Foppery's table. As she approached, she gave him one of her most melting looks and bewitching smiles.

"Sophia, with a soft voice.—'What a handsome fellow you are, you're quite a duck of man. I wish you were at home with me, we would be so happy.'

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Pon my honour, you are a delightful creature. Take a glass of champagne. Wait-here, bring a champagne glass.'

"Sophia, seating herself.—'Have you been to the play, my dear?'

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'I have been to the opera. Madame Pasta-sy (Pasta) was in charming voice.'



"Sophia.—'Do you like your lobster, my dear?'"

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Yes, it's pretty good. Would you like some?'"

"Sophia.—'I'm a little hungry, my dear, I don't care if I do. What a delicious scent you have! O! you are such a nice fellow. What is it o'clock my dear?'"

"Hon. G. Foppery, taking out of his waistcoat pocket a superb gold repeater.—'"Tis twenty minutes after one."

"No. 3 Box.

"First leg.—'Soph.'s got in with him in a canter. My eyes Bill, did you see his ticker? I'll lay a guinea to a shilling it's worth sixty guineas or more."

"Second leg.—'I dare say he has all kinds of money about him. He has just ordered another bottle of wine. It would do if you went presently and spoke to Soph."

"First leg.—'It would be better for you to do that. Your *toggery* is better, and you can come the *lingo* so well. I'm — if I can come it at all."

"Sophia now winked to her friends, upon which the second leg went out, buttoned up his coat, returned, and lounged towards their table.

"Sophia.—'O! dear, what shall I do, here comes my friend. He'll be so angry at seeing me here. I'll say you are a very old acquaintance, that I will."

"Second leg.—'Ah! Sophia, I could not dream of meeting you here."

"Sophia —'I was so dull at home, I came out to take a walk. I then met this gentleman, whom I have not met for three years,—have I luck?'"

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'It is somewhere (hiccup) thereabout."

"Second leg.—'Beautiful weather, sir. Upon my word this is a very agreeable place; I think it is improved since I was here last. Is the wine good, sir?'"

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Yes, prett

"Second leg.—'Do you take snuff, sir?' presenting a box.

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'You are very kind.' (hiccup.)

"Sophia.—'Will you have a glass of wine?' then turning to the honourable gentleman, 'I know, ducky, you wont mind my asking Captain Cantwell to take a glass of wine.'

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'The captain is quite welcome.'

"Cantwell.—'I feel much obliged for your great politeness, sir, I was just calling for a bottle of wine.'

"Sophia.—'Waiter, bring a wine-glass. Come, get a chair and sit down.'

"Cantwell, sitting down.—'I am excessively tired. I have this moment arrived from Windsor on horseback. The king is not well.' (His majesty never was better.)

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Indeed. What is the matter with (hiccup) his majesty?'"

"Cantwell.—'A slight cold, I believe. Waiter, bring another bottle of wine. You will do me the favour, sir, to take wine with me now.'

"While this bottle was being drank, the other leg came up.

"Cantwell.—'Ah! *major*, how are you? I'm monstrous glad to see you. Bring your chair. Do you go to Ascot next week?'"

"The Major.—'O! certainly, I'm heavy for the gold cup. I am still open with the bet you refused the other day against the first favourite.'

"Cantwell.—'Well I'll bet you 360*l.* to 100*l.* against Mentor.'

"The Major.—'Done, P. P.' Books were then produced from both their pockets, and the bet regularly entered.

"Cantwell.—'What do you think of my bet, sir?'"

"Hon. G. Foppery.—'Not much, (hiccup) I think (hiccup) Mentor will win."

"Cantwell.—'This bet with the major has made up my book upon that race; however, I don't mind going a little farther. You shall have the same bet, sir, if you like.'

"Hon. G. Fopperry.—'I'll take (hiccup) your 400*l*. (hiccup) to one.'

"Cantwell.—'It's fifty more than I have yet given, but I'll bet you, sir, in the hope that I shall make a better bet with you another time.'

"Hon. G. Fopperry, (hiccup).—'Done, sir.'

"The Major.—'Will you give me in the other fifty, captain?'

"Cantwell.—'Ah! ah! ah!—No, that will never do.'

"Cantwell now gave his address to a sporting tavern in Jermyn Street, and obtained that of Mr. Fopperry. 'Hon. G. Fopperry, South Audley Street.' Cantwell then went to the landlord, who had observed at a short distance what had passed.

"Landlord.—'I'm a third in that bet.'

"Cantwell.—'Of course. He's a — fine flat. Here's his address.'

"Landlord.—'Fopperry, Fopperry. G— he's the fellow what loses so at Crockford's.'\*

"Cantwell.—'I wish you would send us 10*l*. presently, we are rather upon the low *toby*. I think we might draw him of something now. I think he's in right spirits for it.'

"Landlord.—'Very well,' (with an arch look). 'take care you don't lose them.'

"Cantwell returned to his seat. During his absence, the major descanted upon the captain's vast property and fine seat in Northamptonshire, and also stated him to be the best fellow in the world, and one who loses very heavily upon the turf.

"Sophia.—'Whoever wins must make me a present of some gloves.'

"Landlord) approaching and putting ten sovereigns upon the table.—'Here is the change for the ten pound note, sir.'

"Cantwell.—'Very well. G— I don't know what to do with them. I'll toss you, major, for a pound,' slipping three sovereigns under the table to him.

"The Major.—'Well, here goes.'

"The sovereigns passed between them like so many farthings.

"Cantwell, at length.—'Suppose we make a sweep-stakes of a pound each; for whoever has the single head or tail of us three, wins the stakes. Will you make one, sir, for a little sport?'

"Hon. G. Fopperry.—'I don't (hiccup) rightly understand (hiccup) what you mean.'

"Cantwell.—'We each hide a sovereign, head or tail, as we fancy. If we happen to be all heads or tails, we hide again. But when there are two heads and one tail, or two tails and one head, the single head or tail wins the stakes.'

"The Hon. G. Fopperry played, and was eased of 27*l*. In robberies of this kind, there is a preconcerted signal made by one, by which the other knows what the first has down. This signal, generally, is the spreading of the thumb from the hand which covers the piece of money they toss with, which signifies a tail is put down, and keeping the thumb close to the fingers when it is a head. The first leg puts down a head or tail, and the second the reverse, so that the flat, whatever he puts down, must pair with the one or the other, and therefore never can win. A more rapid mode of robbery at 'going the odd one,' as it is professionally expressed, is by making the odd head or tail pay to the other two an equal amount each of what may be agreed upon, instead of receiving from them, in which case the two legs put down alike.

"They thus can vary success at command, and give the flat a turn or two at the commencement to urge him on, until confidence, and safe appearances, a practice pursued at all 'landings.' — Vol. I, pp. 720—721.

\* "The great flats at this wholesale house, at robbery, are all known to the low Greeks, who make the most of them whenever they catch their tails."

The lovely lady Eliza Mary Dawn cannot resist the grace, the pathos, and the propriety with which the baronet delivers these soul-stirring anecdotes: the result is anticipated: the beautiful bride is soon led to the hymeneal altar by her enraptured lover.

We will not close this sporting nobleman's book without giving the sole anecdote in his book which possesses more merit than the passage we have already laid before the lovers of polite literature:—

"Captain —, another post-captain in the navy, was in the habit of going to a 'rouge et noir' hell in Pall Mall, and used to afford to players, bankers, croupiers, and waiters the greatest amusement, by being excited in a very peculiar manner, as he won or lost. There was a very superb plate glass over the mantle-piece in the play-room of the hell, in which the gallant captain was very fond of admiring himself, and to which he would go, (generally standing up to play) between each 'coup,' and talk loudly to himself.

"One evening the following scene took place:—

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.'

"Captain, coming from the glass.—'Twenty pounds black.'

"Croupier.—'Seven, eight—red loses.'

"Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—'Delightful game this, sir; I could have staked my life black would have won.'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.'

"Captain, coming from the glass.—'Thirty pounds red.'

"Croupier.—'Three, five—red loses.'

"Captain going to the glass, grinning with rage.—'Oh, you d—d fool!' shaking his clenched fist at himself, 'are you not ashamed of yourself?—why didn't you put on red?'

"Croupier, amid a general titter.—'Make your game, gentleman, the colour's red.'

"Captain, coming from the glass and muttering.—'Fifty pounds red.'

"Croupier.—'Two, one—red wins.'

"Captain, going to the glass and smiling.—'What a charming game, quite delightful, sir; upon my word,' stroking his chin and shaking his head complacently at himself, 'you are a lucky dog.'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.'

"Captain coming from the glass with the utmost good humour.—'Five-and-twenty-pounds black.'

"Croupier.—'Nine, three—red wins.'

"Captain, going to the glass, and stamping his foot.—'D—nation! Ah, you ass!' grinning wildly, 'I told you it would be a red.'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.'

"Captain, coming from the glass.—'Will you let me win a coup, you thieves?—Forty pounds red.'

"Croupier.—'Seven, five—red wins.'

"Captain.—'What a sweet game!' taking out his snuff-box and offering it to a by-stander, 'take a pinch of snuff, sir. Really this is delightful.'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.'

"Captain.—'Thirty pounds black.'

"Croupier.—'Six, eight—red loses.'

"Captain.—'Pray take a pinch of snuff, sir; really I never saw so beautiful a game in all my life,' going to the glass and rubbing his hands. 'Oh, you lucky fellow! D—n it, how handsome you are looking to-night.'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.'

"Captain, coming from the glass all gentlemen.—'Thirty pounds red, sir.'

"Croupier.—'One, four—red loses.'

"Captain, biting his lip.—'How cursed unfortunate!'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.'

"Captain.—'Fifty pounds red. Let me see if I can win for once.'

"Croupier.—'Eight, forty—red loses.'

"Captain, going to the glass, his features writhing in agony.—'You egregious fool! I told you you would lose. Did'n't I tell you it would be black?'

"Croupier.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's red.'

"Captain, coming from the glass.—'Stop, I say, you d—d thief. One hundred pounds red.'

"Croupier.—'One, three—red loses.'

"Captain, stamping every step to the glass.—'Oh, my God! my God! my God! Are you not a villain? are you not going headlong to destruction, sir? Why do you play, you d—d fool you?'

"Croupier, scarcely able to restrain his laughter.—'Make your game, gentlemen, the colour's black.'

"Captain, coming from the glass.—'Stop, I say, you thundering knaves—you cheats! one hundred pounds red.'

"By-stander.—'Allow me, sir, a pinch of snuff.'

"Captain.—'I'll see you d—d first, sir. Do you think I buy snuff to supply the whole parish?'

"Croupier, amid a roar of laughter.—'Silence, gentlemen, if you please. The game is made. One, four—red loses.'

"Captain.—'Oh, you d—d thundering thieves! you cheating vagabonds! going up to the glass, and striking his head with his hand, 'arn't you a villain? didn't I tell you you would lose all your money?' grinning at himself horribly. 'You consummate blockhead! you've undone yourself.'

"The captain lost three or four more 'coups' against a continued run of blacks, and was completely cleaned out. His rage then knew no bounds. He broke the hand-rakes, threatened violence to the people of the house, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation. At length he approached the door, and turning round exclaimed, 'you d—nation villains, I wish I had you on board my ship, I'd have you all rammed into one of my stern-chasers, and I'd blow all to hell, and be d—d to you.' The captain then flew out of the house like a madman, foaming at the mouth, leaving the play-room convulsed with laughter.

"On a subsequent occasion, Captain — was losing heavily. He had down upon the black, for one 'coup,' one hundred pounds. It came 'one,' he fondly expected to win; 'one,' 'après,' destroyed his hopes. He backed it out with seventy pounds, all he had left. The 'coup' came off 'three, two,—red wins.' He raved and tore about the room, swearing most bitterly. One of the hellites wanted to quiet him. He said, 'Pray, sir, don't make such a noise, you only lost by a "pip" —' A pip, you land-lubber! retorted the captain, clenching both his fists and grinning wildly, 'I wish you may all die of the 'pip,' and be d—d to you all, you worse than highwaymen!' and then instantly strided out of the room."—Vol. ii. pp. 168—174.

## MAGAZINIANA.

**CANADIAN DOG TRAIN.**—The dog train is made of a light frame of wood, and covered round with a dressed skin. The part in which the feet go, is lined with furs, and is covered in, like the fore part of a shoe. Its bottom is of plank, about half an inch thick, and some six inches longer than the train, and an inch or two wider. In this train a lady is very comfortable, and can take a child in her arms, whilst her husband or friend, standing on the part of the bottom that projects behind, gives the word to his well-trained dogs, who are capable of trotting with this family forty miles in a day. They generally wrap up and get well fixed in a room, before a good fire, open the door, help the dogs to draw the train upon the snow, crack the whip, and go. In this vehicle visits are constantly paid in winter—or else upon snow shoes.—*McKenney's Tour to the Lakes.*

**LORD MANSFIELD.**—There might be some little affectation in Lord Mansfield, when he would sometimes take no notes during a trial; and it did give offence, when he carelessly took a paper out of his pocket to read, and seemed to pay no attention to what was going on; but what was the astonishment, when he got up, and in his usual manner asked, "Have you done?" and then would go through a long examination, and recapitulate the whole evidence with the strictest accuracy. Even his enemies were struck with admiration, and he had many; for the tax of enmity was very freely levied on his superiority.—*Craddock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**AN AMERICAN INDIAN WOMAN CIVILIZED, AND HER DAUGHTER.**—Mrs. Johnson is a genuine Chippeway, without the smallest admixture of white blood. She is tall and large, but uncommonly active and cheerful. She dresses nearly in the costume of her nation—a blue petticoat, of cloth, a short-gown of calico, with leggins worked with beads, and moccasins. Her hair is black. She plaits and fastens it up behind with a comb. Her eyes are black and expressive, and pretty well marked, according to phrenologists, with the development of language. She has fine teeth; indeed her face, taken altogether, (with her high cheek-bones, and compressed forehead, and jutting brows,) denotes a vigorous intellect and great firmness of character, and needs only to be seen, to satisfy even a tyro like myself in physiognomy, that she required only the advantages of education and society, to have placed her upon a level with the most distinguished of her sex. As it is, she is a prodigy. As a wife, she is devoted to her husband—as a mother, tender and affectionate—as a friend, faithful. She manages her domestic concerns in a way that might afford lessons to the better instructed. They are rarely exceeded any where—whilst she vies with her generous husband in his hospitality to strangers. She understands, but will not speak English. As to influence, there is no chief in the Chippeway nation who exercises it, when it is necessary for her to do so, with equal success. This has been often tested, but especially at the treaty of cession at this place, in 1820. Governor Cass, the commissioner, was made fully sensible of her power then—for, when every evidence was given that the then pending negotiation would issue not only by a resistance on the part of the Indians to the propositions of the commissioner, but in a serious rupture, she, at this critical moment, sent for some of the principal chiefs, directing that they should, to avoid the observation of the great body of Indians, make a circuit, and meet her in an avenue at the back of her residence; and there, by her luminous exposition of their own weakness, and the power of the United States, and by assurances of the friendly disposition of the government towards them, and of their own mistaken views of the entire object of the commissioner, produced a change which resulted, on that same evening, in the conclusion of a treaty. - - - - -

Her daughter is the wife of H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq. author of travels and other works of great merit, and Indian agent at this place. She is a little taller and thinner, but in other respects as to figure, resembles Mrs. M——r, and has her face precisely. Her voice is feeble, and tremulous. Her utterance is slow and distinct. There is something silvery in it. Mildness of expression, and softness, and delicacy of manners, as well as of voice, characterize her. She dresses with great taste, and in all respects in the costume of our fashionables, but wears leggins of black silk, drawn and ruffled around the ankles, resembling those worn by our little girls. I think them ornamental. You would never judge, either from her complexion, or language, or from any other circumstance, that her mother was a Chippeway, except that her moderately high cheek bones, her dark and fine eye, and breadth of the jaw, slightly indicate it—and you would never believe it, except on her own confession, or upon some equally respectable testimony, were you to hear her discourse, or see her beautiful, and kind of then highly finished countenance, in both prose and poetry. You would not believe it, not because such attainments might not be universal, but because, from lack

of the means necessary for their accomplishment, such cases are so rare Mrs. S. is indebted, mainly to her father, who is doatingly fond of her. for her handsome and polished acquirements. She accompanied him some years ago, and before her marriage, to Europe; and has been the companion of his solitude, in all that related to mind, for he seems to have educated her for the sake of enjoying its exercise. The old gentleman, when in Edinburgh, had several prepositions made to him to remain. The du. hess of Devonshire, I think it was, would have adopted Mrs. Schoolcraft; and several prepositions beside were made to settle upon her wealth and its distinctions—and his own friends and connexions joined to keep him among them by offers of great magnitude. But he told them he had married the daughter of a king in America, and although he appreciated, and was grateful for their offers to himself, and Jane, he must decline them, and return to his wife, who, through such a variety of fortune, had been faithful and devoted to him. Mrs. Schoolcraft is, I should judge, about twenty-two years of age,—she would be an ornament to any society; and with better health, for at present she enjoys this great blessing but partially, would take a first rank among the best improved, whether in acquirements, in taste, or in the graces.—*M'Kenney's Tour to the Lakes.*

DELICATE EXERCISE.—“I have seen,” says a recent French traveller, “yes, I have myself seen, two young ladies (of Rio) whose countenances were the expression of mildness and benevolence, endeavour, by way of pastime, to cut, at a certain distance, with a whip, the face of a negro whom they had ordered not to stir from the spot. This exercise seemed to amuse them. I would mention their names, if their father, who came in after the first essay, had not severely reprimanded them for their cruelty.—*Arago's Narrative of a Voyage round the World.*”

AMERICAN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.—Another difficulty happened not long since at this place, and partaking somewhat of the superstitious character of that just related. A moose deer was killed by an Indian in this neighbourhood, and brought to this post. It was an unusually large deer, and on that account Mr. Morrison prepared a frame for its legs, and a block for its head, and stretching its head and legs over these, stuffed the body with straw, and put it in the posture of a living deer. For some time afterwards, the Indians were unsuccessful in taking the moose. One day, a party of them being at this place, one of them got a sight of the stuffed deer, and reported it to his companions—when their want of success was immediately attributed to the indignity that this one had suffered. The spirit of this deer had evinced its displeasure by thwarting their efforts to take more of its species, and their first business was to appease it. They all, with one accord, lit their pipes, and seated themselves round the skin, began to smoke, when every now and then, the spirit of the deer would be addressed by the speaker, and its forgiveness asked—and many assurances given that they were not in fault. In token of sincerity, they put their pipes in the deer's mouth, that it might smoke too; when they separated—consoling themselves with the belief that the spirit of the deer was appeased. But they were not reconciled to see this mock exhibition of the animal, when to soothe and pacify them, Mr. Morrison took it down. When I saw it just now, its hide was unstuffed, its horns off, and the frame lying in different parts of the room in which it had been standing. The Indians were then perfectly satisfied.—*M'Kenney's Tour to the Lakes.*

DOMINUS REGIS DIGNITAS.—Professor Mainwaring quitted his room for his gross battery of Hurd in company at Cambridge. Arnold said, “I knew it was so; for my lord had said it.” To which Mainwaring replied with anger: “If you have a lord on whose word you are depending, please your grace, you have not I.”—*Cradoch's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**SPIRIT OF THE EPOCH PRECEDING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—At this time it became the fashion for every thing to wear the face of mystery—an appearance of intrigue. Grave nobles visiting the first floor at noon-day from a coach-box instead of going up a staircase from the piazza, and thinking it a good joke. A person, in appearance a gentleman, drove over a child at the foot of the Pont Neuf: when stopped, it turned out to be Madame D. of the French theatre in regimentals, and this too at noon-day. Some reflections were cast on ladies being conveyed from room to room, without it being known to attendants. This was no unfrequent conceit in some great houses: at Mousseaux, the Duc d'Orleans had a room lighted without any apparent windows; the ceiling was of muslin, through which the light was conveyed, and this room was wound up, like the stage in Midas, to the superior apartment. There was some staircase of the same kind at Trianon, and in still better style at Rambouillet. The Diorama in England, though lateral, reminded me of the expedient.—*Cradock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**THE CAFUSOES—A NATURAL PERUQUE.**—What gives these mestizoes a peculiarly striking appearance, is the excessively long hair of the head, which, especially at the end, is half curled, and rises almost perpendicularly from the forehead to the height of a foot, or a foot and a half, thus forming a prodigious and very ugly kind of peruke. This strange head of hair, which, at first sight, seems more artificial than natural, and almost puts one in mind of the *plica Polonica*, is not a disease, but merely a consequence of their mixed descent, and is the mean between the wool of the negro and the long, stiff hair of the American. This natural peruke is often so high, that the wearers must stoop low to go in and out of the usual doors of their huts; the thick hair is, besides, so entangled, that all idea of combing it is out of the question. This conformation of the hair gives the Cafusoes a resemblance to the Pupus in New Guinea.—*Modern Traveller, Vol. I.*

**SHEEP-DOGS OF BRAZIL.**—For the purpose of shepherding a flock of one thousand, two cur-dogs are sufficient, bred up in the following mode:—As soon as they are whelped, the lambs of a ewe are killed, the puppies are put to her, and she suckles them until she becomes habituated to treat them as her young, when, upon opening their eyes, and seeing no other benefactor, they attach themselves to her, and play with the lambs as if they were of the same species. Nothing is ever given them to eat; they are shut in the fold with the sheep, and, on obtaining strength and vigour to attend the flock, they are suffered to go at large, when they accompany it to the field. In a little time, and without more instruction, they are so familiarized with the sheep, that they never separate from them. When it happens that a ewe lamb is in the field, and the lamb cannot accompany the mother, in consequence of its not yet having sufficient strength to follow her, one of the dogs watches near, and, if he finds that the lamb cannot follow the mother to the flock, he carries it in his mouth, without doing it the least harm. No other animal or unknown person can approach the sheep of which these dogs are the guardians, without the risk of being attacked. The other domestic dogs and the hordes of the *chimaroe* dogs are the greatest enemies to the flock; against them, and the birds of prey, which pick out the eyes of the lambs, the vigilance of the watch-dogs is requisite.—*Henderson's History of Brazil.*

**A LADY'S HAND WRITING.**—It had all the neat and elegant characteristics of a female hand, so easily distinguishable from that of a man, and yet so hard to be identified; so small, and faint, and flowing, and unlike the scrawls of the other sex, still beautiful when scarcely legible. There were the usual exuberant capitals, the flourishing heads of the *d's*, and the long, curly tails of the *g's*, *y's*, *f's*, and *x's*; the indistinguishable similarity of all the five vowels, and the common confusion of *n's* and *m's* with *s's* and *w's*. Lacy was acquainted with two ladies whose initials were C. L., but why either of them should write to him at all, much less so singular a letter, was more than he could comprehend.—*Herbert Lacy, a Novel.*

**DIAGO ALVAREZ.**—The first settler in Bahia was Diago Alvarez, whose history, as detailed by Mr. Southey, is romantically interesting.

"He was a native of Viana, young and of noble family, who, with that spirit of enterprise which was then common among his countrymen, embarked to seek his fortune in strange countries. He was wrecked upon the shoals on the north of the bar of Bahia. Part of the crew were lost, others escaped that mode of death to suffer one more dreadful; the natives seized and ate them. Diago saw that there was no other possible chance of saving his life, than by making himself as useful as possible to these cannibals. He therefore exerted himself in recovering things from the wreck, and by such exertions succeeded in conciliating their favour. Among other things, he was fortunate enough to get on shore some barrels of powder and a musket, which he put in order at his first leisure, after his masters were returned to their village: and one day, when the opportunity was favourable, brought down a bird before them. The women and children shouted Caramuru! Caramuru! which signified a man of fire; and they cried out that he would destroy them: but he told the men, whose astonishment had less of fear mingled with it, that he would go with them to war, and kill their enemies. Caramuru was the name which from thence-forward he was known by. They marched against the Tapuyas; the fame of this dreadful engine went before them, and the Tapuyas fled. From a slave, Caramuru became a sovereign; the chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy, if he would accept their daughters to be his wives. He fixed his abode upon the spot where Villa Velha was afterwards erected, and soon saw as numerous a progeny as an old patriarch's rising round him. The best families in Bahia trace their origin to him.—*Modern Traveller, Vol. I.*

**INDIAN TIT-BIT.**—A Jesuit one day found a Brazilian woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of Christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could take? "Grandam," said he, "if I were to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we bring from beyond sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah, my grandson," said the old convert, "my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I fancy I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuya boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me!"—*Southey's History of Brazil.*

**EXTREMITY AT SEA OF HUGONOT EMIGRÉS.**—One of these unfortunate persons thus describes the sufferings they endured. "After having devoured," says he, "all the leather in our vessel, even to the covering of the trunks, we thought ourselves approaching to the last moment of our life; but necessity suggested to some one the idea of pursuing the rats and mice, and we had the greater hope of taking them easily, because, having no more crumbs, nor any thing to devour, they ran in great numbers, dying of hunger, through the vessel. We pursued them so carefully, and by so many kind of snares, that very few remained. Even in the night we sought them, with our eyes open, like rats. A rat was more valued than an ox on land. The price rose so high as four crowns. We boiled them in water, with all the intestines, which were eaten as well as the body. The paws were not omitted, nor the other bones, which we found means to soften. The extremity was such, that nothing remained but Brazil-wood, the driest of all woods, which many, however, in their despair, attempted to chew. Carguilleray du Pont, our leader, holding out one day a piece in his mouth, said to me with a deep sigh, "Alas, my friend, I have due to me in France the sum of four thousand livres; and would to God, that, after giving a discharge for the whole, I held in my hand a pennyworth of bread, and a single glass of wine!" Several died of hunger; and they had begun to form the resolution of devouring each other, when land appeared in view.—*Modern Traveller, Vol. I.*



**PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA AT TOPLITZ.**—After dinner, at five o'clock, you are invited to take a tour to one of the surrounding villages if the weather is fine, if not, to the park of Prince Clary. Two large basins, with half-a-dozen swans; clumps of the finest limes and all sorts of forest-trees, with underwood, exhibit the pure English taste of the noble proprietor. There you meet every day, and braving every weather, two persons: the first a lank, tall figure, without proportion, striding with paces two yards long; a face sullen and gloomy;—his companion, a thin-legged little man, bespattered from head to foot with mud, and kept in a constant career by his mighty foreman. It is the King of Prussia, who never fails to take, after or during rain, these pedestrian exercises, to the no small discomfort of his little attendant, the grand chamberlain Prince Wittgenstein, who follows, or rather runs after his royal master, breathless, through thick and thin. During this excursion not a single word is spoken. The sovereign probably meditates on some great improvement in the appearance of his soldiers. It is not two weeks since he sent an express from here to Berlin, with orders to change the black sword-knots of his soldiers into white. The speed of the courier excited considerable alarm not only here, but in Vienna; but in eight days the important secret was manifest.—*Austria As It Is*.

**HURD AND WARBURTON.**—I have mentioned that Hurd and Warburton were totally dissimilar. Hurd could read none but the "best things." Warburton, on the contrary, when tired with controversy, would send to the circulating libraries for baskets-full of all the trash of town, and the bishop would laugh by the hour at all the absurdities he glanced at. The learned world could never guess from whence the bishop obtained so many low anecdotes; for his conversation, as well as some of his letters, were at times complete comedy. Another instance of contrast between the two bishops:—the one would have gone to Bath from Prior Park on a scrub-poney: the other, when he went from Worcester to Bristol Hot Wells, was attended by twelve servants, not from ostentation, but, as he thought, necessary dignity annexed to his situation and character.—*Cradock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**FIDELITY OF SERVANTS.**—We hear much of the thorough-going and persevering fidelity of servants, but we must confess we have never in one single instance met with it. In a long intercourse with them, we have found that ten shillings in the year would buy and sell the very best of them. And in all that intercourse, we aver on the truth and sincerity of an honourable person, that we have met with just two individuals in low-life whose veracity we never had any reason to suspect. But we are not so romantic as to assert, that we know of a certainty that those individuals were incorruptible; we merely say, that in the intercourse of twelve months we found no reason to suspect the truth of either; and so rare was the circumstance, that we look back, after the lapse of many years, with wonder and respect on such rare instances of at least apparent principle.—*Elizabeth Evanshaw*.

**MARIE ANTOINETTE.**—The queen was much blamed for a frolic, which was to set out suddenly from St. Cloud, and surprise the king, with a small party in a common boat to Fontainebleau. They landed, and her majesty was conveyed by a double horse to the palace. These jests were not royal; the king however was much diverted with it, but whatever her majesty did was watched, and always, if possible, turned to her disadvantage. At Fontainebleau, after supper, when the king had retired, the company played at blind man's buff. The clock was put forwards that the king might retire and go to bed before his usual hour. When up stairs he examined his watch and inquired the hour of the attendant. Suspecting the trick, he again dressed, went down and found the room full, but the lights were chiefly put out.—*Cradock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.**—The Imperial Burg, tainted with the grey hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the Imperial Chancellerie; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here bleuded in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, show you that you are before the entrance of the emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first guard-room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three-cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaks* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter into that of a sort of Pensionaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *saal*, or audience-room. The next apartment is that of the Imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting: they are distinguished by a gold bullion on their back, and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body-coachmen, fifty body-footmen, and twenty-five body-servants of the chambers attending his majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished chamber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seem to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good-humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which four consorts have scarcely left an ounce of flesh, boots dangling about a pair of equally ill-provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen emperors, and the present sovereign of Austria.—*Austria As It Is*.

**GIBBON'S HYDRAULIC CONTROVERSY.**—About the time that every knight-errant was inclined to break a spear on the Gibborean shield, Sir T. A.—e was advised to enter the lists, and he informed me that he should engage in a controversy with Gibbon. "With Gibbon, sir, about what, his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters?" "No, about his pump." At that time he was next-door neighbour to Mr. Gibbon in Bentinck-street, and there was a pump common to both premises, and some wits had furnished Sir Thomas with a learned dissertation on the subject. When he first wrote to Gibbon, the great historian sent for a workman, but he could find nothing that was amiss with the pump; but the first letter not obtaining an answer, Sir Thomas followed it up with a learned "Dissertation on the Origin of Pumps," and favoured me with the sight of some copy, which he said, "If he could obtain no full answer he should publish, and he was assured that it would sell." I told him "I did not doubt it;" but being intimate with his lady's family, I earnestly entreated him to desist. He however pursued the persecution, till Gibbon became much annoyed. Some time after, I asked Sir Thomas what became of his controversy. "Oh!" says he, "Gibbon never dated to write an answer; he gave in, and only at last sent a message to desire 'that I should take the pump altogether, and do what I pleased with it.'" The Essay on the Pump was not ill drawn up either as to elegant style or historical information, whoever had been the writer of it.—*Craddock's Memoirs, Vol. IV*

**THE EX-KING OF SWEDEN.**—When I passed through Heidelberg, the unfortunate ex-king of Sweden (Count Gustavson) alighted in the same hotel where I stopped. He had just left the stage-coach, and entered the dining-room of the *Posthof*, his portmanteau under his arm, dressed plain, and rather poorly, and without a servant. The room was crowded with passengers and students; the conversation, though not noisy, yet lively. As soon as the ex-monarch entered, a deep respectful silence ensued, the students left off smoking, and the gentleman who occupied the head of the table rose to make place for the distinguished guest. The landlord approached him and asked him whether he would not be pleased to hear the band of musicians, which just entered. He consented, but they were not permitted to address him for the petty customary compliment, as it was generally known that he was very poor, and reduced to the necessity of pawning, at Basle, his portmanteau. There was not a sneer, not the least contempt shown towards the dethroned monarch, so reduced in his pecuniary means. A deep respect was legible on the countenances of the whole company, as far from servile cringing to high-life, as low contempt of fallen greatness. I could not help expressing my satisfaction to one of the students, a beautiful, noble, and proud-looking young fellow, dressed in a Teutonic costume. "Sir," said he, seriously, "we would not show so much respect towards the Emperor of Austria, but Count Gustavson is unfortunate," and raising his voice emphatically, "woe to the wretch who adds to the load of the oppressed!" —*Austria As It Is.*

**LORD SANDWICH.**—Stretching out his strong legs and arms, whilst playing at skittles, Lord Sandwich would exult amazingly, if by chance he was able to knock down all nine. His lordship had a way of what Mr. Bates and I termed badgering, which was not quite pleasant to all; I have seen even his friend Lord Denbigh excessively annoyed. As for ourselves, we always fought again; for example, in a large company: "Now here is Cradock; he makes the strangest assertion that you can possibly think of: he says, if a man wears a wig he ought to be punctual, but punctuality ought to be dispensed with if he wears his own hair."—"My lord, my assertion is, that, if your lordship has walked out, you have only to change your scratch for your full-dressed wig; but if I am to dine out, I must sometimes wait half an hour for my hair-dresser."—"Oh! very well; then the hair-dresser is to be the regulator of your time." Lord S. honoured me with visits for a few days at different times in Leicestershire. The dinner hour was fixed in London, and some of my company were not a little surprised to find his lordship holding his watch up to my face, and exclaiming, as he came in: "There, Cradock, you see I am within three minutes of my time."—*Cradock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

**EXECUTION AT BUENOS AYRES.**—The criminal who was now about to suffer had murdered his friend, while sleeping at his friend's rancho, and had threatened the wife with the same fate, unless she resigned herself to his will; she submitted, to save her life: and after living some time in this condition, she escaped to Buenos Ayres, and informed against the villain, who was shortly afterwards arrested, found guilty, and, being known to have committed several murders previously, he was immediately sentenced to death. With this knowledge of his brutality, I proceeded to the Plaza de Toros, a square of about two hundred yards on each side, in which the bull fights were formerly exhibited. An upright post, with a small flat piece of board projecting from it for a seat, was fixed into the ground, one yard from the wall; round this the militia formed a semi-circle, at the distance of twenty yards; three military bands were also present, playing solemn music. In a short time, a movement among the soldiers announced the commencement of the fatal ceremony, and we proceeded towards the gates of the guard-house on the north side of the plaza where the criminal was confined. Immediately that the gates were opened, we heard the most horrid yells pro-

ceeding from the prison; and in a few minutes we saw the culprit, carried by six soldiers, with his eyes bandaged and his hands tied behind him, screaming, and endeavouring to extricate himself from their hold by the most frantic struggles: I could not help feeling some pity for his agonies, but that feeling was converted into disgust, when I reflected on his crimes, and the bodily suffering which he had not hesitated to inflict upon others who were his unoffending victims. He continued these yells and struggles until the soldiers had carried him to the stake. Here they seated him on the flat piece of wood, and fastened him to the upright post with strips of hide; a priest then approached, and, after praying to him for a few minutes, retired; when nine soldiers advanced to within two yards of the criminal. At the word of command they cocked their pieces; up to this moment he appeared to have lost all sense—he had sat unmoved, and did not utter a groan; but when the deadly sound of cocking the guns struck his ear, a convulsive movement visibly shook his frame, and he uttered a final shriek. On the further signal from the officer, the soldiers discharged their muskets into his head and breast; and in an instant, his body hung lifeless from the post to which it was tied. The soldiers immediately afterwards returned to their quarters, preceded by the band, playing a lively tune as they left the ground; the few lookers-on who had assembled to witness the scene retired with them, and the body was laid on the ground by the public gazer, who stripped it of its clothes. The balls had passed through the head and heart, and had entered the wall behind. The sufferer was a dark mulatto, about six feet high, and of a very muscular frame; his features were regular, and rather pleasing; the wounds were only visible on close inspection, and he lay as if in a pleasant sleep, forming a striking contrast with his previous looks of horror. A hearse, drawn by two mules, driven by a postillion, who was decorated with a high cocked hat and a pair of long jack boots, presently came up at full gallop. Into this hearse (an open car) the naked body was thrown, and the fellow galloped off with his wretched burden. In less than a quarter of an hour after the shots were fired, the Plaza de Toros presented its daily appearance of the usual guard, and a few passengers.—*Beaumont's Travels in Buenos Ayres.*

A CLASSICAL DIALOGUE, OR UNIVERSITY SLANG.—College life was a topic of common interest to the two young men, and they began to discuss the comparative merits of the sister universities. The conversation that ensued might have astonished an uninitiated listener, who should expect to hear English flowing, in its utmost purity, from the lips of two students fresh from these celebrated seats of learning. But the English of their halls and combination-rooms bears too often a comparative purity with the Latin of the schools. Universities have their shibboleth, as well as the ring. These two young men were both in their freshman's year, and were rather unnecessarily proud of their newly-acquired jargon. They talked of men with whom they had *wined*; the factious struggles of "*Tqwn*" and "*Gown*;" the necessary evils of "*scouts*" and "*gyys*;" "*battles*," meaning those of the buttery; and "*commons*," not the third estate, but of that kind which are sometimes called short. Then spake they of their studies. The Cantab ridiculed a Johnian, who *muzzed* hard the last term for a Senior *Op.*, that he might stand for *the* medal, but only got a *wooden spoon*; and the Oxonian calmly reproved the presumption of a man who had *taken up the poets* for his "*little go*," and, after all, was *under the line*! The administration of justice was compared. The case was cited of a *Brasen-Nose* man who was threatened with *rustication* for merely *cutting* hall and chapel; and the sister university supplied an instance of one who was *put out of sittings* and *commons* for refusing to *cap* the dean. Various other cases were produced and compared, including crimes not mentioned in the decalogue, and punishments the names of which are not to be found in Johnson's dictionary.—*Herbert Lacy, a Novel.*

**BRUCE THE TRAVELLER.**—I became intimate with Bruce at Admiral Walsingham's. "Who," says the intelligent Dr. Dibdin, has not heard of Bruce? His tale was once suspected, but suspicion has sunk into acquiescence of its truth." His accounts militated against some more favoured voyages, of which great pains were taken to promote the sale. The friends of Bruce indeed produced many proofs of the prejudices that had been excited against them; and I rather felt that some facts were industriously dwelt upon before me, as being intimate with Lord Sandwich. I made a direct reply, that I knew that Lord Sandwich (I could not speak as to others) always mentioned them in terms of the highest admiration. We became afterwards much acquainted, and he showed me the fine gold medals of many of the Ptolemies of Egypt. He was a large man, and in an evening rather splendidly dressed; he had a most extraordinary complaint, which could not be well accounted for: when he attempted to speak, his whole stomach suddenly seemed to heave like an organ-bellows. He did not wish to make any secret about it, but spoke of it as having originated in Abyssinia, but that it since remained (under various advice) much the same in every climate. However, one evening, when he appeared rather agitated, it lasted much longer than usual, and was so violent that it alarmed the company.—*Cradock's Memoirs, Vol. IV.*

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\* By an oversight in the arrangement of the several Articles of this Number, a sheet (page 329 to 344) has been omitted. The deficiency will be supplied in our next Number.





# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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MARCH 1, 1828.

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## COLUMBUS.

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London. Murray. 1828.

MR. IRVING has here written an agreeable book; somewhat too prolix, and in many places feeble; but, on the whole, four pleasant volumes, which would be much pleasanter if they were only three. The chief and pervading fault of the book is that absence of all manly opinion—that skinless sensitiveness, that shuddering dread of giving offence, by which all the former productions of this writer are marked. In a book of tales and essays this defect, though sometimes laughable, is seldom offensive; but in a work aspiring to the rank of history, it is felt strongly in every chapter.

There certainly has been no lack of research in the preparation of this work; but its result has scarcely brought any thing more to light than had already been recorded, and in our own language, by Robertson and many others. The principal additions, as regards interest and value, consist of a series of papers, filling the greater part of the last volume, on contemporary and collateral persons and events, which influenced, or are illustrative of, the voyages of Columbus. These have by far more novelty than the narrative part of the work, and are written with more liveliness and spirit. We shall, however, begin at the beginning; and give our readers a general idea of the contents of these volumes from first to last.

The account of the early part of the life of Columbus is necessarily very imperfect. There are, in fact, no materials from which to come to any clear conclusion on the subject. The utmost that Mr. Irving has been able to give us is little more than conjecture. His narrative first assumes the form of authentic history on the arrival of Columbus at Lisbon, about the year 1470, when he was between thirty-four and thirty-five years of age. His personal appearance at this date is thus described:—

“Columbus arrived at Lisbon about the year 1470. He was at that time in the full vigour of manhood, and of an engaging presence. Minute descriptions are given of his person by his son Fernando, by Las Casas, and

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others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts, he was tall, well-formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanour. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek-bones were rather high, his eyes light-grey, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light colour: but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."—Vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

Columbus married at Lisbon, and became naturalized in Portugal. He continued to lead a sea-faring life, accompanying several of the expeditions to the coast of Guinea. The Portuguese were at this period the great navigators of the time: they were in high repute for the discoveries, chiefly along the African coast, that they had already made; and the world looked to them for continued enterprises of the same nature. Prince Henry, the great patron and fosterer of navigation, was now dead; but his spirit of enterprise had survived him, and was still at work among his countrymen.

Columbus shared largely in the devotion to these objects, by which he was surrounded. His mind was naturally of an active, eager, and even enthusiastic cast; and his attention had, from early youth, been devoted almost undividedly to nautical and cosmographical subjects. Indeed, his chief means of support, while on shore, was the making maps and charts, a trade at that time in much esteem, and considerably lucrative. Moreover he had married the daughter of a man very much distinguished in navigation—Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian, who had been one of the foremost navigators under Prince Henry, and had been governor of Porto Santo, which island he had colonized. He had left behind him many charts, journals, and other papers relating to his voyages, and these his widow freely communicated to her son-in-law.

The first ideas of his subsequent discoveries would seem to have arisen in the mind of Columbus about this time. He went to reside with his wife in the island of Porto Santo, which had not very long been discovered; and was thus thrown into constant contact with persons going to and returning from the district in which the course of discovery then lay—namely, the coast of Africa. Moreover the prosecution of his labours in cosmography—his constant comparing of various maps and charts—and his communications with learned men upon these subjects—caused his mind to be continually at work upon the various nautical and geographical points which they embrace. The makers of maps and charts were, in those days, in high esteem among the learned, and enjoyed a large share of their confidential correspondence. At an early period after Columbus's coming to Lisbon, he became engaged in correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli, of Florence, one of the most scientific men of the age, who contributed

largely to fortifying the opinion of Columbus as to the existence of lands to the West—and who may be considered as one of the most influential supporters of his design to go to seek them.

To the circumstances we have already mentioned, Columbus added the study of geographical authors, ancient and modern. The popular rumours of the existence of islands in the Atlantic, (chiefly caused, as it is now supposed, by atmospherical delusions, one of which almost constantly cheated the eye at the Canaries,)—these rumours received, in the somewhat heated imagination of Columbus, support from the story of Antilla, a great island said to have been discovered in the ocean by the Carthagenians, and the fabled Atalantis of Plato. But as we intend to offer a few comments upon the theory which Columbus formed, we will give Mr. Irving's statement of it at length:—

"It has been attempted, in the preceding chapters, to show how Columbus was gradually kindled up to his grand design by the spirit and events of the times in which he lived. His son Fernando, however, undertakes to furnish the precise data on which his father's plan of discovery was founded. 'He does this,' he observes, 'to show from what slender argument so great a scheme was fabricated and brought to light; and for the purpose of satisfying those who may desire to know distinctly the circumstances and motives which led his father to undertake this enterprise.'

"As this statement was formed from notes and documents found among his father's papers, it is too curious and interesting not to deserve particular mention. In this memorandum he arranged the foundation of his father's theory under three heads. 1. The nature of things. 2. The authority of learned writers. 3. The reports of navigators.

"Under the first head, he set down as a fundamental principle, that the earth was a terraqueous sphere or globe, which might be travelled round from east to west, and that men stood foot to foot, when on opposite points. The circumference from east to west, at the equator, Columbus divided, according to Ptolemy, into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each, making three hundred and sixty degrees. Of these he imagined, comparing the globe of Ptolemy with the earlier map of Marinus of Tyre, that fifteen hours had been known to the ancients, extending from the Straits of Gibraltar, or rather from the Canary Islands, to the city of Thine in Asia, a place set down as at the eastern limits of the known world. The Portuguese had advanced the western frontier by the discovery of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands, equal to one hour more. There remained, according to the estimation of Columbus, eight hours, or one-third of the circumference of the earth, unknown and unexplored. This space might, in a great measure, be filled up by the eastern regions of Asia, which might extend so far as nearly to surround the globe, and to approach the western shores of Europe and Africa. The tract of ocean, intervening between these continents, he observes, would be less than might at first be supposed, if the opinion of Alfranganus, the Arabian, were admitted, who gave to the earth a smaller circumference, by diminishing the size of the degrees, than did other cosmographers; a theory to which Columbus seems at times to have given faith. Granting these premises, it was manifest, that, by pursuing a direct course from east to west, a navigator would arrive at the extremity of Asia, and discover any intervening land.

"Under the second head, are named the authors whose writings had weight in convincing him that the intervening ocean could be but of moderate expanse, and easy to be traversed. Among these, he cites the opinion of Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, that one might pass from Cadiz to the Indies in a few days; of Strabo, also, who observes, that the ocean surrounds the earth, bathing on the east the shores of India; on the west, the coasts of

Spain and Mauritania ; so that it is easy to navigate from one to the other on the same parallel.

" In corroboration of the idea, that Asia, or, as he always terms it, India, stretched far to the east, so as to occupy the greater part of the unexplored space, the narratives are cited of Marco Polo and John Mandeville. These travellers had visited, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the remote parts of Asia, far beyond the regions laid down by Ptolemy ; and their accounts of the extent of that continent to the eastward, had a great effect in convincing Columbus that a voyage to the west, of no long duration, would bring him to its shores, or to the extensive and wealthy islands which lie adjacent. The information concerning Marco Polo, is probably derived from Paulo Toscanelli, a celebrated doctor of Florence, already mentioned, with whom Columbus corresponded in 1474, and who transmitted to him a copy of a letter which he had previously written to Fernando Martinez, a learned canon of Lisbon. This letter maintains the facility of arriving at India by a western course, asserting the distance to be but four thousand miles, in a direct line from Lisbon to the province of Mangi, near Cathay, since determined to be the northern coast of China. Of this country he gives a magnificent description, drawn from the work of Marco Polo. He adds, that in the route lay the islands of Antillo and Cipango, distant from each other only two hundred and twenty-five leagues, abounding in riches, and offering convenient places for ships to touch at, and obtain supplies on the voyage.

" Under the third head are enumerated various indications of land in the west, which had floated to the shores of the known world. It is curious to observe how, when once the mind of Columbus had become heated in the inquiry, it attracted to it every corroborating circumstance, however vague and trivial. He appears to have been particularly attentive to the gleams of information derived from veteran mariners, who had been employed in the recent voyages to the African coasts ; and also from the inhabitants of lately discovered islands, placed, in a manner, on the frontier posts of geographical knowledge. All these are carefully noted down among his memorandums, to be collocated with the facts and opinions already stored up in his mind."—Vol. i. pp. 52—57.

Now, it is curious, that in this enumeration of the reasons which influenced Columbus's opinion, no mention is made of his idea that the globe needed balance, and that therefore undiscovered lands must exist to the West: or, rather, it is curious that this latter opinion should ever have been attributed to him, by such men too as Dr. Robertson ; inasmuch as it is incompatible with Columbus's real belief—viz. that the world was smaller than it really is by the width of the Pacific Ocean, and that he should reach Asia at the spot where he did reach America. The credit given to Columbus on this score has always seemed to us exaggerated and undeserved. Judging from "a foregone conclusion," profiting by present knowledge, the doctrine of balances has been attributed to Columbus, who never thought of, or needed, such a theory—seeing that he believed Cuba to be the extremity of Asia, to his dying day. In this statement, the life of the admiral, by his son, is quoted as the direct authority ; and yet this life was equally open to others who, in their love of system, have fallen into the error we have just exposed.

When Columbus had once thoroughly digested and moulded his theory, it is perfectly true, as Mr. Irving says, that he "never spoke of it with the slightest doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land." Now we can very well under-

stand how this positiveness on a subject which, manifestly, was one of speculation, may have contributed to the notion which long prevailed at the Spanish court concerning him—that he was a visionary enthusiast, who, by constantly dwelling on one subject, had given to the phantoms of his mind the substance of realities. But how can Mr. Irving talk of “the glorious result having established the correctness of the opinion of Columbus.” Was his opinion correct? He expected to find India seven or eight hundred leagues west of the Canaries. Is that correct? He believed Hispaniola to be Japan, and Cuba to be China. Is that correct? In point of fact, he did not sail to discover new lands at all; but a new route to old lands. While the Portuguese were pottering along the coast of Africa, to get to India by sailing round its extremity, he wished and projected to forestall them, and to arrive there by a shorter and easier route, by sailing directly to the west. Dr. Robertson, in noticing the accidental discovery of Brazil a few years later, by the Portuguese fleet fitted out to profit by the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, says, “Columbus’s discovery of the New World was the effort of an active genius, guided by experience, and acting upon a regular plan, executed with no less courage than perseverance. But, from this adventure of the Portuguese, it appears that chance might have accomplished that great design which it is now the pride of human reason to have formed and perfected.”\* Now, human reason never did any such thing: human reason was totally wrong; the “design it formed,” but never “perfected,” was, that the East Indies were where the West are: or rather, that Asia stood where the country now called America in fact stands. In seeking this illusion, Columbus stumbles upon a magnificent reality. But he no more projected the discovery of the New World as such, than did Pedro de Cabral that of Brazil, when, on his way to India, he stretched to the westward, to avoid the calms on the coast of Guinea.

Columbus having once fallen into his grand error concerning the size of the earth, and believing the eastern coast of Asia to be within the distance of a moderate voyage to the west, stored his mind with all the grandiloquent and exaggerated accounts of those regions that were then extant. Among the chief of these was the work of Marco Polo, a Venetian, who, in the thirteenth century, had penetrated to China, of which country, and all the surrounding regions, he wrote on his return a most gorgeous account. There is a very entertaining notice both of Marco Polo and his work, in the Appended Illustrations of which we have already spoken. As this work was almost a text-book of Columbus, we shall extract some parts of Mr. Irving’s account of it before we go farther:—

“The work of Marco Polo is stated by some to have been originally written in Latin, though the most probable opinion is that it was written in Italian. Copies of it in manuscript were multiplied and rapidly circulated; translations were made into various languages, until the invention of printing enabled it to be widely diffused throughout Europe.

“In the course of these translations and successive editions, the original text, according to Purchas, has been much vitiated, and it is probable many

\* History of America, book ii.

extravagances in numbers and measurements, with which Marco Polo is charged, may be the errors of translators and printers.

"When the work first appeared, it was considered by some as made up of fictions and extravagances; but Vossius assures us that it was at one time highly esteemed among the learned. - - - - -

"Ramusio thinks that a great part of the third book was collected by him from narrations of mariners of the Indian seas. Athanasius Kircher is at a loss to know why he makes no mention of the great wall of China, which he must have passed, unless he visited that country by water.

"The most probable opinion given concerning him is, that he really visited part of the countries which he describes, and collected information from various sources concerning the others; that he kept no regular journal, but after his return home composed his work from various memorandums, and from memory. Thus what he had seen and what he had heard became mixed up in his mind; and floating fables of the East were noted down with as much gravity and authority as well ascertained facts. Much has been said of a map brought from Cathay by Marco Polo, which was preserved in the convent of St. Michael de Marano in the vicinity of Venice, and in which the Cape of Good Hope, and the island of Madagascar, were indicated; countries which the Portuguese claim the merit of having discovered two centuries afterwards. It has been suggested also that Columbus had visited the convent and examined the map, from whence he derived some of his ideas concerning the coast of India. According to Ramusio, however, who had been at the convent, and was well acquainted with the prior of it, the map preserved there was one copied by a friar from the original one of Marco Polo, and many alterations and additions had since been made by other hands, so that for a long time it lost all credit with judicious people, until, in company with the work of Marco Polo, it was found in the chain to agree with his descriptions. The Cape of Good Hope was doubtless among the alterations made subsequent to the discoveries of the Portuguese. Columbus makes no mention of this map, which he most probably would have done had he seen it. He seems to have been entirely guided by the one furnished by Paulo Tuscanelli, and which was apparently projected after the original map, or after the descriptions of Marco Polo and the maps of the Ptolemy.

"When the attention of the world was turned towards the remote parts of Asia in the fifteenth century, and the Portuguese were making their attempts to circumnavigate Africa, the narration of Marco Polo again rose to notice. This, with the travels of Nicolo le Conte, the Venetian, and of Hieronimo da San Stefano, a Genoese, are said to have afforded the information by which the Portuguese guided themselves in their voyages.

"Above all, the influence which the work of Marco Polo had over the mind of Columbus gives it particular interest and importance. It was evidently an oracular work with him. He is supposed to have had a manuscript copy by him. He frequently quotes it; and on his voyages, supposing himself to be on the Asiatic coast, he is continually endeavouring to discover the islands and main lands described in it, and to find the famous Cipango.

"It is proper therefore to specify some of those places, and the manner in which they are described by the Venetian traveller, that the reader may more fully understand the anticipations which were haunting the mind of Columbus in his voyages among the West Indian islands, and along the coast of Terra Firma.

"The principal residence of the great khan, according to Marco Polo, was in the city of Cambalu, (since ascertained to be Pekin,) in the province of Cathay. This city, he says, was twenty-four miles square, and admirably built. It was impossible, according to Marco Polo, to describe the vast amount and variety of merchandise and manufactures brought there; it would seem as if there were enough to furnish the universe. - - - - -

"But thought Marco Polo is magnificent in his description of the province of Cathay and its imperial city of Cambalu, he outdoes himself when he comes to describe the province of Mangi. This province is supposed to be the

southern part of China. It contained, he says, twelve hundred cities. The capital Quinsai, supposed to be the city of Hang-chou, was twenty-five miles from the sea; but communicated by a river, with a port situated on the sea-coast, and had great trade with India.

"The name Quinsai, according to Marco Polo, signifies the city of heaven: he says he has been in it, and examined it diligently, and affirms it to be the largest in the world; and so it undoubtedly is, if the measurement of the traveller is to be taken for truth. He declares that it is one hundred miles in circuit;\* that it is built upon little islands like Venice, and has twelve thousand stone bridges,† the arches of which are so high that the largest vessels can pass under them without lowering their masts. It has three thousand baths. It has six hundred thousand families. It abounds with magnificent houses, and has a lake thirty miles in circuit within its walls, on the banks of which are superb palaces of people of rank. The inhabitants of Quinsai are very voluptuous, and indulge in all kinds of luxuries and delights, particularly the women, who are extremely beautiful. There are many merchants and artisans; but the masters do not work, they employ servants to do all their labour. The province of Mangi was conquered by the great khan, who divided it into nine kingdoms, appointing to each a tributary king. He drew from it an immense revenue, for the country abounded in gold, silver, silks, sugars, spices, and perfumes.

"Fifteen hundred miles from the shores of Mangi, in the ocean, lay the great island of Zipangri, or as Columbus writes it, Cipango, and which is supposed to be Japan. Marco Polo describes it as abounding in gold, which however the king seldom permits to be transported out of the island. The king has a magnificent palace, covered with plates of gold, as in other countries the roofs of the palaces are covered with sheets of lead or copper. The halls and chambers are likewise covered with gold; the windows adorned with it; the very floors paved with it, sometimes in plates of the thickness of two fingers. The island also produces vast quantities of the largest and finest pearls, together with a variety of precious stones, so that in fact it abounds in riches. The great khan made several attempts to conquer this island, but in vain; which is not to be wondered at if what Marco Polo relates be true, that the inhabitants had certain stones of a charmed virtue tied to their arms, which, through the power of diabolical enchantments, rendered them invulnerable. The island of Cipango was an object of diligent search to Columbus.

"About the island of Zipangi, or Cipango, and between it and the coast of Mangi, the sea, according to Marco Polo, is studded with small islands, to the number of seven thousand four hundred and forty-eight, of which the greater part are inhabited. There is not one which does not produce odoriferous trees, and perfumes in abundance. Columbus thought himself at one time in the midst of these islands.

"These are the principal places described by Marco Polo, which occur in the letters and journals of Columbus. The island of Cipango was the first land he expected to make, and he intended to visit afterwards the province of Mangi, and to seek the great khan in this city of Cambalu in the province of Cathay.

"Unless the reader bears in mind these sumptuous descriptions of Marco Polo, of countries teeming with wealth, and cities whose very domes and

\* "Mandeville, speaking of Cambalu, says it is ten miles of Lombardy in circuit, which makes eight miles."

† "Another blunder in translation has drawn upon Marco Polo the indignation of George Hornius, who, in his *Origin of America*, iv. 3, exclaims, 'Who can believe all that he says of the city of Quinsay? As for example, that it has stone bridges twelve thousand miles high!' &c. It is probable that many of the exaggerations in the accounts of Marco Polo are in fact the errors of his translators. Mandeville, speaking of this same city, which he calls Cansai, says it is built on the sea like Venice, and has one thousand two hundred bridges, on each of which is a tower."



palaces flamed with gold, he will have but a faint idea of the splendid anticipations of Columbus, when he discovered, as he supposed, the extremity of Asia.

"It was this confident expectation of soon arriving at these countries, and realizing the accounts of the Venetian, that induced him to hold forth those promises of immediate wealth to the sovereigns which caused so much disappointment, and brought upon him the frequent reproach of exciting false hopes and indulging in wilful exaggeration."—Vol. iv. pp. 293—303.

It appears that the project for arriving, by a brief voyage, at these realms of riches, lay some years in the mind of Columbus, without his making any very decided effort to carry it into execution. It seems, from the correspondence between him and Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, that he had conceived the idea so early as 1474; and it is eight or nine years after this period that we find him making proposals to John II. of Portugal on the subject. Here his offers met with a cool and even treacherous reception. At first, the expense, the hazard, and the natural preference to follow out the path on which they had so successfully begun, along the coast of Africa, induced the court of Portugal to listen but coolly to the scheme of Columbus. But on its being submitted to some of the council, it is asserted that Cazadilla, bishop of Ceuta, advised that the details of the plan, with the charts and other documents relating to it, should be demanded of Columbus, as though with a view to consult upon them—while, in fact, a vessel should be dispatched secretly to follow the prescribed route, and to ascertain whether the theory had any foundation in fact. This treacherous plan was executed. A vessel was despatched by way of the Cape de Verde Islands, which, after standing to the westward for some days, and seeing nothing but sea and sky, naturally gave the thing up in despair, as a wild and extravagant project.

Columbus, on discovering the plot which had been practised against him, was indignant; and refusing to enter into a new negotiation, which it is said John II. was ready to open with him, set off for Spain. His wife was dead, he was a citizen of the world, and Portugal was no longer his country. This was in the year 1484.\*

For about a year after this there are no traces of Columbus. Many writers think he went to Genoa, his native place. It is said also that he proceeded to Venice. All this, however, lies hidden in great obscurity, and it now signifies but little. His first appearance in Spain is picturesquely given by Mr. Irving; we shall therefore extract it as it stands:—

"It is interesting to notice the first arrival of Columbus in that country, which was to become the scene of his glory, and which he was to render so powerful and illustrious by his discoveries. In this we meet with one of those striking and instructive contrasts which occur in his eventful history.

"The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a

\* It was about this time that he dispatched his celebrated brother, Bartholomew Columbus, to England, to make similar proposals to Henry VII. Captivity and other delays long prevented his reaching England, and then his poverty was such that he was a long time before he could fit himself to appear at court. During this time, he also supported himself by making maps and charts. At last he laid his plans before Henry, who, in the most extraordinary contradiction to his paltry and penurious character, seems to have received them with great encouragement. But as Bartholomew returned to Spain, he heard at Paris of the successful arrival of his brother from his first voyage.

few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little sea-port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Parcz de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. Whence he had come from does not clearly appear; that he was in destitute circumstances is evident from the mode of his way-faring; he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.\*

"The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned, in some measure, to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloistered monk, that a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, should apply for bread and water at the gate of his convent. He detained him as his guest, and diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him: that friend was Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger. Several conferences took place at the old convent, and the project of Columbus was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, which it had in vain sought amidst the bustle and pretension of court-sages and philosophers. Hints, too, were gathered among the veteran mariners of Palos, which seemed to corroborate his theory. One Pedro de Velasco, an old experienced pilot of the place, affirmed that nearly thirty years before, in the course of a voyage, he was carried by stress of weather so far to the north-west, that Cape Clear, in Ireland, lay to the east of him. Here, though there was a strong wind blowing from the west, the sea was perfectly smooth, a remarkable circumstance, which he supposed to be produced by land lying in that direction. It being late in August, however, he was fearful of the approach of winter, and did not venture to proceed on the discovery.

"Fray Juan Perez possessed that hearty zeal in friendship, which carries good wishes into good deeds. Being fully persuaded that the proposed enterprise would be of the utmost importance to the country, he offered to give Columbus a favourable introduction at court, and he advised him by all means to repair thither, and make his propositions to the Spanish sovereigns. Juan Perez was on intimate terms with Fernando de Talavera, prior of the monastery of Prado, and confessor to the queen, a man high in royal confidence, and possessing great weight in public affairs. To him, he gave Columbus a letter, strongly recommending the adventurer and his enterprise to the patronage of Talavera, and requesting his friendly intercession with the king and queen. As the influence of the church was paramount in the court of Castile, and as Talavera, from his situation as confessor, had the most direct and confidential communication with the queen, every thing was expected from his mediation. In the mean time, Fray Juan Perez took

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\* "Probably Pedro Correa, already mentioned, from whom he had received information of signs of land in the west, observed near Puerto Santo."

charge of the youthful son of Columbus, to maintain and educate him at his convent. The zeal of this worthy man, thus early enkindled, never cooled; and many years afterwards, in the day of his success, Columbus looks back through the brilliant crowd of courtiers, prelates, and philosophers, who claimed the honour of having patronised his enterprise, and points to this modest friar, as one who had been most effectually its friend. He remained at the convent until the spring of 1476, when the court arrived in the ancient city of Cordova, where the sovereigns intended to assemble their troops, and make preparations for a spring campaign against the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Elated then with fresh hopes, and confident of a speedy audience, on the strength of the letter to Fernando de Talavera, Columbus bade farewell to the worthy prior of La Rabida, leaving with him his child, and set out, full of spirits, for the court of Castile."—Vol. i. pp. 95—100.

In Spain Columbus had most eminently to prove the truth of the axiom—

“What hell it is in suing long to bide:”

For above six years he underwent all the miseries of protracted hope, and of seeing some sudden circumstance dash his expectations at what promised to be their moment of fruition. Ridicule from the light and vain—sneers and more grave rebukes from the learned—misrepresentations from the malevolent—and adverse opinion from nearly all—such constituted the treatment which Columbus underwent at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some thought him a mere enthusiast; and this idea was fortified by the circumstance of religious fanaticism mingling largely with the enthusiasm of the subject of his immediate solicitation. One of the points that he urged strongly, was the wealth which would accrue from his undertaking; and, as if there needed any additional inducement to obtain it, he proposed that the fruits of the new discoveries should be expended upon a new crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre! This, certainly, could not be openly sneered at in the court of the newly-declared Most Catholic King: but we can perfectly understand that even there, and indeed in the bosom of the Most Catholic King himself, such a supplement to a scheme which must then have appeared at the least enthusiastic, might have added greatly to the apparent wildness and groundlessness of the whole design. Others again believed him to be an unprincipled adventurer, whose only object was to obtain the profits arising from the necessary outfit, and who knew little and cared nothing about the ultimate object which he held out.

Mr. Irving constantly repeats on the subject of some of Columbus's fanatical and erroneous opinions, that we must not judge of him according to the knowledge of these more enlightened days. But neither ought we to judge of those who are designated his enemies by that standard. We now know that there are lands to the west: but we cannot go along with Mr. Irving in reprobating both the sense and the feeling of every member of the Spanish court in the fifteenth century, for not believing in the mere ipse dixit of a poor, obscure, and unknown foreigner.

For Ferdinand and Isabella, though we have little respect for the personal character of either, and certainly none for that of Ferdinand, we must say there is a great excuse for their tardiness in listening seriously to the propositions of Columbus. At the time of his coming

to court, they were engaged in the greatest effort of their reign—in the wars, namely, which terminated in the final downfall of the Moorish power in Spain. They were, at this time, engaged in them with an engrossing ardour and energy which left them scarcely time, or mind, or money, to devote to any other object. And certainly the manner in which Columbus appeared at court, was not likely to gain him either greater or more speedy attention than ordinary. And yet, in the very thick of the war, Ferdinand referred the whole scheme to the most learned men of the kingdom, assembled at Salamanca, whose opinion was against Columbus.

It is undoubted that great nonsense was talked at this assembly: but, still, we must not judge from our present knowledge—and, again, if the doctors were wrong, so was Columbus also. Undoubtedly, it cannot be denied that the arguments used by many of them were nothing short of absurd. Quotations, not only from the Bible, but also from St. Chrysostome, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and a whole host of the fathers, were substituted for scientific facts, and logical deductions: but Columbus did the same thing. This was quite in accordance with the limited learning and extensive bigotry of that day. But why does Mr. Irving represent the same thing so differently, on the respective sides of the question? The contrast is little short of ludicrous:—

“Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps, and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the Book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the Prophets, the Epistles, and the Gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers.”—Vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

And he goes on in the same strain for a couple of pages more. Now mark how different is the tone in which the same facts are recorded of Columbus:—

“Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries, have spoken of his commanding person, his elevated demeanour, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice. How must they have given majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding, for a time, his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed.”—Vol. i. p. 128.

As soon, however, as the wars of Granada were at an end, Isabella turned an attentive ear to the representations of the friends of Columbus—for some few friends, whom he had acquired at court, becoming converts to his doctrines, supported his interests warmly. His patience, however, had been wearied out, and he had actually left the court, with

the purpose of carrying his proposals elsewhere. He was, however, speedily overtaken by the joyful news that the queen had, at last, accepted them—and he returned.

The stipulations made by Columbus, and which were acceded to, were—That he should have for his life, and his heirs and successors for ever, the office of admiral in all the lands he might discover in the ocean, on the same footing as the high admiral of Castile in his district:—that he should be viceroy and governor-general over all his discoveries; that he should be entitled to one-tenth of the profits of all gold, jewels, and merchandise found, bartered, or gained within his admiralty; that he, or his lieutenant, should be sole judge in disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain, provided the high admiral of Castile had similar jurisdiction within his district: and that he should be at liberty then, and at all after times, to contribute an eighth part of the expence of the expedition, and receive an eighth part of the profits.

These articles of agreement, and all other documents requiring the royal signature, were signed by both sovereigns—but Isabella, as Queen of Castile, bore separately the whole expence; and the regulation that no foreigners should establish themselves in the new territories was, during her life, enforced, with few exceptions, against even her husband's subjects.

After considerable difficulty and delay, arising chiefly from the terrors of the seafaring people to embark upon so hazardous an enterprise, three small vessels were fitted out at the port of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. Even the peremptory nature of the royal order would scarcely have effected this, if it had not been for the personal exertions and activity of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a wealthy and eminent navigator of the place, who engaged in the expedition personally, as well as his brother—and by his influence with the seamen of Palos, and the pecuniary advances he made to Columbus, mainly contributed to equipping the armament.

It consisted of three small vessels—so small, indeed, as to render it matter of wonder how they were able to live through the violent storms by which they were assailed on their homeward voyage:—

“After the great difficulties made by various courts in furnishing this expedition, it is surprising how inconsiderable an armament was required. It is evident that Columbus had reduced his requisitions to the narrowest limits, lest any great expence should cause impediment. Three small vessels were apparently all that he had requested. Two of them were light bargues, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. Representations of this class of vessels exist in old prints and paintings. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre, but built up high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. Peter Martyr, the learned contemporary of Columbus, says that only one of the three vessels was decked. The smallness of the vessels was considered an advantage by Columbus, in a voyage of discovery, enabling him to run close to the shores, and to enter shallow rivers and harbours. In his third voyage, when passing the gulph of Paria, he complained of the size of his ship, being nearly a hundred tons burthen. But that such long and perilous expeditions into unknown seas, should be undertaken in vessels without decks, and that they should live through the violent tempests by which they were frequently assailed, remain among the singular circumstances of these daring voyages.”—Vol. I. pp. 180—182.

At length, on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus set sail upon his first voyage of discovery. His squadron consisted of his own vessel, which was the largest, and decked, called the Santa Maria; the Pinta, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and the Niña, commanded by another brother, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. He steered, in the first place, for the Canaries, where he was detained upwards of three weeks repairing some damages the Pinta had sustained on the passage. At length, on the 6th of September, he sailed from Gomera, and fairly launched upon his route of discovery. The terrors of the seamen, and the various fantasies which they conjured up to justify, while in fact they only increased them, are given by Mr. Irving in very considerable detail. We shall pass them over, however, and go at once to his arrival off the coasts of the New World:—

“It has been asserted by various historians, that Columbus, a day or two previous to coming in sight of the New World, capitulated with his mutinous crew, promising, if he did not discover land within three days, to abandon the voyage. There is no authority for such an assertion either in the history of his son Fernando, or that of the Bishop Las Casas, each of whom had the admiral's papers before him. There is no mention of such a circumstance in the extracts made from the journal by Las Casas, which have recently been brought to light; nor is it asserted by either Peter Martyr or the Curate of Los Palacios, both contemporaries and acquaintances of Columbus, and who could scarcely have failed to mention so striking a fact, if true. It rests merely upon the authority of Oviedo, who is of inferior credit to either of the authors above cited, and was grossly misled as to many of the particulars of this voyage by a pilot of the name of Hernea Perez Matheos, who was hostile to Columbus. In the manuscript process of the memorable law-suit between Don Diego, son of the admiral, and the fiscal of the crown, is the evidence of one Pedro de Bilboa, who testifies that he heard many times that some of the pilots and mariners wished to turn back, but that the admiral promised them presents, and entreated them to wait two or three days, before which time he should discover land. ‘Pedro de Bilboa oyo muchas veces que algunos pilotos y marineros querian velverse sino fucra por el Almirante, que les prometio dones, les rogó espcrasen dos o tres dias, i que antes del termino descubriera tierra.’ This, if true, implies no capitulation to relinquish the enterprise.

“On the other hand it was asserted by some of the witnesses in the above-mentioned suit, that Columbus, after having proceeded some few hundred leagues without finding land, lost confidence, and wished to turn back; but was persuaded and even piqued to continue by the Pinzons. This assertion carries falsehood on its very face. It is in total contradiction to that persevering constancy and undaunted resolution displayed by Columbus, not merely in the present voyage, but from first to last of his difficult and dangerous career. This testimony was given by some of the mutinous men, anxious to exaggerate the merits of the Pinzons, and to depreciate that of Columbus. Fortunately, the extracts from the journal of the latter, written from day to day with guileless simplicity, and all the air of truth, disprove those fables, and show that, on the very day previous to his discovery, he expressed a peremptory determination to persevere, in defiance of all dangers and difficulties.”—Vol. i. pp. 228—230.

We confess, we fully agree with Mr. Irving in these reasonings. We shall add his account of the actual discovery of land:—

“The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her

superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of the night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and enquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchel of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves: or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself."—Vol i. pp. 231—234.

The newly discovered land turned out to be one of the smaller islands of the Lucayan or Bahama groupe. Columbus gave to it the name of San Salvador. There have been some disputes about its identity, but it seems to be pretty well established that it is the island still bearing the above name, though also known as Cat Island. Among the illustrations, there is an able article on this point by, as Mr. Irving states, an officer in the American navy.

The following is the account given by Mr. Irving of the first interview between the natives of the Old and the New Worlds. We extract it, partly from the interest of the scene itself, and partly from the terrible added importance which it gains from the reflection of *what* that intercourse subsequently caused. The adventures of the Spaniards in the West form one of the darkest pages in the annals of human crime and human suffering:—

"The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort; the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no

attempt to pursue, nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth,\* and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions: all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strange and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.\*

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours. With some it was confined merely to some part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well-shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed."—Vol. i. pp. 240—243.

It makes the heart shrink to consider the fate of these simple, generous, and confiding people. We shall have to touch, however, upon this subject in treating of that part of the history of Hispaniola which comes within the limit of this work, and it is certainly not sufficiently inviting to take out of its turn. Still, it is impossible, in reading of the first meeting of the two races, for the mind not to turn to the thought of the fate of that which had every right on its side, except that of the strongest.

Several of these natives were taken on board by Columbus, partly with a view for them to serve as guides, and partly that they might learn Spanish, in order to serve as interpreters with the natives of the countries where he might afterwards touch. But, it would seem, that in neither of these capacities were they of much use to him. For it was in consequence of his misunderstanding the words and signs of the natives, that Columbus wandered about among the West India islands, seeking for an imaginary land of gold; whereas, if he had followed the course which otherwise he would have pursued, he would, almost to a certainty, have been the discoverer of Mexico, and thus realized his

\* The idea that the white men came from heaven was universally entertained by the inhabitants of the New World. When in the course of subsequent voyages the Spaniards conversed with the Cacique Nicaragua, he inquired how they came down from the skies, whether flying, or whether they descended on clouds. Herrera, decad. 3, l. iv., cap. 5.



anticipations of golden cities, though not exactly in the quarter of the globe where he expected to find them.

After passing some little time among the smaller islands, on the 28th of October he came within sight of Cuba.—The apparent size of this island—the large rivers and considerable mountains, which proved its magnitude—as well as the extreme beauty of the scenery, made Columbus believe that he had at last reached the famed Cipango. The following passage gives a curious account of the causes which induced him to change his opinion. In the belief thus adopted he continued till his death; at least as it regarded the broad fact of Cuba being part of the main land of Asia:—

“After standing to the north-west for some distance, Columbus came in sight of a great headland, to which, from the groves with which it was covered, he gave the name of the Cape of Palma, and which forms the eastern entrance to what is now known as Laguna de Moron. Here three Indians, natives of the island of Guanahani, who were on board of the *Pinto*, informed the commander, Martin Alonso Pinzon, that behind this cape there was a river, from whence it was but four days’ journey to Cubanacan, a place abounding in gold. By this they designated a province situated in the centre of Cuba; *nacan*, in their language, signifying the midst. Pinzon, however, had studied attentively the map of Toscanelli, and had imbibed from Columbus all his ideas respecting the coast of Asia. He concluded, therefore, that the Indians were talking of Cublay khan, the Tartar sovereign, and of certain parts of his dominions described by Marco Polo. He thought he understood from them that Cuba was not an island, but terra firma, extending a vast distance to the north, and that the king who reigned in this vicinity was at war with the great khan.

“This tissue of errors and misconceptions, he immediately communicated to Columbus. It put an end to the delusion in which the admiral had hitherto indulged, that this was the island of Cipango; but it substituted another no less agreeable. He concluded that he must have reached the mainland of Asia, or as he termed it, India, and if so, he could not be at any great distance from Mangi and Cathay, the ultimate destination of his voyage. The prince in question, who reigned over this neighbouring country, must be some Oriental potentate of consequence; he resolved, therefore, to seek the river beyond the Cape of Palma, and despatch a present to the monarch, with one of the letters of recommendation from the Castilian sovereigns; and after visiting his dominions, he would proceed to the capital of Cathay, the residence of the grand khan. - - - - -

“It is curious to observe how ingeniously the imagination of Columbus deceived him at every step, and how he wove every thing into a uniform web of false conclusions. Poring over the map of Toscanelli, referring to the reckonings of his voyage, and musing on the misinterpreted words of the Indians, he imagined that he must be on the borders of Cathay, and about one hundred leagues from the capital of the grand khan. Anxious to arrive there, and to delay as little as possible in the territories of this inferior prince, he determined not to await the arrival of messengers and merchants, but to despatch two envoys to seek the neighbouring monarch at his residence.

“For this mission he chose two Spaniards, Rodrigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres; the latter a converted Jew, who knew Hebrew and Chaldaic, and even something of Arabic, one or other of which languages Columbus supposed might be known to this Oriental prince. Two Indians were sent with them as guides, one a native of Guanahani, and the other an inhabitant of the hamlet on the bank of the river. The ambassadors were furnished with strings of beads, and other trinkets, for their travelling expenses. Instructions were given them to inform the king that Columbus had been sent by the Castilian sovereigns, a bearer of letters and a present which he was to

deliver personally, for the purpose of establishing an amicable intercourse between the powers. They were likewise instructed to inform themselves accurately about the situation and distances of certain provinces, ports, and rivers, which the admiral specified by name from the descriptions which he had of the coast of Asia. They were moreover provided with specimens of spices and drugs, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any precious articles of the kind abounded in the country. With these provisions and instructions, the ambassadors departed, six days being allowed them to go and return. Many, at the present day, will smile at this embassy to a naked savage chieftain in the interior of Cuba, in mistake for an Asiatic monarch; but such was the singular nature of this voyage, a continual series of golden dreams, and all interpreted by the delusive volume of Marco Polo."—Vol. i. pp. 275—281.

It is not the least amusing part of this tissue of delusions, that a Jew should be chosen to go upon the embassy, on the ground that his language was by some *degrees* nearer to that spoken in the dominions of the Grand Khan than Spanish. It reminds us of the expedient of the Opium-Eater to preserve his reputation as a linguist, when he was visited by the Malay at his cottage in Westmorland. "My knowledge of the oriental tongues," he says, "is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learned from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay Dictionary, nor even Adelung's Mithridates, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such language as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one."

The success in both instances was the same. The Cuban chief and the Malay traveller remaining equally ignorant of the matters propounded by their European colloquists.

It was in the course of this embassy that the Spaniards first beheld the use of tobacco. It is thus recorded by Mr. Irving in a manner at once quaint and apposite:—

"On their way back, they for the first time witnessed the use of a weed, which the ingenious caprice of man has since converted into an universal luxury, in defiance of the opposition of the senses. They beheld several of the natives going about with firebrands in their hands, and certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf, and lighting one end, put the other in their mouths, and continued exhaling and puffing out the smoke. These rolls they called tobacco, a name since transferred to the plant of which they were made. The Spaniards were struck with astonishment at this singular indulgence, although prepared to meet with wonders."—Vol. i. p. 287.

The inquiries of the voyagers were constantly directed with reference to gold; and they questioned the Indians most minutely concerning the place from whence they derived the small golden ornaments they wore. The Indians, in answer, pointed to the eastward, and used the words *Babeque* and *Bahio*. These, occurring repeatedly, Columbus conceived them to signify the names of islands or rich districts, from whence the precious metal was obtained. And in search of these imaginary places, not only much time was wasted—but his coasting of Cuba was abandoned, the following out of which would, in proving it to be an island, have led him, in all likelihood, to the discovery of Mexico.

"The true meaning of these words (Babeque and Bohio) has," says Mr. Irving, "been variously explained. It is said that they were applied by the Indians to the coast of terra firma, called also by them Caritaba. It is also said that Bohio means a house, and was often used by the Indians to signify the populousness of an island. Hence it was frequently applied to Hispaniola, as well as the more general name of Hayti, which means highland, and occasionally Quisqueya, (*i. e.* the whole,) on account of its extent.

"The misapprehension of these, and other words, was a source of perpetual error to Columbus. Sometimes he confounded Babeque and Bohio together, as if signifying the same island; sometimes they were different, and existing in different quarters; and Quisqueya he supposed to mean Quisai or Quinsai, (*i. e.* the celestial city,) of which, as has already been mentioned, he had received so magnificent an idea from the writings of the Venetian traveller.

"The great object of Columbus was to arrive at some opulent and civilized country of the East, where he might establish a commercial relation with its sovereign, and carry home a quantity of oriental merchandise as a rich trophy of his discovery. The season was advancing; the cool nights gave hints of approaching winter; he resolved, therefore, not to proceed further to the north, nor to linger about uncivilized places, which at present, he had not the means of colonizing. Conceiving himself to be on the eastern coast of Asia, he determined to turn to the east-south-east, in quest of Babeque, which he trusted might prove some rich and civilized island."—Vol. i. pp. 289—291.

He made sail, accordingly, in the direction pointed out by the Indians; but, meeting with strong adverse winds and rough weather, he put back to Cuba, to continue exploring its coast. In this trip, the *Pinta* left him; Pinzon, as it is supposed, being tempted by the reported wealth of an island of great riches, to which one of the Indians on board his ship offered to guide him; and, his vessel being the best sailer, he was enabled to part from his companions at pleasure.

After coasting of Cuba till he came to its eastern extremity, Columbus doubted whether he should continue along the coast, as it bent off to the north-west—which, he thought, would bring him to the civilized parts of India—or whether he should seek the Babeque, of which the Indians gave such marvellous accounts, and which they stated lay towards the north-east. While thus undetermined, he descried land to the south-east, on beholding which the Indians exclaimed *Bohio!*—which at once induced him to stand in that direction. He did so—and on the evening of the next day anchored in a fine harbour, to which he gave the name St. Nicholas, in the island which has, of late, regained its original name of Hayti.

This island became the nucleus of the Spanish settlements in the New World, and with its history the subsequent fortunes of Columbus were closely interwoven. On these shores, the Spaniards first caught some fish resembling those of our country. They also heard the song of a bird which they mistook for the nightingale, and they fancied the features of the country generally resembled those of Andalusia, and the more beautiful provinces of Spain. Under these impressions, the admiral named it *Hispaniola*.

After one more ineffectual attempt to discover the imaginary Babeque, Columbus returned to Hispaniola. As it was on this island that the atrocities of the Spaniards towards the natives of the New World first

were committed, it is right to notice here that, on its discovery, the kindness, amenity, gentleness, and honesty of these simple and amiable people were most conspicuous, and were universally and repeatedly acknowledged and praised by the whole expedition.

Nor were these qualities displayed only in the courtesies and kindly offices of general intercourse. A great and terrible misfortune happened to Columbus on their shores. Through the negligence of the steersman, his ship was run on shore, on the night of Christmas-eve, and all efforts to get her off proved vain. Our readers shall judge for themselves how the natives acted on the occasion:—

“The admiral and his men took refuge on board the caravel. Diego de Arana, chief judge of the armament, and Pedro Gutierrez, the king’s butler, were immediately sent on shore as envoys to the cacique Guacanagari, to inform him of the intended visit of the admiral, and of his disastrous shipwreck. In the mean time, as a light wind had sprung up from shore, and the admiral was ignorant of his situation, and of the rocks and banks that might be lurking around him, he lay to until night.

“The habitation of the cacique was about a league and a half from the wreck. When Guacanagari heard of the misfortune of his guest, he manifested the utmost affliction, and even shed tears. He immediately sent all his people, with all the canoes, large and small, that could be mustered; and so active were they in their assistance, that in a little while the vessel was unloaded. The cacique himself, and his brothers and relations, rendered all the aid in their power, both on sea and land; keeping vigilant guard that every thing should be conducted with order, and the property rescued from the wreck be preserved with inviolable fidelity. From time to time he sent some one of his family, or some principal person of his attendants, to condole with the admiral, and to entreat him not to be distressed, for that every thing he possessed should be at his disposal.

“Never, in civilized country, were the vaunted rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed, than by this uncultured savage. All the effects landed from the ships were deposited near his dwelling; and an armed guard surrounded them all night, until houses could be prepared in which to store them. There seemed, however, even among the common people, no disposition to take advantage of the misfortune of the stranger. Although they beheld, what must in their eyes have been inestimable treasures, cast, as it were, upon their shores, and open to depredation, yet there was not the least attempt to pilfer, nor, in transporting the effects from the ships, had they appropriated the most trifling article. On the contrary, a general sympathy was visible in their countenances and actions; and to have witnessed their concern, one would have supposed the misfortune had happened to themselves.

“‘So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people,’ says Columbus in his journal, ‘that I swear to your majesties, there is not in the world a better nation, nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.’”—Vol. i. pp. 328—330.

The cacique Guacanagari appears to have been a most amiable and excellent man. Nothing could, by possibility, be more generous or more delicate than the whole of his behaviour during the transactions which followed the loss of the admiral’s ship. A series of mutual kindnesses and courtesies took place between them; the cacique being welcomed on board the caravel, and, in his turn, feasting the admiral on shore. The crews of the ships were also permitted to recreate themselves on shore; and the beauty of the country, the frank-

ness and liberality of the natives, and the example of the lazy, luxurious life they led, caused the sailors to take, great delight at their stay in this voluptuous island.

It was, therefore, with great alacrity that they listened to the plan of Columbus to build a fort, and leave in it a certain garrison; which, while it would prevent the only vessel they now had left from being over crowded, would afford an occasion of a more permanent connection and trade being established between them and the Indians. These last also gladly acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. They were themselves exceedingly unwarlike, and they were in constant dread of the descents of the Caribs, a fierce, and, as many have believed, a cannibal nation, who from time to time made incursions into their island, where they committed the greatest outrages and devastation. The Haytians, therefore, having seen one or two samples of the power of the Spanish artillery, were but too happy at a portion of them being left, as it was stated, for their protection against these formidable enemies. They assisted even in the construction of the fortress, which was partly formed from the wreck of the Santa Maria, and armed with her guns.

While the fortress was in progress, Columbus received reports from some Indians that the Pinta had arrived at the eastern end of the island; and he immediately despatched a Spaniard, in a canoe furnished by the cacique, with a letter to Pinzon, making no complaints of his desertion, but urging his return. After three days the messenger came back, having been twenty leagues to the eastward, and seen and heard nothing of the Pinta. The loss of his own ship, coupled with the absence of the Pinta, tended to determine the admiral to return at once to Spain. He had now only one, and that a crazy and a small, vessel—on the safety of which depended the fate of the whole expedition. He, therefore, did not dare to risk it in farther navigating these unknown seas. Moreover, he was in strong dread lest Pinzon should reach Spain before him, and, by misrepresentations, snatch the glory of his discovery from him.

At length, in the midst of the most active courtesies and benefits from Guacanagari and his subjects, the fortress was finished; and the admiral gave to it, as well as the adjoining village and harbour, the name La Navidad (the Nativity), in commemoration of his having escaped from shipwreck on Christmas-day. He selected from his men thirty-nine of the most able and best behaved to remain behind. They had a sufficient number of artisans, and a physician. He named a commanding officer, and two others to the reversion of the command respectively, as death should render necessary. He gave them the most admirable regulations for their conduct towards the natives, and enjoined them to acquire a knowledge of the advantages and capabilities of the island, and to traffic with the natives to as great an extent as possible for gold, against his return.

Having taken a formal and most friendly leave of the kind natives, Columbus set sail from La Navidad on the 4th of January, 1493, on his return to Spain. On the 6th, he fell in with the Pinta. Alonzo Pinzon alleged that his desertion had been accidental and involuntarily—though it would seem to be almost beyond doubt that his avarice had proved too strong for the faith which he had kept hitherto.

Columbus would have now recommenced his search for Cipango and Cathay, but he had lost all confidence in Pinzon, and did not feel sure that he would not desert him again on the first temptation. He determined, therefore, to persevere in his intention of returning to Spain; and, after coasting along Hispaniola for some short time longer, and making several descents on shore, he once more launched into the ocean, and directed his course homeward. His voyage back proved as tedious, stormy, and dangerous, as his outward one had been fair and prosperous. He had, in the first instance, to struggle against the trade winds, and afterwards was assailed by a succession of most violent gales, in the course of which he was again separated from the Pinta—and this time, it is very possible, involuntarily on the part of Pinzon. He touched, in some distress, at the Azores, where his reception by the Portuguese governor was exceedingly churlish, and very nearly hostile. The King of Portugal was jealous lest the expedition of Columbus should interfere with his own discoveries; and had, therefore, sent orders to the governors of his colonies to seize and detain Columbus whenever they found him. Columbus's precautions, however, carried him safely through this danger.

It was, therefore, by no means by his own choice that the port into which he ran, on his return to the shores of the old continent, was the Tagus. But the dreadful gale of wind which he encountered after he left the Azores, rendered it a matter of necessity to run into the first port where he could gain shelter. The King of Portugal, however, did not act up to the instructions he had given to his deputies; he received Columbus with the greatest honours; and, however much he might regret having rejected his proposals to undertake this very voyage in his service, he treated the great mariner with every distinction for having achieved it. The weather having at length moderated, he again put to sea, and entered the harbour of Palos at mid-day on the 15th of March; being something less than seven months and a half since the date of his departure in the preceding year.

The triumphant reception of Columbus at Palos was but a prelude to that at court. Ferdinand and Isabella were evidently dazzled by the magnitude of the event which they owed to Columbus; and he, who had appeared hitherto at the court only in the character of an humble and almost unheeded petitioner, was now received with honours little short of regal. At the period of Columbus's return, the court was at Barcelona; whither, after receiving the most gracious answer to his dispatch announcing his arrival, he proceeded. His journey across Spain resembled a triumphant progress; the inhabitants of the towns and villages came out to greet and cheer him, and to gaze upon the strange people and produce of the New World:

A magnificent public reception awaited Columbus at Barcelona. Numbers of the nobles of the court and of the men of consideration of the city, came out to meet him. The procession was very imposing. First came the Indians, in the costume of their country; and they attracted, perhaps, more attention than all else. The inhabitants of the countries which had been thus wonderfully given to Spain, utterly dissimilar as they were, not only in feature and colour, but in some points which were reckoned generic to the human race, from all Euro-

peans, could not fail to be subjects of the highest curiosity and interest. Next came various kinds of animals; some birds, especially parrots, alive; and various others, of unknown species, stuffed. With these, were various descriptions of plants, which were believed to be of precious qualities. Last came the gold and golden ornaments which had been procured from the Indians, and which, naturally, were displayed with ostentation. Then followed Columbus himself on horseback, surrounded and followed by the brilliant escort which had gone out to meet him.

The king and queen awaited his arrival in state, surrounded by the whole splendour of their court. When Columbus entered, Ferdinand and Isabella arose, as though receiving a person of the highest rank; and, after scarcely permitting him to kneel to kiss their hands, desired him to sit—an honour scarcely ever granted in that court to any person not of royal blood. Columbus then gave an account of his voyage, narrated its chief wonders minutely, and displayed the specimens of rare, strange, and precious things which he had brought from the West. At the end of his speech, the sovereigns fell upon their knees, and with tears of joy returned thanks to heaven.

Columbus was now in the full sunshine of court favour. Arrangements went on rapidly for a second expedition. A sort of India board was established, of which the chief functionary was Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, then archdeacon of Seville, and afterwards successively Bishop of Badajoz, Palencia, and Burgos, and ultimately Patriarch of the Indies. This man seems to have had great talents for business, but to have been of a vindictive nature. He was one of the earliest enemies of Columbus, and threw many impediments and crosses in his way, during all the subsequent part of his life. This animosity, it is said, was originally caused by the complaints made by the admiral of the tardy equipment of the fleet for this second voyage.

This expedition was of a very different character from the first. It consisted of seventeen sail, three of them of considerable burden, and was furnished with every thing necessary for founding a settlement in the newly-discovered countries. Every description of person, from the high-born hidalgo to the sharking adventurer, was included in the armament. And there was also a band of missionaries—some anxious to extend the power of their church, others looking only to the propagation of the Christian faith.

The expedition set sail on the 25th of September, 1493, and steered for the Canaries, where they took in calves, goats, sheep, and hogs, to stock the island of Hispaniola; no quadruped having been seen in the New World larger than a small dog, which did not bark; which animal, indeed, with a few rabbits, formed the whole list of quadrupeds in those countries. The animals thus imported by Columbus in his second voyage thrived exceedingly; and, indeed, it is said by Las Casas, that the multitudes of swine which afterwards swarmed in the Spanish settlements, all sprang from *eight*, which Columbus now embarked at the Canaries.

The admiral stood a good deal more to the south than he had done in his first voyage, in the hope of discovering the islands of the Caribs, of which he had heard such formidable accounts in the West Indies.

In this object he was successful. On Sunday, the 3d of November, he made land; and called the island, which it proved to be, Dominica, from its having been discovered on a Sunday. He subsequently found, and named, Marigalante (after his ship), and Guadalupe, from a convent in Estremadura, after which he had promised its monks to name some of his new discoveries. On his way to Hispaniola, he likewise saw and named Montserrat, Santa Maria la Redonda, Santa Maria la Antigua, and San Martin. On the 22d of November, Columbus reached the eastern end of Hispaniola; and on the 27th, in the evening, he arrived off Navidad. It being already dark, he was afraid to enter the harbour, on account of the reefs of rocks by which its mouth was clogged; but, being anxious to have tidings of the garrison he had left there, he fired guns and hoisted lights—but no answer was made from the shore. The fears to which this circumstance gave rise, were in the morning changed into certainty. The men whom the admiral sent on shore found the fortress totally destroyed, having to all appearance been sacked and burned. There were no Indians near, instead of the crowds who had been in the habit of thronging round the Spaniards on the former voyage. Upon further inspection, it was found that Guacanagari's village was also burned.

By degrees, however, the Indians began to come in, and, from their accounts, corroborated from various quarters and by many circumstances, there is little doubt that the following account of the fate of the garrison is in the main correct. It is true, that many on board the Spanish fleet questioned it; but with Columbus, who had personally experienced the hospitality and good faith of Guacanagari, it received full credit, and indeed, all the traces of the event spoke to the correctness of the representation:—

“It is curious to note this first foot-print of civilization in the New World. Those whom Columbus had left behind, says Oviedo, with the exception of the commander Don Diego Arana, and one or two others, were but little calculated to follow the precepts of so prudent a person, or to discharge the critical duties enjoined upon them. They were principally men of the lowest order, or mariners who knew not how to conduct themselves with restraint or sobriety on shore. No sooner had the departing sail of the admiral faded from their sight, than all his counsels and commands died away from their minds. Though a mere handful of men, surrounded by savage tribes, and dependent upon their own prudence and good conduct, and upon the goodwill of the natives, for very existence, yet they soon began to indulge in the most wanton cruelties and abuses. Some were incited by rapacious avarice, others by gross sensuality. They sought to amass private hoards of gold, nor were they content with their success among the Indian woman, though at least two or three wives had been granted to each of them by Guacanagari. They possessed themselves, by all kinds of wrongful means, of the ornaments and other property of the natives, and seduced from them their wives and daughters. Fierce brawls incessantly occurred among themselves, about their ill-gotten spoils, or the favours of the Indian beauties; and the simple natives beheld with astonishment the beings whom they had worshipped as descended from the skies, abandoned to the grossest of earthly passions, and raging against each other with worse than brutal ferocity.

“Still these dissensions were not dangerous, as long as they observed one of the grand injunctions of Columbus, and kept together in the fortress, maintaining military vigilance; but all precaution of the kind was soon forgotten. In vain did Don Diego de Arana interpose his authority; in vain



did every inducement present itself which could bind man and man together in a foreign land. All order, all subordination, all unanimity was at an end. Many of them abandoned the fortress, and lived carelessly and at random about the neighbourhood; every one was for himself, or associated with some little knot of confederates to injure and despoil the rest. Thus factions broke out among them, until ambition arose to complete the destruction of their mimic empire. The two persons, Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo de Escobido, whom Columbus had left as lieutenants to the commander, to succeed to him in case of accident, now took advantage of these disorders, and aspired to an equal share in the authority, if not to the supreme controul. Violent affrays succeeded, in which a Spaniard named Jacomo was killed. Having failed in their object, Gutierrez and Escobido withdrew from the fortress with nine of their adherents, and a number of their women; and, still bent on command, now turned their thoughts on distant enterprise. Having heard marvellous accounts of the mines in Ciabo, and the golden sands of its mountain rivers, they set off for that district, flushed with the thoughts of amassing immense treasure. Thus they disregarded another strong injunction of Columbus, which was to keep within the friendly territories of Guacanagari. The region to which they repaired was in the interior of the island, within the province of Magnana, ruled by the famous Caonabo, called by the Spaniards the Lord of the Golden House. This renowned chieftain was a Carib by birth, possessing the fierceness and the enterprise of his nation. He had come an adventurer to the island, and had acquired such ascendancy over these simple and unwarlike people by his courage and address, that he had made himself the most potent of their caciques. His warlike exploits were renowned throughout the island, and the inhabitants universally stood in awe of him for his Carib origin.

Caonabo had for some time maintained permanent importance in the island, the hero of this savage world, when the ships of the white men suddenly appeared upon the shores. The wonderful accounts of their power and prowess had reached him among his mountains, and he had the shrewdness to perceive that his own consequence must decline before such formidable intruders. The departure of Columbus had revived his hopes that their intrusion would be but temporary. The discords and excesses of those who remained, while they moved his detestation, inspired him with increasing confidence. No sooner, therefore, did Gutierrez and Escobido with their companions, take refuge in his dominions, than he considered himself sure of a triumph over these detested strangers. He seized upon the fugitives and put them instantly to death. He then assembled his subjects privately, and, concerting his plans with the cacique of Marion, whose territories adjoined those of Guacanagari on the west, he determined to make a sudden attack upon the fortress. Emerging from among the mountains, and traversing great tracts of forest with profound secrecy, he arrived with his army, in the vicinity of the village, without being discovered. Confiding in the gentle and pacific nature of the Indians, the Spaniards had neglected all military precautions, and lived in the most careless security. But ten men remained in the fortress with Arana, and these do not appear to have maintained any guard. The rest were quartered in houses in the neighbourhood. In the dead of the night, when all were wrapped in unsuspecting repose, Caonabo and his warriors burst upon the place with frightful yells, got possession of the fortress before the inmates could put themselves upon their defence, and surrounded and set fire to the houses in which the rest of the white men were sleeping. The Spaniards were taken by surprise. Eight of them fled to the sea-side pursued by the savages, and, rushing into the waves for safety, were drowned; the rest were massacred. Guacanagari and his subjects fought faithfully in defence of their guests; but not being of a warlike character, they were easily routed; Guacanagari was wounded in the combat by the hand of Caonabo, and his village burnt to the ground."

After passing some time at Navidad, Columbus proceeded in search of a spot calculated for a settlement: and, ere long, he found one which seemed to be suited to his purpose, at a harbour about ten leagues east of Monte Christi. There was a strong position for a fort; there were two rivers, one well fitted for mills; and the whole aspect of the scene was fertile and pleasant. Here, accordingly, Columbus disembarked the colonists; and founded the first European city in the West, which he called Isabella. But difficulties already began to gather around him. Many of the adventurers had come out with the most extravagant ideas of the nature of the countries to which they were bound. Some had imagined that they were going to Mangi, Cipango, and Cathay, where riches would be had for the gathering, and where great and opulent cities would have furnished them with luxurious repose after the fatigues and privations of the voyage. Others, again, who had been bred in the Moorish wars, expected a service of romantic adventure, in which, though they should sow "the nettle, danger" they would reap "the flower," wealth. But now they found they had to undergo all the severe toil and hardships of planting a new colony. Instead of revelling in gratuitous luxuries, they had to labour heavily for the barest necessities; and this in a country which, however beautiful and fertile, speedily proved to be exceedingly unhealthy.

This leads to another point in the character of Columbus, which has, it seems to us, been always passed over far too lightly by his historians. What they term his sanguine and enthusiastic views, with reference to his discoveries, led him to exaggerated representations concerning them, bordering on the very verge of absolute falsehood. From the most vague information he drew the most violent deductions, and then promulgated the result as facts. It is very possible that he deceived himself; but it is certain that he contributed greatly to mislead others. A strong instance of this occurred at the return of the homeward fleet, in this very expedition. When the ships had discharged their cargoes, it was necessary to send the majority of them back to Spain, reserving only a certain number for the service of the colony:—

"Here new anxieties pressed upon the mind of Columbus. He had hoped to find treasures of gold, and precious merchandise, accumulated by the men he had left behind; or at least the sources of wealthy traffic ascertained, by which he would have been enabled speedily to freight his vessels. The destruction of the garrison had defeated all those hopes. He was aware of the extravagant expectations entertained by the sovereigns and the nation. What would be their disappointment when the returning ships brought nothing but a tale of disaster! Something must be done, before the vessels sailed, to keep up the fame of his discoveries, and justify his own magnificent representations. As yet he knew nothing of the interior of the island, and his sanguine imagination pictured it as abounding with riches. If it were really the island of Cipango, it must contain populous cities, existing very probably in some more cultivated region, beyond the lofty mountains with which it was intersected. All the Indians concurred in mentioning Cibao as the tract of country from whence they derive their gold. The very name of its cacique, Caonabo, signifying 'The Lord of the Golden House,' seemed to indicate the wealth of his dominions. The tracts where the mines were said to abound, lay at a distance of but three or four days' journey, directly in the interior; Columbus determined, therefore, to send an expedition to explore it, previous to the sailing of the ships. If the result should confirm his

hopes, he would then be able to send home the fleet with confidence, bearing tidings of the discovery of the golden mountains of Cibao."

Vol. ii. pp. 74, 75.

Accordingly two expeditions were dispatched into the interior; one under the command of Don Alonso de Ojeda, a very active and enterprising officer; and another under a young cavalier named Gorvalan. They found a fine country, with numerous rivers, and capable of great fertility; but the inhabitants were equally uncivilized with the rest of the islanders. They saw, however, many signs of gold; the mountains having gold-dust considerably mixed with their sands; and pieces of virgin ore, some of considerable size, also being found in the beds of the torrents. "Out of this wee egg," the admiral "clockit" the following "muckle hen:"—

"By this opportunity, he sent home specimens of the gold found among the mountains and rivers of Cibao, and all such fruits and plants as were curious, or appeared to be valuable. He wrote in the most sanguine terms of the expeditions of Ojeda and Gorvalan, the last of whom returned to Spain in the fleet. He repeated his confident anticipations of soon being able to make abundant shipments of gold, of precious drugs, and spices; being prevented at present in the search for them by the sickness of himself and his people, and the cares and labours required in building the infant city. He described the beauty and fertility of the island; its range of noble mountains; its wide, abundant plains, watered by beautiful rivers; the quick fecundity of the soil, evinced in the luxuriant growth of the sugar cane, and of various grains and vegetables brought from Europe."—Vol. ii. pp. 79, 80.

As soon as these vessels had been despatched to Spain, discontents began to break out in the colony. Several of the adventurers, whose terms of enlistment compelled them to remain in the island, became, on the departure of the fleet, seized with a fit of *home-sickness*, which led to very serious results. A conspiracy was formed by some of them to seize the vessels in the harbour, and return to Spain. The plot was discovered before it was ripe for execution; and Columbus, placing the ringleader, who was a man of rank and consideration, in confinement, to be tried in Spain, punished the other mutineers, but with great mildness. This may be considered the prologue of the long scenes of discord which marked the government of Columbus in Hispaniola.

They were speedily resumed. On the return of the admiral from an expedition into the interior, during which he found still greater quantities of gold, and built a fort, which he named St. Thomas, in rebuke of the incredulity of some of the factious as to its existence—he found the settlement at Isabella suffering under scarcity as well as disease:—

"What gave Columbus real and deep anxiety, was the sickness, the discontent, and dejection which continued to increase in the settlement. The same principles of heat and humidity which gave such fecundity to the fields, were fatal to the people. The exhalations from undrained marshes, and a vast continuity of forest, and the action of a burning sun upon a reeking vegetable soil, produced intermittent fevers, and various other maladies so trying to European constitutions in the uncultivated countries of the tropics. Many of the Spaniards suffered also under the torments of a disease hitherto unknown to them, the scourge of their licentious intercourse with the Indian females. Thus the greater part of the colonists were either confined by

positive illness, or reduced to great debility. The stock of medicines was soon exhausted; there was a lack of medicinal aid, and of the watchful attendance which is even more important than medicine to the sick. Every one who was well, was either engrossed by the public labours, or by his own wants or cares; having to perform all menial offices for himself, even to the cooking of his provisions. The public works, therefore, languished, and it was impossible to cultivate the soil in a sufficient degree to produce a supply of the fruits of the earth. Provisions began to fail, much of the stores brought from Europe had been wasted on board ship, or suffered to spoil through carelessness. Much had perished on shore from the warmth and humidity of the climate. It seemed impossible for the colonists to accommodate themselves to the food of the natives; and their infirm condition required the aliments to which they had been accustomed. To avert an absolute famine, therefore, it was necessary to put the people on a short allowance even of the damaged and unhealthy provisions which remained. This immediately caused loud and factious murmurs, in which many of those in office, who ought to have supported Columbus in his measures for the common safety, took a leading part: among those was father Boyle, a priest as turbulent as he was crafty. He had been irritated, it is said, by the rigid impartiality of Columbus, who, in enforcing his salutary measures, made no distinction of rank or persons, and put the friar and his household on a short allowance as well as the rest of the community.

"In the midst of this general discontent, the bread began to grow scarce. The stock of flour was exhausted, and there was no mode of grinding corn but by the tedious and toilsome process of the hand-mill. It became necessary, therefore, to erect a mill immediately, and other works were required equally important to the welfare of the settlement. Many of the workmen, however, were ill—some feigned greater sickness than they really suffered; for there was a general disinclination to all kind of labour which was not to produce immediate wealth. In this emergency, Columbus put every healthy person in requisition; and as the cavaliers and gentlemen of rank required food as well as the lower orders, they were called upon to take their share in the common labour. This was considered a cruel degradation by many youthful hidalgos of high blood and haughty spirit, and they refused to obey the summons. Columbus, however, was a strict disciplinarian, and felt the importance of making his authority respected. He resorted, therefore, to strong and compulsory measures, and enforced their obedience. This was another cause of the deep and lasting hostilities that sprang up against him. It aroused the immediate indignation of every person of birth and rank in the colony, and drew upon him the resentment of several of the proud families of Spain. He was inveighed against as an arrogant and upstart foreigner, who, inflated with a sudden acquisition of power, and consulting only his own wealth and aggrandisement, was trampling upon the rights and dignities of Spanish gentlemen, and insulting the honour of the nation."—Vol. ii. pp. 131—135.

This is one of the few instances in which Mr. Irving acknowledges that any blame should be cast upon Columbus. He continues thus:—

"Columbus may have been too strict and indiscriminate in his regulations. There are cases in which even justice may become oppressive, and where the severity of the time should be tempered with indulgence. The mere toilsome labours of a common man, became humiliation and disgrace to a Spanish cavalier. Many of these young men had come out, not in the pursuit of wealth, but with romantic dreams inspired by his own representations; hoping, no doubt, to distinguish themselves by heroic achievements and chivalrous adventure, and to continue in the Indies the career of arms which they had commenced in the recent wars of Granada. Others had been brought up in soft, luxurious indulgence, in the midst of opulent families, and were little calculated for the rude perils of the sea, the fatigues of the

land, and the hardships, the exposures, and deprivations which attend a new settlement in a wilderness. When they fell ill, their case soon became incurable. The ailments of the body were increased by the sickness of the heart. They suffered under the irritation of wounded pride, and the morbid melancholy of disappointed hope; their sick-bed was destitute of all the tender care and soothing attention to which they had been accustomed; and they sank into the grave in all the sullenness of despair, cursing the day that they left their country."—Vol. ii. pp. 135, 136.

Columbus, being anxious to continue his voyage of discovery, hit upon a politic mode of diminishing the calls upon the scanty stores at Isabella. He distributed a great portion of his forces in the interior; some at the posts which he had established there; and others, under the command of experienced officers, to explore the country, and make minute surveys and reports of the country and the inhabitants. His instructions to these commanders are in great detail—and are, for the most part, wise, humane, and just. He then, leaving his two heaviest ships at Isabella, as being too large to be suited to the purposes of discovery, put to sea with the remaining three caravels on the 24th of April, 1494.

After coasting along Hispaniola for some distance, he passed over to Cuba, where the usual scenes were acted with the natives on those parts of the coast where the Spaniards were hitherto unknown. Here he was again led astray by reports of the imaginary Babeque; and, leaving Cuba, he stood directly south, into the open sea, in search of it. Ere long he reached Jamaica; "filled with admiration," says Mr. Irving, "at its vast size, the beauty of its mountains, the majesty of its forests, the fertility of its valleys, and the great number of villages with which the whole face of the country was animated." The natives of this island proved, however, less friendly and more warlike than those of Hispaniola and Cuba; and in a skirmish which ensued, the Spaniards, for the first time, let loose a dog upon the Indians—a mode of warfare which they afterwards adopted on a large scale, with such cruel and sanguinary success. Amicable intercourse was, however, subsequently restored.

Finding no gold at Jamaica, and the wind being fair to return to Cuba, the admiral determined upon so doing, and to continue along its coast far enough to determine whether it were an island or part of the main land. He accordingly continued to sail along the southern coast of the island, now entangled among innumerable islets, now navigating a deep and unimpeded sea; and, in every instance, and from even the most trivial circumstances, believing at every step more and more that he was on the coast of Asia, and expecting speedily to reach the dominions of the Grand Khan. We make the following short extract from this part of the work, for we would never have the awful consequences of European cruelty in the New World lost sight of. Mr. Irving constantly designates the discovery of Columbus as one of the greatest and most *unalloyed* (!) benefits ever conferred upon mankind. Was it so, does he think, to the natives of the West?—

"It is impossible to resist noticing the striking contrasts which are sometimes forced upon the mind. The coast here described so populous and animated, rejoicing in the visit of the discoverers, is the same that extends westward of the city of Trinidad, along the gulf of Xagua. All is now silent and deserted: civilization, which has covered some parts of Cuba with glit-

tering cities, has rendered this a solitude. The whole race of Indians has long since passed away, pining and perishing beneath the domination of the strangers whom they welcomed so joyfully to their shores. Before me lies the account of a night recently passed on this very coast, by a celebrated traveller, but with what different feelings from those of Columbus. 'I past,' says he, 'a great part of the night upon the deck. What deserted coasts! not a light to announce the cabin of a fisherman. From Batabano to Trinidad, a distance of fifty leagues, there does not exist a village. Yet in the time of Columbus this land was inhabited even along the margin of the sea. When pits are digged in the soil, or the torrents plough open the surface of the earth, there are often found hatchets of stone and vessels of copper, relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island.'—Vol. ii. pp. 173, 174.

Columbus continued to proceed along the southern coast of Cuba, entertaining at every step more lofty visions of his discovery; and, at one time, expecting ere very long to reach *Malacca*! and thence he projected returning to Europe by the Red Sea, and across the Isthmus of Suez; or, to anticipate the Portuguese in their progress round Africa, and thus make the circuit of the world! The following are the circumstances under which he abandoned this lofty enterprise:—

"The opinion of Columbus, that he was coasting the continent of Asia, and approaching the confines of eastern civilization, was shared by all his fellow voyagers, among whom were several able and experienced navigators. They were far, however, from sharing his enthusiasm. They were to derive no glory from the success of the enterprise, and they shrunk from its increasing difficulties and perils. The ships were strained and crazed by the various injuries they had received, in running frequently aground. Their cables and rigging were worn, their provisions were growing scanty, a great part of the biscuit was spoiled by the sea-water, which oozed in through innumerable leaks. The crews were worn out by incessant labour, and disheartened at the appearance of the sea before them, which continued to exhibit a mere wilderness of islands. They remonstrated, therefore, against persisting any longer in this voyage. They had already followed the coast far enough to satisfy their minds that it was a continent, and though they doubted not that civilized regions lay in the route they were pursuing, yet their provisions might be exhausted, and their vessels disabled, before they could arrive at these countries.

"Columbus, as his imagination cooled, was himself aware of the inadequacy of his vessels to the voyage he had contemplated; but he felt it of importance to his fame and to the popularity of his enterprises, to furnish satisfactory proofs that the land he had discovered was a continent. He therefore persisted four days longer in exploring the coast, as it bent to the south-west, until every one declared that there could no longer be a doubt on the subject, for it was impossible so vast a continuity of land could belong to a mere island. The admiral was determined, however, that the fact should not rest merely on his own assertion, having had recent proofs of a disposition to gainsay his statements, and depreciate his discoveries. He sent round, therefore, a public notary, Fernand Perez de Luna, to each of the vessels, accompanied by four witnesses, who demanded formally of every person on board, from the captain to the ship-boy, whether he had any doubt that the land before him was a continent, the beginning and end of the Indies, by which any one might return overland to Spain, and by pursuing the coast of which, they could soon arrive among civilized people. If any one entertained a doubt, he was called upon to express it, that it might be removed. On board of the vessels were several experienced navigators and men well versed in geographical knowledge of the times. They examined their maps and charts, and the reckonings and journals of the voyage, and after deliberating maturely, declared under oath, that they had no doubt upon the subject. They grounded their belief principally upon their having coasted for three

hundred and thirty-five leagues, an extent unheard of as appertaining to an island, while the land continued to stretch forward interminably, bending towards the south, conformably to the description of the remote coasts of India.

"Lest they should subsequently, out of malice or caprice, contradict the opinion thus solemnly avowed, it was proclaimed by the notary, that whoever should offend in such manner, if an officer, should pay a penalty of ten thousand maravedies; if a ship-boy, or person of like rank, he should receive a hundred lashes and have his tongue cut out. A formal statement was afterwards drawn up by the notary, including the depositions and names of every individual; which document still exists. This singular process took place near that deep bay called by some the bay of Philipina, by others of Cortes. At this very time as has been remarked, a ship-boy from the mast-head might have overlooked the group of islands to the south, and have beheld the open sea beyond. Two or three days farther sail would have carried Columbus round the extremity of Cuba, would have dispelled his illusion, and might have given an entirely different course to his subsequent discoveries. In his present conviction he lived and died; believing to his last hour, that Cuba was the extremity of the Asiatic continent."—Vol. ii. pp. 187—191.

The admiral accordingly returned—retracing the route by which he had come along the southern coast of Cuba; thence crossing over again to Jamaica, and coasting the southern side of that island also, beating tediously up to the eastward, which occupied him nearly a month. At length he reached the south-western extremity of Hispaniola, where the same successions of contrary winds and storms awaited his shattered ships. The conclusion of this voyage is thus interestingly given by Mr. Irving:—

"It was the intention of Columbus, notwithstanding the condition of the ships, to continue farther eastward, and to complete the discovery of the Caribbee Islands, but his physical strength did not correspond to the efforts of his lofty spirit. The extraordinary fatigues which he had suffered, both in mind and body, during an anxious and harassing voyage of five months, had secretly preyed upon his frame. He had shared in all the hardships and privations of the commonest seaman. He had put himself upon the same scanty allowance, and exposed himself to the same buffeting of wind and weather. But he had other cares and trials from which his people were exempt. When the sailor, worn out with the labours of his watch, slept soundly amidst the howling of the storm, the anxious commander maintained his painful vigil, through long sleepless nights, amidst the pelting of the tempest, and the drenching surges of the sea. The safety of his ships depended upon his watchfulness; but above all, he felt that a jealous nation, and an expecting world, were anxiously awaiting the result of his enterprise. During a great part of the present voyage, he had been excited by the constant hope of soon arriving at the known parts of India, and by the anticipation of a triumphant return to Spain, through the regions of the East, after circumnavigating the globe. When disappointed in this expectation, he was yet stimulated by a conflict with incessant hardships and perils, as he made his way back against contrary winds and storms. The moment he was relieved from all solicitude, and beheld himself in a known and tranquil sea, the excitement suddenly ceased, and mind and body sunk exhausted by almost superhuman exertions. The very day on which he sailed from Mona, he was struck with a sudden malady, which deprived him of memory, of sight, and all his faculties. He fell into a deep lethargy, resembling death itself. His crew, alarmed at this profound torpor, feared that death was really at hand. They abandoned, therefore, all further prosecution of the voyage; and spreading their sails to the east wind so prevalent in those seas, they bore Columbus back, in a state of complete insensibility, to the harbour of Isabella."—Vol. ii. pp. 311—313.

Columbus was greeted on his return by the presence of his brother Bartholomew, who had been the chief companion of his youth and manhood, but had now been separated from him for several years. He was a man of great energy and resolution; and by his firmness of determination, and activity of execution, proved a most able assistant to his brother in the troublous times that succeeded:—

“Equally vigorous,” says Mr. Irving, “and penetrating in intellect with the admiral, but less enthusiastic in spirit and soaring in imagination, and with less simplicity of heart, he surpassed him in the subtle and adroit management of business, was more attentive to his interest, and had more of that worldly wisdom which is so important in the ordinary concerns of life. His genius might never have excited him to the sublime speculation which ended in the discovery of a world, but his practical sagacity was calculated to turn that discovery to advantage. Such is the description of Bartholomew Columbus, as furnished by the venerable Las Casas from personal observation; and it will be found to accord with his actions throughout the remaining history of the admiral, in the events of which he takes a conspicuous part.”—Vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

He arrived in Hispanola on the 4th September, 1494.

Columbus, in his present state of reduced health, immediately availed himself of his brother's arrival, and appointed him Adelantado, an office equivalent to that of Lieutenant-Governor, devolving the chief conduct of the public affairs upon him.

It is by no means our purpose to go into the details, given by Mr. Irving with even tedious minuteness, of the troubles, dissensions, and petty warfare, of all kinds, which had taken place in the island during the absence of the admiral. The paltry squabbles of the Spaniards among themselves are far too pitifully disgusting for us even to touch upon them; and the wrongs and miseries of the natives present a continued series of suffering, which it wrings the heart to think of. We shall, however, in this place, once for all, give the account of the first regular and systematized subjugation of these unhappy Indians. These are the measures to which we alluded when we said, in the early part of this article, that the regulations which caused the extermination of the native race, had originally been formed by Columbus himself. During his absence, on his voyage to Cuba, the army which he had directed to proceed on a military tour through the island, had, instead of doing so, permanently stationed themselves in the richest part of the country, and given way to the most flagrant and outrageous excesses against the natives, of every kind. These proceedings, at length, aroused the Indians, gentle as they naturally were, to resistance; and, after various partial conflicts, the whole of the caciques of the island, with the exception of our old friend Guacanagari, (who even fought on the Spanish side,) entered into a league to expel the Spaniards. Thus Columbus found matters on his return—and, marching with all the force he could collect against the native army, he completely routed and dispersed it. The following were the immediate consequences of his victory:—

“Having been forced to take the field by the confederacy of the caciques, Columbus now asserted the right of a conqueror, and considered how he might turn his conquest to most profit. His constant anxiety was to make wealthy returns to Spain, for the purpose of indemnifying the sovereigns for their great expenses; of meeting the public expectations, so extravagantly



excited ; and, above all, of silencing the calumnies of those who he knew had gone home determined to make the most discouraging representations of his discoveries. He endeavoured, therefore, to raise a large and immediate revenue from the island, by imposing heavy tributes on the subjected provinces. In those of the Vega, Cibao, and all the region of the mines, each individual, above the age of fourteen years, was required to pay, every three months, the measure of a Flemish hawk's-bell of gold dust.\* The caciques had to pay a much larger amount for their personal tribute. Maniocatex, the brother of Caonabo, was obliged individually to render, every three months, half a calabash of gold, amounting to one hundred and fifty pesos. On those districts which were distant from the mines, and produced no gold, each individual was required to furnish an arroba (twenty-five pounds) of cotton every three months. Each Indian, on rendering this tribute, received a copper medal as a certificate of payment, which he was to wear suspended round his neck ; those who were found without such documents were liable to arrest and punishment. - - - - -

" In this way was the yoke of servitude fixed upon the island, and its thralldom effectually ensured. Deep despair now fell upon the natives when they found a perpetual task inflicted upon them, enforced at stated and frequently recurring periods. Weak and indolent by nature, unused to labour of any kind, and brought up in the untasked idleness of their soft climate and their fruitful groves, death itself seemed preferable to a life of toil and anxiety. They saw no end to this harassing evil, which had so suddenly fallen upon them ; no escape from its all-pervading influence ; no prospect of return to that roving independence and ample leisure, so dear to the wild inhabitants of the forest. The pleasant life of the island was at an end ; the dream in the shade by day ; the slumber during the sultry noon-tide heat by the fountain or the stream, or under the spreading palm-tree ; and the song, the dance, and the game in the mellow evening, when summoned to their simple amusements by the rude Indian drum. They were now obliged to grope day by day, with bending body and anxious eye, along the borders of their rivers, sifting the sands for the grains of gold which every day grew more scanty ; or to labour in their fields beneath the fervour of a tropical sun, to raise food for their task-masters, or to produce the vegetable tribute imposed upon them. They sunk to sleep weary and exhausted at night, with the certainty that the next day was but to be a repetition of the same toil and suffering. Or if they occasionally indulged in their national dances, the ballads to which they kept time were of a melancholy and plaintive character. They spoke of the times that were past before the white men had introduced sorrow and slavery, and weary labour among them ; and they rehearsed pretended prophecies, handed down by their ancestors, foretelling the invasion of the Spaniards ; that strangers should come into their island, clothed in apparel, with swords capable of cleaving a man asunder at a blow, under whose yoke their posterity should be subdued. These ballads, or areytos, they sang with mournful tunes and doleful voices, bewailing the loss of their liberty, and their painful servitude. - - - - -

" Finding how vain was all attempt to deliver themselves by warlike means, from these invincible intruders, they now concerted a forlorn and desperate mode of annoyance. They perceived that the settlement suffered greatly from shortness of provisions, and depended, in a considerable degree, upon the supplies furnished by the natives. The fortresses in the interior also, and the Spaniards quartered in the villages, looked almost entirely to them for subsistence. They agreed, therefore, among themselves, not to cul-

\* "A hawk's-bell, according to Las Casas (Hist. Ind. l. i., c. 105), contains about three castellanos worth of gold dust, equal to five dollars, and in estimating the superior value of gold in those days, equivalent to fifteen dollars of our time. A quantity of gold worth one hundred and fifty castellanos, was equivalent to seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars of the present day."

tivate the fruits, the roots, and maize, which formed their chief articles of food, and to destroy those already growing; hoping that thus, by producing a famine, they might starve the strangers from the island. They little knew, observes Las Casas, one of the characteristics of the Spaniards, who the more hungry they are, the more inflexible they become, and the more hardened to endure suffering. They carried their plan generally into effect, abandoning their habitations, laying waste the produce of their fields and groves, and retiring to the mountains, where there were roots and herbs on which they could subsist, and abundance of those kind of rabbits called *utias*.

"This measure did indeed produce distress among the Spaniards, but they had foreign resources, and were enabled to endure it by husbanding the partial supplies brought by their ships; the most disastrous effects fell upon the natives themselves. The Spaniards stationed in the various fortresses, finding that there was not only no hope of tribute, but a danger of famine from this wanton waste and sudden desertion, pursued the natives to their retreats, to compel them to return to labour. The Indians took refuge in the most steril and dreary heights; flying from one wild retreat to another, the women with their children in their arms or at their backs, and all worn out with fatigue and hunger, and harassed by perpetual alarms. In every noise of the forest or the mountain they fancied they heard the sound of their pursuers; they hid themselves in damp and dismal caverns, or in the rocky banks and margins of the torrents, and not daring to hunt, to fish, or even to venture forth in quest of nourishing roots and vegetables, they had to satisfy their raging hunger with unwholesome food. In this way many thousands of them perished miserably, through famine, fatigue, terror, and various contagious maladies engendered by their sufferings. All spirit of opposition was at length completely quelled. The surviving Indians returned in despair to their habitations, and submitted humbly to the yoke. So deep an awe did they conceive of their conquerors, that it is said a Spaniard might go singly and securely all over the island, and the natives would even transport him from place to place on their shoulders."—Vol. ii. pp. 275—283. ✓

And yet Mr. Irving calls the discovery of these regions the greatest and most unalloyed benefit ever conferred upon mankind! No human heart can, we are sure, contemplate these things without a sick shudder;—and yet what follows is still more painful, because the blackest ingratitude is superadded:—

"Before passing on to other events, it may be proper here to notice the fate of Guacanagari, as he makes no further appearance in the course of the history. His friendship for the Spaniards had severed him from his countrymen, but it did not exonerate him from the general woes of the island. His territories, like those of the other caciques, were subjected to a tribute, which his people, with the common repugnance to labour, found it difficult to pay. Columbus, who knew his worth, and could have protected him, was long absent, either in the interior of the island, or detained in Europe by his own wrongs. In the interval, the Spaniards forgot the hospitality and services of Guacanagari, and his tribute was harshly exacted. He found himself overwhelmed with opprobrium from his countrymen at large, and assailed by the clamours and lamentations of his suffering subjects. The strangers whom he had succoured in distress, and taken as it were to the bosom of his native island, had become its tyrants and oppressors. Care, and toil, and poverty, and strong-handed violence, had spread their curses over the land, and he felt as if he had invoked them on his race. Unable to bear the hostilities of his fellow caciques, the woes of his subjects, and the extortions of his ungrateful allies, he took refuge at last in the mountains, where he died obscurely and in misery."—Vol. ii. pp. 283, 284.

Let our readers turn to the extract we have made of the account of this man's conduct at the time of the wreck of Columbus's ship, on his  
MARCH, 1828. Z

first voyage! such facts are far more forcible than any comment we could make.

In the mean time, various representations had been made at the court of Spain, to the disadvantage of Columbus; and a commissioner was sent out to investigate the state of the colony. This officer, by name Juan Aguado, conducted his inquiries with much pomp and haughtiness; and Columbus, fearing the effects of his representations at court, accompanied him on his return to Spain. The gold mines of Hayna having been discovered just before his departure from Hispaniola, added considerably to the grandeur of the accounts which he rendered to Ferdinand and Isabella; who appear to have received him with great courtesy; and the accusations against him passed into oblivion. Encouraged by this, Columbus proposed a third voyage of discovery; to explore the Terra Firma which he believed himself to have discovered in Cuba. For this he required six ships, in addition to two which were to be sent to Hispaniola with supplies. They were promised to him, but great delays occurred from the state of European affairs at the moment. Ferdinand was engaged in the contest which ultimately attached Naples to Spain, and in the intermarriages which subsequently led to the vast aggregation of power in the hands of his grand-son, Charles V. The expense, and the great outfits, attending both the expeditions of war and those of matrimony, contributed to cause the protraction of Columbus's equipment. Mr. Irving, in the true spirit of a narrow-sighted biographer, sneers at Ferdinand for having preferred the furtherance of his objects in Europe to that of the enterprises of Columbus:—

“What,” he asks, “in the ambitious eyes of Ferdinand, was the acquisition of a number of wild, uncultivated, and distant islands, to that of the brilliant domain of Naples; or the intercourse with naked and barbaric princes, to that of an alliance with the most potent sovereigns of Christendom? Columbus had the mortification, therefore, to see armies levied and squadrons employed in idle contests about a little point of territory in Europe, and a vast armada of upwards of a hundred sail destined to the ostentatious service of conveying a royal bride; while he vainly solicited a few caravels to prosecute his discovery of a world.”—Vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

Now, really, it is strange, that Mr. Irving should be blind to the fact, that, at this period, the discoveries of Columbus had assumed none or little of that aspect of grandeur which subsequently accrued to them. At that time, they appeared in truth to consist almost wholly of “wild, uncultivated, and distant islands,” more productive of disease than of any of the advantages of commerce. But Mr. Irving knows the result, and he judges from it—forgetting that, from the data before Ferdinand, the acquisition of Naples *must* seem an object of vastly higher importance, to say nothing of the magnificent Austrian alliance. At length, however, in 1497, a general adjustment was made of all the affairs between Columbus and the crown; and, it must be owned, in a spirit of fairness and liberality on the royal part, which tends very much to fortify the opinion, that the subsequent discountenance of the sovereigns must have arisen from their attaching considerable belief to the numberless charges of misconduct brought against him.

At length, when orders were issued by the government for the outfit

of the expedition, new difficulties arose. So totally changed was the public spirit with reference to the New World, that, instead of the multitudes of adventurers which, in his second voyage, had flocked to join him, scarcely any one could be persuaded to embark. So great, indeed, was the scarcity of men, that Columbus was induced to propose to the government that convicts should have their sentences commuted into transportation to the colonies—a measure which, being adopted, crowded the settlements with gaol-birds, a description of people very ill-calculated to advance an infant establishment. All delays being, at last, overcome, Columbus set sail from San Lucar de Barrameda, with six ships, on the 30th of May, 1498. He steered his course much more to the southward than in any previous voyage, going by the Cape de Verde islands, and then standing to the south-west, till he was nearly under the equator. It had been his intention to have advanced quite to the line; but the heat, in the calms so common in those latitudes which lie between two trade winds, became so unbearably oppressive, that he was fain to beg away to the westward as fast as he could make his way. Columbus, in most of his voyages, had experienced a cooler atmosphere, and a finer climate in every respect, after getting beyond a certain line to the westward: on this he now calculated, and it proved as he anticipated. This gave rise to another of his fantastic theories, namely, that the earth was in the shape of a pear, rising in the middle towards heaven, and that this was the commencement of the ascent, and purer from being nearer the skies!

The first land he made in the New World was the island now called Trinidad—which name was given to it by Columbus. He then proceeded along the coast of Paria, the various points of which he for some time considered to be islands. The beauty, verdure, and freshness of this part of the coast induced the admiral to give it the name of the Gardens:—

“Still imagining the coast of Paria to be an island, and anxious to circumnavigate it and arrive at the place where these pearls were said by the Indians to abound, Columbus left the Gardens on the 10th of August, and continued coasting westward within the gulf, in search of an outlet to the north. He observed portions of terra firma appearing towards the bottom of the gulf, which he supposed to be islands, and called them Isabeta and Tramontana, and fancied that the desired outlet to the sea must lie between them. As he advanced, however, he found the water continually growing shallower and fresher, until he did not dare to venture any farther with his ship, which he observed was of too great a size for expeditions of this kind, being of an hundred tons burden, and requiring three fathoms of water. He came to anchor, therefore, and sent a light caravel called the *Correo*, to ascertain whether there was an outlet to the ocean between the supposed islands. The caravel returned on the following day, reporting that at the western end of the gulf there was an opening of two leagues, which led into an inner and circular gulf, surrounded by four openings, apparently smaller gulfs, or rather mouths of rivers, from which flowed the great quantity of fresh water that sweetened the neighbouring sea. In fact, from one of these mouths issued the great river the Cuparipari, or, as it is now called, the Paria. To this inner and circular gulf Columbus gave the name of the Gulf of Pearls, through a mistaken idea that they abounded in its waters, though none, in fact, are found there. He still imagined that the

four openings of which the mariners spoke, might be intervals between islands, though they affirmed that all the land he saw was one connected continent. As it was impossible to proceed further westward with his ships, he had no alternative but to retrace his course, and seek an exit to the north by the Boca del Drago. He would gladly have continued for some time to explore this coast, for he considered himself in one of those opulent regions described as the most favoured on earth, and which increase in riches towards the equator. Imperious considerations, however, compelled him to shorten his voyage and hasten to San Domingo. The sea-stores of his ships were almost exhausted, and the various supplies for the colony, with which they were freighted, were in danger of spoiling. He was suffering, also, extremely in his health. Besides the gout which had rendered him a cripple for the greater part of the voyage, he was afflicted by a complaint in his eyes, caused by fatigue and over-watching, which almost deprived him of sight. Even the voyage along the coast of Cuba, he observes, in which he was three-and-thirty days almost without sleep, had not so injured his eyes and disordered his frame, or caused him so much painful suffering as the present."—Vol ii. pp. 389—392.

He accordingly returned to Hispaniola; on his passage whither, and shortly after his arrival, he digested the facts which he had gathered during his voyage, and came to the conclusion that the coast of Paria must be part of a vast continent; the immense body of fresh water which poured into the gulph making it impossible that it should be the accumulation of an island. He, therefore, believed Paria to be a part of a continent—and, of course, with his ideas, that continent was Asia: but, with his usual fondness for fantastic speculation, he conceived that it stretched greatly to the southward and eastward of the parts of Asia known to the ancients; that, in conformity with his new theory of the rising of the earth, it rose gradually till it came to the apex of the world—and that this apex was the Terrestrial Paradise, from which our first parents were expelled!

Mr. Irving next treats very largely of the internal history of Hispaniola—first, retrospectively, under the government of the Adelantado; and, afterwards, of the events which succeeded Columbus's return. Into this we do not purpose at all to enter. The petty wars with the Indian chiefs, and the still pettier contests with discontented Spaniards, are anything but subjects of interest. It is here that we think Mr. Irving might have greatly improved his book by curtailing it. By far the greater part of the third volume is devoted to the details of these subjects, which are exceedingly wearisome. A rapid précis of the circumstances might be condensed into fifty or sixty pages, which would be not only quite as well, but far better.

For above a year after his return to Hispaniola, the admiral was employed in quelling a very formidable sedition, which was headed by Roldan, the chief officer of justice in the colony, who had risen against the Adelantado, and withdrawn with a considerable number of followers into a part of the island at some distance from the capital. Wishing to avoid the effusion of Castilian blood, which a battle would have caused, he procured their submission by negotiation. Roldan was restored to his rank, and many of his followers were sent back to Spain. In the mean time, complaints had been thickening against Columbus at court; and the sovereigns, from their frequency and clamour, began to give some attention to them:—

"The excessive clamours which had arisen during the brief administration of the Adelantado, and the breaking out of the faction of Roldan, at length determined the king to send out some person of consequence and ability to investigate the affairs of the colony, and, if necessary for its safety, to take upon himself the command. This important and critical measure it appears had been decided upon, and the papers and powers actually drawn out, in the spring of 1499. It was not, however, carried into effect until the following year. Various reasons have been assigned for this delay. The important services rendered by Columbus in the discovery of Paria and the Pearl Islands, may have had some effect on the royal mind. The necessity of fitting out an armament just at that moment, to co-operate with the Venetians against the Turks; the menacing movements of the new king of France, Louis XII.; the rebellion of the Moors of the Alpuxarra in the lately conquered kingdom of Granada; all these have been alleged as reasons for postponing a measure which called for much consideration, and might have important effects upon the newly discovered possessions. The most probable reason, however, was the strong disinclination of Isabella to take so harsh a step against a man for whom she entertained such ardent gratitude and high admiration. At length the arrival of the ships with the late followers of Roldan, according to their capitulation, brought matters to a crisis. It is true, that Ballaster and Barrentes came in these ships, to place the affairs of the island in a proper light; but they brought out an host of witnesses in favour of Roldan, and letters written by himself and his confederates, attributing all their late conduct to the tyranny of Columbus and his brothers. Unfortunately, the testimony of the rebels had the greatest weight with Ferdinand; and there was a circumstance in the case which suspended for a time the friendship of Isabella, which had hitherto been the greatest dependence of Columbus.

"The queen having taken a maternal interest in the welfare of the natives, had been repeatedly offended by what appeared to her pertinacity on the part of Columbus, in continuing to make slaves of those taken in warfare, in contradiction to her known wishes. The same ships, which brought home the companions of Roldan, brought likewise a great number of slaves. Some, Columbus had been obliged to grant to these men by the articles of capitulation; others they had brought away clandestinely. Among them were several daughters of caciques, who had been seduced away from their families and their native island by these profligates. Some of these were in a state of pregnancy, others had new-born infants. The gifts and transfers of these unhappy beings were all ascribed to the will of Columbus, and represented to Isabella in the darkest colours. Her sensibility as a woman, and her dignity as a queen, were instantly in arms. 'What power,' exclaimed she indignantly, 'has the admiral to give away my vassals?' She determined, by one decided and peremptory act, to show her abhorrence of these outrages upon humanity; she ordered all the Indians to be restored to their country and friends. Nay more, her measure was retrospective. She commanded that those which had formerly been sent home by the admiral, should be sought out, and sent back to Hispaniola. Unfortunately for Columbus, at this very juncture, in one of his letters, he had advised the continuance of Indian slavery for some time longer, as a measure important for the welfare of the colony. This contributed to heighten the indignation of Isabella, and induced her no longer to oppose the sending out of a commission to investigate his conduct, and, if necessary, to supersede him in command.

"Ferdinand had been exceedingly embarrassed in appointing this commission, between his sense of what was due to the character and service of Columbus, and his anxiety to retract with delicacy the powers which he had vested in him. A pretext at length was furnished by the recent letters of the admiral, and he seized upon it with avidity. Columbus had repeatedly requested that a person might be sent out, of talents and probity, learned in the law, to act as chief judge, but whose powers should be so limited and

defined as not to interfere with his own authority as viceroy. He had also requested that an impartial umpire might be appointed, to decide in the affair between himself and Roldan. Ferdinand proposed to consult his wishes, but to unite those two offices in one; and as the person he appointed would have to decide in matters touching the highest functions of the admiral and his brothers, he was empowered, should he find them culpable, to supersede them in the government,—a singular mode of ensuring impartiality.”—Vol. iii. pp. 90—94.

The consequences naturally to be expected from a commission like this, took place. Francis Bobadilla, an officer of the king's household, and a knight of the order of Catalonia, was the person selected for this service. Upon his arrival at San Domingo, instead of first investigating the conduct of the admiral, and superseding him in case of his delinquency being established, he seized upon the government first and began to investigate afterwards. Columbus was absent from the capital at the time of Bobadilla's arrival, which enabled him to do this with the greater ease and quickness. Upon Columbus's return to San Domingo, he was seized and thrown into prison; and, as the inquest taken upon his conduct and that of his brothers was entirely partial—every complaint being received against them, and scarcely any thing being listened to on their part, the result must be manifest. Bobadilla caused the three brothers to be put into chains, and in this condition they were sent to Spain:—

“Fortunately the voyage was favourable, and of but moderate duration, and was rendered less disagreeable by the conduct of those to whom he was given in custody. The worthy Villejo, though in the service of Fonseca, felt deeply moved at the unworthy treatment of Columbus. The master of the caravel, Andreas Martin, was equally grieved: they both treated the admiral with profound respect and assiduous attention. They would have taken off his irons, but to this he would not consent. ‘No,’ said he proudly, ‘their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these chains, I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services.

“‘He did so,’ adds his son Fernando; ‘I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him.’”—Vol. iii. p. 130.

But this extreme violence and indignity defeated its own end. When Columbus arrived in Spain, bound like a malefactor, from the country he himself had discovered, a sudden re-action took place in the popular mind in his favour, and even in the opinion of the sovereigns. He had addressed a long exculpatory letter to Doña Juana de la Torre, a lady high in Isabella's favour, not daring to address either her or the king, being ignorant of how far they had authorised his treatment:—

“However Ferdinand might have secretly felt disposed against Columbus, the momentary tide of public feeling was not to be resisted. He joined with his generous queen in her reprobation of the treatment of the admiral, and both sovereigns hastened to give evidence to the world, that his imprisonment had been without their authority, and contrary to their wishes. Without waiting to receive any documents that might arrive from Bobadilla, they sent orders to Cadiz that the prisoners should be instantly set at liberty, and treated with all distinction. They wrote a letter to Columbus, couched in

terms of gratitude and affection, expressing their grief at all that he had suffered, and inviting him to court. They ordered at the same time, that two thousand ducats should be advanced to defray his expenses.

"The loyal heart of Columbus was again cheered by this declaration of his sovereigns. He felt conscious of his integrity, and anticipated an immediate restitution of all his rights and dignities. He appeared at court in Granada on the 17th of December, not as a man ruined and disgraced, but richly dressed, and attended by an honourable retinue. He was received by their majesties with unqualified favour and distinction. When the queen beheld this venerable man approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all that he had suffered, she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up firmly against the stern conflicts of the world—he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men, but he possessed strong and quick sensibility. When he found himself thus kindly received by his sovereigns, and beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself upon his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.

"Ferdinand and Isabella raised him from the ground, and endeavoured to encourage him by the most gracious expressions. As soon as he regained his self-possession, he entered into an eloquent and high-minded vindication of his loyalty, and the zeal he had ever felt for the glory and advantage of the Spanish crown. If at any time he had erred, it was through inexperience in government, and the extraordinary difficulties by which he had been surrounded.

"There needed no vindication on his part. The intemperance of his enemies had been his best advocate. He stood in presence of his sovereigns a deeply-injured man, and it remained for them to vindicate themselves to the world from the charge of ingratitude towards their most deserving subject. They expressed their indignation at the proceedings of Bobadilla, which they disavowed, as contrary to their instructions, and they promised that he should be immediately dismissed from his command.

"In fact, no public notice was taken of the charges sent home by Bobadilla, nor of the letters which had been written in support of them. The sovereigns took every occasion to treat Columbus with favour and distinction, assuring him that his grievances should be redressed, his property restored, and that he should be reinstated in all his privileges and dignities."—Vol. iii. pp. 135—138.

These, however, were not restored. Bobadilla, indeed, was removed; but a new governor, Don Nicholas de Ovando, was appointed. Mr. Irving treats this throughout as a monstrous piece of injustice and ingratitude on the part of Ferdinand; but, we confess, that, as a temporary measure at least, it appears to have been both wise and proper:—

"It was observed that the elements of those violent factions, which had been recently in arms against him, yet existed in the island; his immediate return might produce fresh exasperation; his personal safety would be endangered, and the island again thrown into confusion. Though Bobadilla, therefore, was to be immediately dismissed from command, it was deemed advisable to send out some officer of talent and discretion to supersede him, who might dispassionately investigate the recent disorders, remedy the abuses which had arisen, and expel all dissolute and factious persons from the colony. He should hold the government for two years, by which time it was trusted that all angry passions would be allayed, and turbulent individuals removed: Columbus might then resume the command with comfort to himself and advantage to the crown."—Vol. iii. pp. 152, 153.

Now, really, we must say that we think these arguments perfectly reasonable. Perhaps, indeed, the best way of all would have been



to investigate the charges made against Columbus, and to act according to the result. But this Columbus does not seem to have urged. Unqualified restoration was what he demanded; and this, we think, the sovereigns were, under the circumstances, perfectly right not to grant.

Ovando, therefore, went out to Hispaniola, with great supplies, and with regulations suited to the increasing size and importance of the colonies in the West; for the private voyages of discovery, which had now been licensed since 1495, had added considerably to the territories of the Spaniards in those regions. Columbus, in the meanwhile, remained with the court at Granada, occupying his mind with a project for a crusade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; on which occasion Mr. Irving takes it into his head to say, that it "was in union with the temper of the times;" and that "the spirit of the crusades had not yet passed away." This piece of historical information is something new. It had hitherto been thought that the enterprises of Louis IX. had, two hundred years before, sickened Europe of those enterprises of mingled atrocity and madness. But, indeed, the whole of the chapter entitled "Proposition of Columbus relative to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," beginning at page 167 of the third volume, is a very equally balanced mixture of twaddle and cant.

These vapours, however, speedily passed away from the mind of Columbus; and he began to apply himself once more to matters of navigation. The Portuguese had now again outrun the Spaniards in the race of discovery; for the immediate and rich returns ensuing from discovering the route to India by sea, had, in the comparison, thrown into shade the acquisition of a few uncivilized, and almost uncultivated, islands. This raised the emulation of Columbus; who, believing himself to have, when at Cuba, arrived at the eastern extremity of India, now pondered upon the means of reaching, from thence, its rich and commercial districts. He conversed with some of the navigators who had been on the coast of Paria since his discovery of it:—

"According to his own observations in his voyage to Paria, and the reports of other navigators, particularly of Roderigo Basledes, who had pursued the same route to a greater distance, it appeared that the coast of terra firma stretched far to the west. The southern coast of Cuba, which he considered a part of the Asiatic continent, stretched onwards towards the same point. The currents of the Caribbean sea must pass between those lands. He was persuaded, therefore, that there must be a strait existing somewhere thereabout, opening into the Indian sea. The situation in which he placed his conjectural strait, was somewhere about what is at present called the Isthmus of Darien. Could he but discover such a passage, and thus link the New World he had discovered, with the opulent Oriental regions of the old, he felt that he should make a magnificent close to his labours, and consummate this great object of his existence."—Vol. iii. pp. 176, 177.

After some few delays on the part of the court, some of the councillors declaring "that Columbus ought not to be employed until his good conduct in Hispaniola was satisfactorily established by letters from Ovando," he at last obtained a squadron of four caravels for his new voyage. He wished to touch at Hispaniola for supplies, and, probably, also to look after his own affairs; as he was still entitled to his dues on the revenue, and had been allowed to send out a factor

with Ovando for the purpose of collecting them. This, however, was denied him, on the ground of the probable ferment his appearance would create in the colony; but he had leave given him to call there on his return. He sailed from Cadiz on the 9th of May, 1502. He had with him his brother Don Bartholomew, and his younger son Fernando, who subsequently became his historian, and who was then about fifteen. The admiral took his departure from the Canaries on the 25th; and, meeting with most favourable winds, arrived at one of the Caribbee islands on the 15th of June. From thence he went to Dominica, and passing along the inside of the Antilles, and the south of Porto Rico, steered for San Domingo. This was in direct opposition to the royal orders, and to the original (announced) intention of Columbus himself, which was to have gone straight to Jamaica, and thence to have passed on to his search of the supposed strait. His excuse for this change of plan was, that his principal vessel sailed so ill as often to impede the progress of the squadron; and that, therefore, he wished to change it for one of the fleet which had recently gone out with Ovando. This latter had now superseded Bobadilla, who was about to go to Spain in the fleet on its return, together with Roldan and several of his accomplices, into whose case (though not into the conduct of Bobadilla) minute investigation had been made, and who were sent home for trial. This fleet, in which Bobadilla had embarked large quantities of gold, was ready for sea; when, on the 29th of June, Columbus arrived at the mouth of the river. He sent one of his captains to Ovando, to explain that the purpose of his coming was to exchange one of his vessels, and to ask permission to shelter his fleet in the harbour; as, from various indications, he expected a violent storm. This Ovando refused. It is thought that he was so instructed by the government; and, besides, the enemies of the admiral were at that moment in a state of high exasperation, on account of the proceedings which had just been taken against them. Mr. Irving states these facts himself; and yet, in the next sentence, speaks of "the ungracious refusal of Ovando." We really do not see how he could well have acted otherwise. The royal orders were precise; and Columbus's excuses for disobeying them must certainly have appeared slight and evasive. With reference to the anticipated storm, however, he was quite in earnest, for he entreated the governor, by a second message, not to allow the homeward-bound fleet to sail for some days, as the signs of a coming tempest were indubitable. This, however, was disregarded. The pilots saw no signs of bad weather; they were impatient to get to sea, and they sailed:—

"Within two days, the predictions of Columbus were verified. One of those tremendous hurricanes, which sometimes sweep those latitudes, had gradually gathered up. The baleful appearance of the heavens, the wild look of the ocean, the rising murmur of the winds, all gave notice of its approach. The fleet had scarcely reached the eastern point of Hispaniola, when the tempest burst over it with awful fury, involving every thing in wreck and ruin. The ship, on board of which were Bobadilla, Roldan, and a number of the most inveterate enemies of Columbus, was swallowed up with all its crew, and with the celebrated mass of gold, and the principal part of the ill-gotten treasure, gained by the miseries of the Indians. Many of the ships were entirely lost, some returned to San Domingo, in shattered condition, and only one was enabled to continue her voyage to Spain. That one,

according to Fernando Columbus, was the weakest of the fleet, and had on board the four thousand pieces of gold, the property of the admiral.

"During the early part of this storm, the little squadron of Columbus had remained tolerably well sheltered by the land. On the second day, the tempest increased in violence, and the night coming on with unusual darkness, the ships lost sight of each other, and were separated. The admiral still kept close to the shore, and sustained no damage. The others, fearful of the land in such a dark and boisterous night, ran out for sea-room, and encountered the whole fury of the elements. For several days they were driven about at the mercy of wind and wave, fearful each moment of shipwreck, and giving up each other as lost. The *Adelantado*, who commanded that ship, which, as before mentioned, was scarcely sea-worthy, ran the most imminent hazard, and nothing but his consummate seamanship enabled him to keep it afloat. At length, after various vicissitudes, they all arrived safe at Port Hermoso, to the west of San Domingo. The *Adelantado* had lost his long boat; and all the vessels, with the exception of that of the admiral, had sustained more or less injury."—Vol. iii. pp. 194—196.

After repairing his damages, Columbus proceeded on his voyage. At an island<sup>some</sup> distance to the south-west of Cuba, he fell in with a large canoe full of people, who had more the appearances of civilization than any Indians he had yet seen:—

"They informed him that they had just arrived from a country, rich, cultivated, and industrious, situated to the west. They endeavoured to impress him with an idea of the wealth and magnificence of the regions, and the people in that quarter, and urged him to steer in that direction. Well would it have been for Columbus had he followed their advice. Within a day or two he would have arrived at Yucatan; the discovery of Mexico and the other opulent countries of New Spain would have necessarily followed; the Southern Ocean would have been disclosed to him, and a succession of splendid discoveries would have shed fresh glory on his declining age, instead of its sinking amidst gloom, neglect, and disappointment."

Vol. iii. pp. 202—203.

Columbus, however, was bent upon discovering the strait; and supposing, that as those countries were to the west, he could at any time run down to them with the trade-wind, he stood away to the mainland which lay to the south, along which it was his purpose to coast eastwardly, till he came to the strait which he believed separated this part of it from the coast of Paria. It is not our purpose to go through the distressing details of this part of the voyage. He coasted along the Mosquito shore, and Costa Rica, continuing to the eastward, constantly beating against contrary winds, and with his ships becoming more and more crazy, till the fifth of December; when, giving up in despair his hopes of finding the strait for which he searched, he returned westward to Veragua, to search there for the gold mines of which he had heard great tidings in his advance. The wind now became as adverse as it had been when his prow was directed on the opposite course, which caused him to name the shore "*La Costa de los Contrastes*."\* At length reaching Veragua, the *Adelantado* explored the interior of the country, which seemed fertile, and to abound with gold. In the mean time the admiral formed a small settlement at the mouth of the river Beley; and, with his usual extravagant

\* Mr. Irving translates this the Coast of Contradictions: the Coast of Crosses seems to us to render the meaning more accurately and idiomatically.

imagination, immediately believed himself to be in that part of Asia whither Solomon had sent for the gold wherewith to build the temple of Jerusalem.

But every thing in this voyage was doomed to disaster. The violence and licentiousness of the Europeans, whom Columbus was unable to controul, disgusted the natives, and there were constant conspiracies, stratagems, and skirmishes, to get rid of their troublesome visitors. While the admiral was cruising, the small fort was beleaguered by the natives; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to bring the garrison off; many having, in the mean time, perished at the hands of the Indians. One of the caravels, which he had left for the use of the settlement, was destroyed; and having proceeded to Puerto Bello, he was obliged to abandon another, it being so pierced by the teredo\* as to render it impossible to keep her afloat. The crews were, therefore, crowded into the remaining two caravels, which, themselves, had undergone so much, as to be little better than wrecks. He was still pursued by the most extraordinary continuance of contrary winds:—

“The leaks continually gained upon his vessels, though the pumps were kept incessantly going, and the seamen even baled the water out with buckets and kettles. The admiral now stood, in despair, for the island of Jamaica, to seek some secure port; for there was imminent danger of foundering at sea. On the eve of St. John, the 23rd of June, they put into Puerto Bueno, now called Dry Harbour, but met with none of the natives from whom they could obtain provisions, nor was there any fresh water to be had in the neighbourhood. Suffering from hunger and thirst, they sailed eastward, on the following day, to another harbour, to which the admiral gave the name of Port San Gloria, but which at present is known as Don Christopher’s cove.

“Here, at last, Columbus had to give up his long and arduous struggle against the unremitting persecution of the elements. His ships, reduced to mere wrecks, could no longer keep the sea, and were ready to sink even in port. He ordered them, therefore, to be run aground, within a bow-shot of the shore, and fastened together, side by side. They soon filled with water to the decks. Thatched cabins were then erected at the prow and stern for the accommodation of the crews, and the wreck was placed in the best possible state of defence. Thus castled in the sea, Columbus trusted to be able to repel any sudden attack of the natives, and at the same time to keep his men from roving about the neighbourhood and indulging in their usual excesses. No one was allowed to go on shore without especial license, and the utmost precaution was taken to prevent any offence being given to the Indians. Any exasperation of them might be fatal to the Spaniards in their present forlorn situation. A firebrand thrown into their wooden fortress might wrap it in flames, and leave them defenceless amidst hostile thousands.”—Vol. iii. pp. 295—297.

It will scarcely be believed, that Columbus was detained here a year before succour arrived from Hispaniola. A most intrepid and faithful follower, named Diego Mendez, performed the voyage thither in an open canoe; and finding Ovando, the governor, was in Xaragua, a distant province, followed him thither. He expressed great sympathy with Columbus, and promised succour, but he delayed thus long to send it, with the cruel exception of a caravel, commanded by one of the ad-

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\* These are a species of sea-worm, which are about the size of a man’s finger, and abound in those seas; doing the greatest mischief to vessels that are not coppered.

miral's most notorious enemies, which he despatched to spy the condition of the Spaniards, and return, at once: orders that were obeyed with a barbarous fidelity.

Columbus was received, however, at St. Domingo, by Ovando, with courtesy and distinction; though, it seems, there was but little cordiality at bottom. He, therefore, hastened his departure as much as possible; and, on the 12th of September, 1504, he left Hispaniola for the last time. This voyage was doomed to be disastrous to the last. The voyage was extraordinarily tempestuous; and his vessel could scarcely be kept together till its arrival at San Lucar, which he reached on the 7th of November. Columbus, whose health was completely broken, by the severity of the hardships he had undergone, had himself conveyed to Seville, where he hoped for both mental and bodily repose.

But this he was not destined to know. His affairs in Hispaniola had gone almost to ruin under the government of Ovando; and he, in consequence, found himself greatly impoverished. He, therefore, had to make exertions to get justice done him, in this respect. And he also pursued, with the utmost eagerness, his great object, the restitution of his dignities and privileges. His health was too much shattered to allow him to proceed to court, although he made several attempts. He was, therefore, obliged to confine himself to letters and memorials, which met with but little attention and no success. In the midst of this, Queen Isabella died. She had always been the especial patroness of Columbus, and in her he lost his most powerful support. He toiled on, through many months of painful illness at Seville, till, at last, in the month of May, he was able to reach the court, which was then at Segovia. Here he passed about a year, under continual disappointments, and suffering under constant illness, till, at last, being totally worn-out, nature sank, and he died, on the 20th of May, 1506, aged about seventy years.

Columbus was, undoubtedly, a man of very extraordinary natural endowments, to which were added, vast knowledge of both the practical and theoretical parts of his profession as a seaman, and a great extent of strange and curious learning. His temperament was enthusiastic, to a degree almost visionary; and we have shown how this disposition led him into extravagant statements, to the falsification of which may be attributed some of the causes of his disgrace at court. His perseverance was almost unlimited, and his firmness and cool practical judgment were extreme. This latter quality, indeed, shews sometimes in remarkable contrast with the wild warmth of his speculations. His religion was enthusiastic and almost bigotted; but he never appears to have stained it with any violence or cruelty, for its furtherance among the Indians. He was, also, naturally humane. The instances which appear to the contrary, are rather acts of general policy, forced on him by circumstances, and in accordance with the spirit of his age, than emanations of other than a mild and feeling heart. We have stated, that we consider his merit, in conceiving the plan for the discovery of the New World, has been over-rated; but it is still deserving of extraordinary praise; and his deserts, in carrying it into execution, cannot be stated too highly.

With regard to Mr. Irving's publication, we question whether it was

needed; and its execution, though generally creditable, is scarcely sufficiently felicitous to carry through an unnecessary work. Mr. Irving has no vigour of style and still less of thought; and there is a *fade* tone of common-place running throughout. Moreover, there are not unfrequent blemishes of grammar, which, in a writer who has gained much of his reputation by the elaborate accuracy of his style, has certainly surprised us much. On the whole, it is a book of which the first volume will be read with pleasure; the second will be thought rather, and the third very, dull; and in the fourth will be found some spirited, and, for the most part, very entertaining, notices of events, opinions, and persons, illustrative of the great subject of the work.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK THEATRE, GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

ON the site of this building stood a theatre which was erected in 1785-6-7, by John Palmer, the celebrated comedian. It opened under a violent opposition from the patentees of the great theatres, and struggled under succeeding managers, with various success, until a fire in April 1826, left it a hideous ruin.

In August last the present proprietors laid the first stone of a new theatre, designed by Stedman Whitwell, Esq. architect. Under his direction the works have proceeded with such unexampled rapidity, that the performances commenced on the 25th instant, (Feb. 1828.) This edifice has the disadvantage of standing in a street of very moderate width, so that from this circumstance, and the nature of the property in the rear, it was impossible either to advance the front, or to set it back from the general line of the houses. Denied, therefore, the use of the colonnade, the portico, and similar means of producing an imposing effect by large projections, the architect felt the impossibility of copying the usual models, even if he had had the disposition so to do. He therefore ventured upon an original combination, and has produced a façade approaching to magnificence, but principally distinguished by its novelty, propriety, and simplicity. In style it is a little related to the architectural compositions of the scene, and is admirably characteristic of a building devoted to theatrical purposes. Two grand piers on the flanks, surmounted by groups of *the genius of dramatic literature*, and that of *dramatic painting*, support, at a great height, an arch of noble dimensions. In the recess formed by these, stands a lofty and extensive pilastrade opening upon a balcony which extends along the whole front. Above the entablature of the order the front rises to a very considerable height; and terminates simply, but grandly, with the sloping lines of a pedimental outline without parapets or blocking courses. The intervals of the pilastrade are filled with massive bronzed acroteria, studded at its intersections with pateræ. The capitals of the pilasters are original designs, and each contains a theatrical mask, varying in character and design from the others. The architrave bears the date of the present erection, MDCCCXXVIII. On the frieze, imbedded in foliage of exquisite taste, are three lozenge-shaped tablets or panels, which were

inscribed with the names of Palmer, Shakspeare, and Garrick. They are now plain. In the original design the centre recess, immediately over the entablature, had a third group—the *tristronic Muse, seated, distributing her rewards to groups of geni, who are contending for her favours*; but this has not been yet executed. On the balustrade, or parapet of the balcony, upon the area of which the inter-pilasters and the large windows in the piers open, is a series of statues and vases of great beauty, and which diffuse such a degree of splendour and embellishment on the whole front, as to leave it, even in London, without a rival among the structures of the same class. Beneath the shelter of the balcony are all the entrances to the different parts of the theatre; every one, for the first time, being entirely distinct from the others.

The ingenious distribution of the interior, by which conveniences, and an area of stage, nearly equal to the largest theatres, are obtained upon a site of comparatively small dimensions, deserves the highest commendation. This is principally managed by placing the stage upon so high a level as to give ample space beneath for the most difficult coups-de-theatre; and to furnish sufficient height for two stories around this space, containing in the one nearest the stage, the entrance, the box-office, the proprietors' and stage manager's rooms, the green-room, music-room, &c.; and in the other, dressing-rooms, divided into suites for the male and female performers, and all the necessary offices.

Before the curtain, the most striking novelties are the beautiful contour of the auditory; and the arrangement of the seats in the pit. The first is nearly the form which a vertical section of a tulip would give; it presents a very elegant curve, and sweeping round the centre, gracefully and conveniently expands as it approaches the proscenium. The seats on the boundary of the pit, instead of being strait lines parallel to the others, and descending an inclined plane until they sink behind the ends of the orchestra, follow the curving outline of the box-fronts, and continue upon a high level through their whole circuit. This preserves a parallelism and harmony between this part of the house and those above it, in lieu of the usual depressed and inconvenient position which gives to the front part of the pit the appearance of being sunk, and forces some of the nearest spectators into situations where it is impossible to enjoy any thing of the passing scene.

The interior is prepared to receive two thousand persons, and is distributed into a pit, two circles of boxes, and one of the largest galleries in London. Each has its own distinct entrance from the street, vestibules, staircases, water-closets, saloons, and places of refreshment, varying of course in character with the parts to which they are attached. The decorations are not at present fair subjects of description or criticism, from their temporary nature; but we have no doubt, that the artists engaged, as soon as they shall have had the necessary time, will produce a tout-ensemble highly honourable to their taste, and to the spirit of the proprietors.

Warned by the destruction of the former theatre, and recent accidents of a similar nature which have occurred in France even

during the hours of performance, the proprietors of the Brunswick Theatre have adopted, to as great an extent as the peculiar circumstances of their case would permit, the plans of the architect to render the principal parts of the theatre incombustible; and to provide and preserve in constant readiness, powerful means of raising and distributing an ample volume of water over the whole interior; the source of which is within the area of the walls, and therefore not depending on external and distant assistance, or a supply that might be interrupted. A fixed engine, upon an improved construction, connected with a well beneath the stage, and provided with all the necessary apparatus, is placed in a situation easy of access at all times; this sends the water to a point in the middle of the front of the stage, from whence it may be directed to play upon any part of the interior in about three minutes from the first alarm. The roof is of wrought iron, of a novel and beautiful construction. All the stairs, staircases, passages, and vestibules, between every part of the spectatory, and connecting it with the street, are fire-proof; and are of such ample dimensions as to be capable of holding the whole of a crowded house perfectly safe, even if the rest of the building, the stage, &c. were in one general conflagration. This gives a consciousness of security that no alarm of fire can disturb, and also affords great convenience to the persons who may be expecting the opening of the doors previous to the commencement of the performances. Not a single individual need suffer the inconvenience of waiting in the street, or of being exposed to the weather by his early attendance, circumstances of which the visitors of a winter theatre have frequently great reason to complain. The stairs leading to the upper circle of boxes, and to the gallery, though in perfectly distinct flights, are combined in the same staircase without increasing its dimensions, and this, independently of the economy of room, affords an extraordinary facility of access; and such is the convenience it gives of rapid exit, that the contents of any one part of the house may leave by any of the accesses of the other three, or by all of them at the same time.

The great desideratum of having the power to warm or ventilate at discretion, an interior intended for the reception of large bodies of people of either sex, both previous to their assembling and during their stay, is expected to be accomplished in this theatre. The warming and ventilating apparatus of Mr. Sylvester, so highly eulogised by Captain Parry, has been fixed under his direction; and some other peculiar arrangements and means, suggested by him, for this most desirable purpose, have been approved by the proprietors, and executed by their architect with the greatest care.

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The Theatre was opened, with a very fair company, and a noisy audience, on Monday, February 25. The following address was spoken by Mr. Percy Farron, stage manager:—

Welcome! be that the first, warm, heartfelt word,  
That on this stage, and in these walls, is heard.  
Friends of the drama! Welcome all, once more  
To find the pleasures you have found before;



To re-assume your ancient seats and laws ;  
To shine protection and to shower applause.

Hail to this meeting ! may its influence shed  
Lasting success round every scene we spread ;  
These opening hours commence a brilliant race,  
Which years of future triumph shall embrace ;  
Exulting talent here its worth proclaim,  
And latent genius spring from hence to fame !

While thus we bid you welcome to this dome,  
Where Brunswick's glory guards the muses' home,  
Full upon memory's faithful mirror cast,  
Shines out the immortal image of the past,  
When, the great Roscius of our father's age,  
Here Garrick rose, the Shakspeare of the stage !  
Still is that name a spell, whose quenchless might  
Awakens years long sepulchred in night ;  
With new-born life arrays the storied scene,  
And makes the present what the past hath been.  
If mirth can glad you, then, or sorrow move,  
If music's voice can melt with tales of love ;—  
If every art the drama e'er essay'd,  
In ceaseless change before your view display'd,  
Can lull each charmed soul in fancy's thrall,—  
Come to this Thespian shrine and find them all !  
These invitations o'er, what more remains,  
But to invoke your sanction for our pains ;  
By Garrick's genius, then,—by Palmer's worth,—  
By Tragedy's proud woe,—Thalia's mirth,—  
Come one,—come all ! revive those famous days,  
When round our stage, wit's radiance beam'd its blaze ;  
When the long line of chariots mark'd our fame,  
And half the west, admiring, eastward came !

Now view our efforts, and our failings spare ;  
Our worth let candour judge, and time declare ;  
Whilst in one classic line our thanks we tell,—  
Joy to you all !—applaud us !—and farewell !

### SONNET.

WRITTEN IN THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

WHITE-VESTED Goddess, that doth smiling live  
Where the lithe woodbine twines in amorous folds,  
Weaving a shadowy bower, whose fresh green holds  
All sweets that pansy, rose, or violet give ;  
If souls be dear to thee of gentle maids,—  
Souls that reflect the pure and tranquil hues  
Thy nature loves—O ! quit thy springing shades,  
And here awhile a grateful duty chuse ;  
For, on these spotless leaves, a ready crowd  
May proffer friendship, honour, love, and truth :  
Keep thou the book, nor let thy Catharine's youth  
Look on thy flatteries of the vain and proud—  
She is thy votary, thou her guardian be,  
Meek, gracious, heavenly-eyed Simplicity !

## SONGS.

## I.

WILL you think of the scenes we have gazed on together,  
 In far distant days, when we see them no more?  
 They will sprinkle their sunshine on life's clouded weather,  
 They will glow like bright spots on a desolate shore.  
 In the faithless and eddying circles of pleasure,  
 Forget not the thoughts which then gladden'd your heart;  
 They were thoughts which the wisest and purest might treasure,  
 They came fresh from heav'n, uncorrupted by art.

Will you think of those scenes at the soft hour of even,  
 When the light of remembrance floats over the soul?  
 There are thoughts of deep joy, which by nature are given,  
 To lead our faint steps on to virtue's dim goal.  
 They will freshen your heart when the false world is chilling  
 The hopes which belong to the spirit of youth;—  
 For, believe me, one pure thought the whole bosom filling,  
 Must rest there for ever—a tribute to truth.

## II.

THOUGH thy gales are more soft, and thy skies are more blue,  
 Fair France, than the land where my fathers have dwelt,  
 To that land and its loved ones my heart must be true,  
 For each joy far from *home* is a joy half unfelt.

Though rich vines crowd thy hills, and the sun's lavish light  
 Gives colour and perfume at each cloudless kiss—  
 There's a spot where the flowers are as fresh and as bright,  
 And that spot is the dear quiet *home* of my bliss.

But thy gales and thy skies shall still gladden my heart,  
 Sweet France, when beneath them no longer I roam;—  
 For their fragrance and brightness shall never depart  
 From the thought of that friendship which *home* makes a *home*.  
 MARCH, 1828.

## "ANTICREED," OR "A CODE OF UNBELIEF."

KEEP your temper, gentle Christian reader—(for I hope that you are both gentle and Christian)—I am not going to advocate infidelity, or even to loosen one peg of the temporal casket, in which you may happen to keep your faith. I am too well aware of the obligations that the world is under to religion, for that; and be you Christian or Jew, or anything else, I respect your devotion, so that it is sincere and makes you a better man. There are points of a man's character, conduct, and conscience, which neither law nor public opinion can reach; and, therefore, there is a civil value in religion, altogether apart from that peculiar and eternal value which varies with the system, and points to rewards and punishments that are sublime or sensual, according as that system is more divine or more human, in its founder and its doctrines.

Indeed, it is respect for religion that has led me to the proposal of which I am about to put you in possession; and, like all other men that have hit, or fancied they have hit, upon a discovery of universal and permanent benefit, I am at this moment wondering why the thing has not been hinted at before by some of the other great men who have been born to bless mankind.

From its very nature, all religion must proceed upon the ground of faith—there being nothing on which the senses can lay hold; and, therefore, every religion—every system that extends, in any way, beyond the common actions of men in society, or has the least reference to a future state, must be founded upon a creed. The perfection of this creed consists in the confining of it strictly to the spiritual points; and all the errors and heresies, with the wrangling, ill-blood, and fighting to which they have led, have been produced by mixing points of purely civil credulity with the spiritual part of the creed. No matter what the alloy is,—be it the infallibility of the pope—the fallibility of every church and sect but one's own—the adoration of the bones of a dead saint, or the flesh of a living one—the adoration of a benefice, or of a cobbler—it is in principle all the same—wholly and utterly bad. So that, even in religion—that is, in any religion that is contained in what Dr. Chalmers would call "the frame-work of a church," it does not follow *absolūtē* that a man is saved in the ratio of his faith, and damned in that of his want of it. Spiritually, he is saved by the purely spiritual part of his faith; and temporally, he is damned—cheated out of his senses; and that, I suppose, is what is meant by temporal damnation, by the temporal part of it. If the first be in excess, the man will, on the whole, be saved; if the latter, he will lean the other way; and if they be equal, the man's benefit from his faith may be put = 0.

But if, in the compound of spirituals and temporals, which goes to the formation of a man's religion, the advantage be not *absolūtē* in the whole quantity of believing, but *secundum quid* in the composition and quality,—then, much more must believing be a suspicious matter, in every case in which religion does not enter. So much is this the fact, that the whole history of the errors, blunders, and follies of society, with not a little of that of the faults and crimes, is neither more nor less than a history of the evils of believing. This has been the

case with high and with low, with individuals and with nations. The workhouse, the gaol, and the gallows, are all rendered necessary and supported, just because people believe what they ought not to believe, and for no other reason.

Look into the politics and practices of mankind, either in the great world or in the small, and see what the rock is upon which the good cause is shipwrecked, and the whirlpool in which the good man is engulfed, and you will find that in every case it is owing to the error or the excess of believing. That is the grand and the only cause that fills society with quacks, impostors, and swindlers,—that pesters every science and every art with those who have no recommendation but the impudence of their assertions, and that places the honest and simple-hearted at the mercy of villains. The natural superiority of talents to mere pretensions, and of honesty to hypocrisy and deceit, is so great, that, if there were nothing but each man to contend, simply and nakedly, with others, “the word would be to the worthy,” and every man’s portion of reward, character, and honour, would be in the exact ratio of his merits.

Perhaps there is no country in which the reason and justice of the thing itself—the talents and worth of the parties—have more influence in the distribution of honour and emolument, than in England; and, as London is certainly the place where the greatest intelligence in England is concentrated, it should follow that the distribution in London ought to be more fair and just than in any other place. Possibly it is so; but then what is it? Quackery and imposture from the one end to the other. In every street, in every profession, you find instances where the man who should be high is low, and the man who should be low is high. In the medical profession, you shall find the fawning and wheedling empiric, whether he has a *regular degree* or not, riding in his carriage, and practising Malthus upon the rich; while he who devotes every hour to the study of his profession, threads the alleys on foot, and administers to the poor. Go to the divine, and who is the man marked out for rapid and elevated promotion? Is it he who devotes his hours of study to the principles of divinity, and inculcates in his homilies the glorious doctrines of Christian charity—of “good will to all the children of men?” By no means: the man of that stamp continues in his vicarage, or his curacy, as it happens; and all the memorial that he leaves upon the record of the world is the little tablet of stone by the church vault, and haply a volume of sermons, published posthumously for the benefit of his widow. The man who mounts up is the polemic—the true member of the church-militant. The sacerdotal hero is made much in the same way as the military one. His fame is in proportion to the number of the vanquished; and as we praise and pension the one, according to the number of men of other nations whom he has “done to death,” so we benefice the other in proportion to the number of those of other churches whom he dooms to damnation. This, too, without much reference to the nature of the church. Your Protestant rises in temporal renown, in proportion as he dares Catholics; and your Catholic in proportion as he dares Protestants.

It is the same in every profession and pursuit, with the exception of those that have to put all they do before the whole public, and stand

by its award. In this way the profession of the law (I mean the *bar*) is less open to imposture than any other profession that can be named; and that arises in no small degree from the labours of barristers being oral, in great part extempore, public, and exposed to the animadversions of each other. But the moment that we pass from this part of the profession, and follow any of them into office, or even into their chambers, we begin to feel the inroads of faith; and, though there be splendid exceptions, (as there, of course, are in all the cases which I have mentioned,) the men who *judge* are not, on the whole, so lofty in character and talent, as the men who *plead*.

The very orthodox Calvinists have sometimes had rather profane jokes cracked upon them for the distinction and separation which they are so anxious to make between *faith* and *sense*; but it would be well that people kept each of those matters in its place:—*faith*, in religion; and *sense*, and nothing but sense, in *every thing else*,—in the politics, the institutions, and the whole business and conduct of life. Perhaps it would be well, for the purpose of not offending those who are apt to be offended by names, that a different name should be given to that civil belief which does so much mischief, that it should be called *credulity*, or something of that kind. The name is, however, a matter of minor moment; but the quality, though differing so much in its objects and effects is, in him who exercises it, one, and the same. In both cases, it is believing, without *sensible* conviction, or the evidence of reasoning reducible to observation and experience. In religion, that is not, from the very nature of the subject, attainable; but it may be either fully obtained or approximated in every thing else. Even in the moral part of religion,—as in that beautiful code of self and social government, which, independently of its higher origin and attributes, makes Christianity so conducive to the personal and national well-being of mankind—there is a separation, and sense is introduced as the ruling and only principle,—the good of ourselves and our fellow creatures, sought after with inquiry and discretion, and judged of by the result, is the ordinance; and, by the way, half, if not the whole, of the wranglings by which the history of Christianity is disgraced, have arisen from confounding the two parts of the system, applying faith to the practical duties, and endeavouring to render the mysteries palpable to sense.

Whether there be any chance that divines shall ever be able to keep this distinction clear, and thus carry on their important labours without polemics, is a consummation rather to be wished than expected; and, though it be more intimately connected with the civil prosperity and happiness of mankind than those who have not studied it may be aware of,—more time and talent being probably wasted in that way, than, if properly used, would pay the interest of the national debt; yet does not so properly fall within the province of those who confine themselves to civil matters.

But credulity in civil matters is no man's preserve,—it is patent and open to every one who chooses to express his opinion respecting it; and seeing that it neither does nor can produce any thing but mischief, the attack of it in every possible way becomes a duty. In all matters of human conduct, the universal maxim ought to be—"Believe nothing, without the evidence;" and if that were generally pro-

mulgated and acted upon, the axe would be laid to the root of the tree of imposture. Nor let it be said that this would destroy confidence, or dissolve the bonds of society; for its effect would be directly opposite. Who is the man you confide in now?—The one whom you have tried, and found worthy; or him who sets forth, in good set terms, the tale of his own virtue or merit? Amid all the exuberance of faith, the latter is even now an object of suspicion; and if matters could be brought to such a state, as that every man and every measure could be tried first, and then trusted, there would be no such thing as suspicion in society.

Why is not that the case? Why do not men spend half the labour in informing themselves beforehand, which they are compelled to spend in repentance and reparation afterwards? There are two general causes, and they ramify into and are accompanied by a number of particular ones, growing out of the circumstances of time and place. Mankind are *ignorant*, and they are *lazy*: when the head is empty of sense—and sense, rightly interpreted, is but another name for knowledge,—faith will creep in by the smallest crevice, just as air creeps into a vessel that is emptied of more solid contents. In this way, knowledge, and faith—or credulity, are the complements of each other; and how much soever of the one may be deficient is always sure to be made up by the other. A man who knows nothing may be made to believe almost every thing; while a man of information will not believe any thing, of the truth of which he does not feel convinced in his own mind. Every addition to his belief is, therefore, another truth fixed; while the successive efforts of pure credulity, in the other, turn him into a sort of pipe for the conveyance of nonsense—which nonsense he again spouts upon the rest of society; and, as the majority are, by hypothesis, and in fact, in the same empty state as himself, the one piece of nonsense soon takes possession of a thousand heads, each of which unfortunately has a tongue, and thus the *vox populi* becomes as unlike the *vox Dei* as can well be imagined.

This ignorance of mankind is wonderfully increased by their laziness. If the matter in question does not immediately affect their personal comfort, or their pecuniary or professional interest,—the only parts of human perception that appear to be constant, and not affected, by the variations of knowledge and ignorance,—folks like to get at it by the shortest road. As, if any body should tell me that the Infant of Portugal had broken his mother's head with the gin-bottle, possibly, I might believe it, upon very slender testimony, or without any further evidence than the floating character of the parties; but if any man told me that another had picked my pocket, the first thing that I would probably do, without any argument or inquiry, would be to thrust my hand into it, and ascertain the fact. Now, if you poll society, you will find a great many persons in it as indifferent to any subject, with the exception already stated, as I am to the squabbles of the Infant and his mother in their cups; and these persons suck in all the nonsense that may be floating upon that subject, and dribble it out again, each to a circle of hearers,—just because it is the last thing they have heard, and they wish to show that they have sources of information. Of these, many are, without doubt, quite capable of judging of the case, but they see no motive in it to induce them to take the trouble;

and as the evidence of all uneducated persons and nations proves that the natural and untrained bias lies more towards credulity than scepticism, this indolence causes many to credit that which, if they but used the knowledge and discretion that they have, they would find to be utterly false or nonsensical.

If the matters, which are received through this indolence, were to run out of the memory as fast and as unconnectedly with the party as they run in, the only mischief would be the waste of time, and the formation of the bad habit. But matters which once fasten themselves upon a man's memory are apt to come into play at one time or another, and influence both his opinions and his conduct. Every man is disposed to take the most favourable view of his own abilities—to set the greatest possible value upon his head, and all its contents; and the fewer that these are, or the less their real nature, the more time has he to spend in the admiration of them. This brings him, in time, to confound the mere infusions of credulity with the results of experience, and mistake the one for the other; and there can be no doubt that a very great portion of the nonsense that is spoken and written, and upon which private men and public companies, and sometimes even senates and kings, govern their proceedings, springs from mistakes of this kind. When the Bishop of Tuam inflicts his speech upon the Upper House, as touching the doctrines of civil and religious liberty, or when Sir Thomas Lethbridge subjects the Lower House to the same treatment, in the matter of free trade, it is wholly without the limits of possibility to suppose, or even imagine, that either the Right Reverend Father, or the Honourable Baronet, could have arrived at the matters of which he is then and there delivered, by any known or imaginable operation of investigation, inquiry or induction, or any thing connected with the operation of thought or reflection.

In their original they must have come from simple credulity; and been lumped together by tumbling in the void with that irregular motion alluded to by the poet—

“Corpora, quom deorsum rectum per inane ferantur,  
Ponderibus propriis incerto tempore ferre  
Incertisque locis, spatio depellente pallum;  
Tantum, quod nomen mutatum dicere possis.”

When thus duly tumbled and concocted, they come forth in that singular universe, which every way that you can turn glides off far beyond your ken, like the other—

“Usque adeo passim patet ingens copia rebus,  
Finibus exentis, in cunctas undique partes.”

Need one add that the sense even of such men, travelling over such an extent as this, can

“Find no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

When the delusion of credulity has once come to this state, it thenceforth becomes incurable. The habit of speaking and acting upon credulity becomes confirmed, and the powers of observation and reflection become blunted and obliterated. Persons in this unhappy state, when they happen to have influence (and there have always hitherto been numbers of them in every country which has an hereditary system, by means of which a certain portion of the inhabitants can command the adoration due to greatness, without any of the personal elements or,

attributes of being great,) are stumbling-blocks in the way of all improvement. Unable to trace the laws and institutions of society to the circumstances of the times in which they were founded, and the genius and objects of the founders, they do not regard them in the light in which reason or sense regards them,—contrivances for the good of the whole—merely human matters, and, as such, changeable with the changes of society; they look upon them as something conferred, and not as something made—as partaking of the immutability of the laws of nature; and to deny the abstract right, or the practical justice, of a peer's sending two members to the House of Commons, or the advantage and strength that are given to the government by starving the people in order to keep up the rent of land, is, with them, a far more horrible heresy than to deny the principle of gravitation, or the fact of the earth's rotation and revolution. Men, thus confirmed, are in a most pitiable state, and not more capable of managing their own affairs than those other unhappy persons that are handed over to the keeping of the Lord Chancellor of England; for a man who has put himself in the condition that he can neither observe nor think, cannot take one step without going wrong, or come into contact with the rest of the world without being duped or deceived. Accordingly, when we find any of them forced to come out of their strong-holds—as when they go to the Jews to borrow money, or to *h h* to spend it—we always find that they come off second best. The wormwood of all, however, is when they are deputed to do the business of other people; for then, though you cannot help laughing at the bungling and ludicrous nature of the action, you are made to feel the consequences.

To point out the mischiefs suffered and done in consequence of this credulity, would be to make a history of a considerable portion of every class in society, which would fill many books instead of one short paper; but unfortunately the evil is so very general, that every one has abundant scope for examining it within the limits of his own experience.

The great difficulty, and also the great desideratum, is to find a remedy. It is inconvenient to wait until men shall be wise; for when all that are living shall be wise, a great portion of those now living must be dead. What is needed, is, therefore, a *nonredo*—AN UNBELIEF—a list of things in which no man is to put faith. But who shall draw it up? where shall we find a man who has not some lurking incredulity of his own, or who has sufficient knowledge for so arduous a task? These questions are not easy to be answered; and though they were, one uniform “unbelief” would not do, nor would it suit in all particulars unless it were altered every day. One adapted to the meridian of Paris or Madrid would not suit in London; and it is doubtful whether a London one would be perfectly applicable in the country. In many things one for the last year would be obsolete this year; and it is to be hoped that some parts of one for this year would be obsolete against the next. Probably the best way would be to publish the leading points annually, either made up in the Almanac, or published in a supplement. Those of the Stationers' Company contain a good deal of the same sort of matter already, if they had the honesty to tell the folks so,—so much of it, indeed, that we have heard hawkers crying them for sale by the name of “Jack's lies.” The stuff that they contain, however, is not the proper stuff. No doubt it is false, and



sometimes filthy ; but "the Unbelief" should touch more on those matters which affect the condition of men without any stellar or lunar influence.

Until some one great enough for putting the design in execution shall arise, the way might be paved by giving a few hints now and then ; and what follows may be taken as a specimen :—

## THE UNBELIEF ;

OR LIST OF THINGS IN WHICH MEN ARE TO PUT NO FAITH,

For 1828,

BEING BISSEXTILE.

### PREFACE.

THAT the writer hereof is capable of forming a perfect judgment of all the matters and men hereinafter referred to.

#### CHAPTER I.—*Politics and Politicians.*

THAT the concession of the Catholic claims would at once, and as a charm, alter and improve the population of Ireland.

That the improvement of that population can be begun, or Ireland secured as a permanent and integrant part of the United Kingdom, until these claims are conceded.

That Canada can permanently remain a British colony, unless a different line of policy is pursued.

That the government of this country inspires the same love of liberty in other countries, as when George Canning was prime minister.

That other governments view it with the same respect.

That the prosperity of the country can be improved by the emigration of able-bodied labourers.

That the corn laws increase the wealth of the land-owners.

That the country gentlemen in either, or in neither, house of parliament shall be able to understand the nature and operation of those laws.

That there can be an over-issue of metallic currency.

That Lord Lyndhurst has the same notions respecting liberty and prerogative as John Copley the barrister.

That Lord Eldon perfectly approves of the Wellington cabinet.

That the majority of the Lords Spiritual will ever vote against the administration.

That Lord Londonderry will ever forget that "this is too bad."

That the East India Company was ever of any good to this country.

That the Turkish dominions in Europe will continue at their present extent.

That Lord Eldon will ever be President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

That the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would be productive of the smallest injury to the church.

That the Finance Committee will be permitted to probe all the abuses of the expenditure.

That all their suggestions will be attended to.

That the majority of the Scotch members will ever vote for liberal measures.

That absolute despotisms shall not, upon the whole, be swayed by women.

That the priesthood or the nobles shall ever regain the ancient ascendancy in France.

To these might be added many others all equally unworthy of credit. Then the hints might proceed to,

## CHAPTER II.—*Arts and Professions.*

That the opinion of any reviewer should be wholly and implicitly followed.

That any author's opinion of his own work should be relied on.

That any lady now living in the metropolis is a poetess.

That there is one student at Gresham College.

That any of the lives of Napoleon yet written, contains a just estimate of his character.

That the author of the work on "The Omnipresence of the Deity" has not been injured by the undue praise of that poem.

That the weekly reviewers read a sixth part of the books they decide on.

That it would make much difference if they got a leaf or two sent them by the publisher, and never saw the books at all.

That there ever has been a knot of so keen satirists as the Scribblers' club.

That anybody reads the Gentleman's Magazine.

That any man now believes in Cobbett.

That the longitude will ever be discovered by the Board bearing that name.

That the Royal Academy tends very much to, promote the higher art of painting.

That it does not mightily flatter the vanity of the sitters, and thereby mightily increase the number of every-day faces.

That there is any chance of a new classical drama being successful at either of the great theatres.

That any of the inventions, for which the Society of Arts shall award its medal, will come into general use.

That the Royal Society adds any thing to real science.

That praise can keep a bad book alive, or abuse kill a good one.

That mere calculating mathematicians are not very dull fellows.

Ditto, of mere linguists.

Ditto, of men any-one-things.

That the useful in science is not displacing the speculative.

That any specific shall be found for *itch in the palm*, save the *aurum portabile*.

In the perfect book, this chapter might be subdivided into many sections, and if the antifaith in the men as well as the subjects were given, it would be piquant withal, and produce a great sensation.

The newspapers would, if treated at length, demand a chapter for themselves; but probably the best way of dealing with them is either to believe the whole or none at all, farther than official documents, and those resolve themselves into the parties from whence they issue.

Domestic economy would make some capital sections; and young persons of both sexes would derive much information and guidance from a full statement of the unbelief of love and flirtation; and even when the author had treated as he thought of unbelief in *omnibus rebus*, he would find room for an

• APPENDIX—*De quibusdam aliis.*

That notwithstanding the quantity of organic, and, therefore, inflammable matter, which, upon analysis, its water is found to contain— notwithstanding the compounds of hydrogen with carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, and, therefore, inflammable gases, which its waters give out—alid, notwithstanding the general fact that the constituent parts of water, in the very proportion in which they enter into that fluid, are, the one the most inflammable, and the other the most inflammatory body known,—yet that the corporation of London or its officers, and more especially Mr. Alderman Bridges and the Recorder, will ever ignite the Thames, or put the city to the expense of insuring that river at any of the fire-offices.

That the present Board of Works will in any degree improve the architectural taste of the country.

That the palace which they are altering and amending at Buckingham Gate will be the cheapest, most convenient, and most durable ever erected.

That any two physicians of eminence shall agree as to the treatment of any one disease.

That any reason shall be assigned for the fashion of a lady's bonnet.

That any charitable institution in the metropolis shall be supported without dining.

That there shall be a select vestry without jobbing.

That the whole sum raised in rates in any one parish shall be expended impartially upon the poor.

That all the taxes levied upon the people shall be accounted for to the Treasury.

That there shall be a borough election without bribery.

That Joseph Hume, Esq., shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

That a Scotchman shall be found on the great north road with his back to the south.

That the Rev. Edward Irving shall see the commencement of that millennium which he has predicted.

That the Thames Tunnel shall pay five per cent.

That *my* opinion is better than *yours*.

Right or wrong, these hints will furnish some idea of the kind of article wanted; and as some of the annual patchbooks may break down, the wights and words thrown out of service might do worse than club for "The Unbelief."

## MASSANIELLO:

## A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Scene I.—*A Street in the Suburb of Naples, on the Beach. A Fisherman's Hut in the Foreground.*

DON FERDINAND and DON JOSEPH.

*Ferdinand.* O monstrous profanation! Say you then  
That one of these, who bears the stamp of man,  
Was born for you, or me, or any high one,  
Without an end or hope beyond our wills?—  
In what dark school of creeping selfishness  
Found you this despot's creed?

*Joseph.* Right learned sage,  
In pleasure's glorious school—for there no qualms  
Of blind compassion for the paltry slave  
Who toils to fill our cup, no doubting contrast  
Of velvet and of rags, e'er came across  
The broad sweep of our tempers.

*Ferdinand.* Here we stand  
Full in the haunts of woe: here squalid sloth  
Sits side by side with famine;—here more frequent  
At set of sun the outworn peasant brings  
The hard-earn'd morsel to his famish'd babes—  
Ye reckon not these—ye count not in your riot  
The bitter agonies, revolting sins,  
That Poverty entails.

*Joseph.* I blame not Heaven  
For sorting men so strangely!

*Ferdinand.* Mock ye at Heaven,  
Ye proud ones? Cloak not thus your own misrule  
In Heaven's eternal justice. Lords of this city,  
Low have ye bow'd to Spain's unholy yoke!  
But ye were wise—for when ye offered up  
Your country's freedom, and the tyrants ask'd  
For more substantial gifts, ye gave not then  
Your jewels and your silks, your gold and mansions,  
But, shame! ye brought a hundred thousand bodies,  
Stout in their healthful peace, and slyly whispered,  
'Screw ducats from their sinews.' Ye were right—  
Meagre and gaunt they lie—but ye are sleek!

*Joseph.* Bravo, my beardless preacher! O 'tis fine  
To see the hot blood of your fiery spirits  
Blaze out in patriot ravings, and the cant  
Of green philanthropy. Such glorious themes  
Oft have I heard from younglings fresh from school,  
Full of the talk which idle pedants teach  
Of Grecian liberties and Roman rights:—  
Boldly they talk'd, till wiser orators

Shew'd them the key that opes *Preferment's* gate—  
 Anon their wild notes were subdued to sing—  
 The sweet monotonous strains of caged birds—  
 Of birds in golden cages.

*Ferdinand.*

Frigid scorner!

If some were not to hold the narrow path  
 Of high and blameless honesty, where, think you,  
 Would state and empire, and the general mass  
 Of social compacts fall? Grovelling beneath  
 The pitiless foot of luxury and pride,  
 The tyrant will, the pestilent command,  
 Of self-idolaters.

*Joseph.*

There let them fall,

So I be uppermost.

*Ferdinand.*

Ah! trust misplaced—

Tottering when most secure. Sure those who walk  
 With bloated look and arrogant step where men  
 Lie famishing, on beds of lava tread,  
 Like the thin crust on yon volcano's side,  
 Fit to engulph them. Oh! there is a spirit  
 Rankling in flinty breasts within these walls,  
 Which, stirr'd too much, may dash your boasted pomp  
 Down to its nothingness. Beware!

*Joseph.*

Of what?—

*Ferdinand.* Of pushing misery to desperation:—  
 Man is a patient animal, but man,  
 Press'd down with heavy loads of toil and want,  
 Writhes when he sees the ox that toils no more  
 Well-stall'd and fed, and whilst the common mother  
 Smiles in his face, and shakes her liberal horn,  
 Nor forms, nor statutes, nor long-charter'd rights,  
 Can make him tamely starve, while such as we are,  
 Heap up earth's fruit with an all-grasping hand,  
 And call it our prerogative.

*Joseph.*

Ridiculous!—

Young man, you grow disloyal, and my fame  
 Will catch a taint from such audacious converse.  
 Be cautious, or my duty must unmask you.

[Exit.

*Ferdinand.* Disloyal!—Oh! the tawdry shine of prudence  
 That sensualists adore! (Pauses—a guitar sounds.)

That gentle sound,

Heard in these haunts of woe, is like the harp  
 That pours its fitful strains when rough winds sweep  
 Across its answering bosom. Still it comes—

(Song from within.)

AGNES.

Go, number all the aching hours  
 Which Pleasure's brightest years may know—  
 Go, strew your path with fairest flowers,  
 Ye still shall tread on thorns of woe:

Why ask ye, then, if want and pain  
Have cares that cut the heart in twain?

Bear up my heart, though fate may lower,  
It is not wealth's supreme controul,  
It is not pride, it is not power,  
That raise to hope the fainting soul—  
'Tis innocence and peace of mind,  
And these the lowliest lot may find.

*Ferdinand.* There is some grief within : the nightingale,  
As poets feign, sings sweetest when the thorn  
Goads her soft breast. *(Enters the cottage.)*

### SCENE II.

*Agnes.* What noise is that? *(Ferdinand enters.)* Your  
pardon, Sir.

*Ferdinand.* 'Tis mine  
To crave forgiveness for this rude approach,  
Where so much grace and harmony reside,  
I fear, with sorrow.

*Agnes.* Ah! good, Sir, 'tis true,  
That sorrow here inhabits.

*Ferdinand.* You are poor?

*Agnes.* Yes, very poor—but that is not the worst—  
Oh! we are desolate—the care-worn master  
Of this low hut in vain returns at night  
With hard and painful earnings—no fond wife  
Dries his wet weeds, or calls the rising smile  
From his forgetful heart—no anxious mother  
Comforts her clamorous babes with promis'd food—  
No tender sister claims my duteous care.

*Ferdinand.* Is then the wife, the mother, sister—dead?

*Agnes.* Oh, no! she lies despairing in a prison—

*Ferdinand.* A prison?

*Agnes.* Yes!—imprudent, but not guilty—  
Her children ask'd for bread, and she had none.  
She wandered on the beach, seeking her husband,  
Who went to cast his net by the moon's light—  
A boat approached the strand; the crew were smugglers—  
Her husband came; and for his evening's toil  
They gave a tub of meal; she bore it home,  
Whilst he remained to gather up his nets—  
The officers of custom traced her here,  
And dragg'd her to a dungeon—there she lies  
Till we can pay a heavy, heavy fine—  
A hundred rials—'tis impossible!

*Ferdinand.* It shall be not impossible—but tell me,  
What is your brother's name?

*Agnes.* Thomas Anello—  
My sister's husband.

*Ferdinand.* Will he soon be here?—

*Agnes.* This is the hour he gives a pause to toil—  
 To think and sigh but not to be refreshed.  
 Oh! Sir, his mind is noble, but weigh'd down  
 By long affliction to a seeming harshness.  
 We had not always been thus mean and wretched:  
 Poor Beatrice and myself, Sir, were well born,  
 But, when our parents died, our scanty pittance  
 Could not shut out the storm—Anello saw us—  
 He tilled a little farm; my sister loved him,  
 For in his heart dwelt all the manly virtues,  
 And many towering thoughts to charm a maiden.  
 They married and were bless'd—one evil day  
 Anello's lofty spirit ill could brook  
 The insults of a feudal lord, who claim'd  
 Base homage from the poor—his words were gall—  
 Anello in a frenzy shut his door,  
 And we were forced to fly. Two years in Naples  
 With uncomplaining labour he has striven  
 'Gainst bitter poverty—but, hark!  
 I hear him hanging up his nets without.  
 He comes.

*Enter ANELLO. (Looks suspiciously at FERDINAND.)*

*Anello.* Agnes, these walls are dark—the eye of pride  
 Might keep its sunshine for less blighted regions—  
 Your business, Sir?—

*Ferdinand.* Chance brought me to your dwelling—  
 My duty keeps me here—I know your lot,  
 And would relieve it.

*Anello.* Spare me then the pain  
 Of sinking one step lower, in the thought  
 That wealth presumes to chuck its crumbs to me—  
 A thing for almsgiving.

*Ferdinand.* You treat me harshly—  
 I claim no privilege from wealth—why then  
 Should you be proud of poverty?

*Anello.* What else  
 Has greatness left me to be proud of?—

*Ferdinand.* Honour,  
 Th' unconquerable spirit, the contempt  
 Of Fortune's idle freaks, the blessed love  
 Of one who shares thy sorrows.

*Anello.* That was my own  
 I thought beyond controul—but power rush'd in  
 And dragg'd her from me—yes, her minist'ring  
 Made me rejoice in woe—th' unclouded smile  
 Of hearts at ease may fill up common loves,  
 But oh! the kiss upon the bed of anguish,  
 The mutual consolation, the warm look  
 That shuts out earth and all its gaudy nothings—  
 Ye envied me, that toil, and want, and rags  
 Had joys which gold and purple could not buy.

*Ferdinand.* Has greatness then no sympathy with virtue?

*Anello.* Oh no, it sears the heart—it parches up  
The tide of love that gushes from the fount  
Of nature. Frozen is the stream that creeps  
Through my cold veins—the chill of grief is on it—  
But one warm gleam would bid it melt again.  
In general charity.

*Ferdinand.* But would not wealth  
Corrupt thee too?

*Anello.* Oh never let me bask  
In the full sun of power, for I have seeds  
Deep planted in my heart, which, warm'd and ripened,  
Would grow to poison.

The curse of pride was on me from my birth—  
The haughty boy that spurn'd a brother's rule  
Has not plucked out by years of wretchedness  
The green ambition of his spring-tide dreams!

*Ferdinand.* A brother's rule—some mystery surrounds you!

*Anello.* My secret is my own—I told it not,  
Lest men should pay that homage to my ancestry  
They will not give my rags.

*Ferdinand.* Strange is thy talk,  
And strange thy thoughts—where learnt you such abstractions?

*Anello.* I have communed with nature—in her wilds  
I gazed on beauty, and my spirit bowed  
In awe and admiration. In the walks  
Of art, in crowded towns, I learnt contempt—  
It was my armour when the dainty fools  
Spurn'd such a worm as I am.

*Ferdinand.* I will not spurn you;  
I ask your friendship. Agnes, take this purse,  
And free your sister.—

*Anello.* Mark me, generous man,  
I, too, have felt the holy joy of blessing  
The suffering soul with what such dross can give—  
But gold I will not take—no, not a ducat,  
If my poor Beatrice were to pine a life  
In her cold cell—I have already earn'd  
Half her hard fine; a few more days of labour  
Buy me the joy of freeing her myself;  
If you would have Anello for your friend,  
Seek not to make him a dependant slave.

(AGNES returns the purse.)

*Ferdinand.* I prithee dash not comfort from you thus—  
'Twixt friends, these baubles should be as the counters  
With which they play the idle game of life—  
Chance threw them in my lap, while yours was empty:  
Then use them freely.

*Anello.* Worldlings hold them fast  
With a clutch hand—but you, Sir—you are young;  
I would not borrow from your inexperience  
What grey-beards would refuse me.

*Ferdinand.* Oh you said true,



The curse of pride is on you. But farewell!—  
 We'll argue this in happier days, Farewell! (*Exit FERDINAND.*  
*Anello.* 'Twas a hard struggle!  
 Why did this youth thus come across my steps,  
 To make me hate the tribe of fortune less,  
 And strike less sure!

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## SONNETS.

## I.

O YE great forms of nature ; O, thou sun  
 Uprising or descending ; O, vast sky,  
 Whether thy infinite expanse on high  
 Enlarges our dim minds in open noon,  
 Or that thou gatherest, in thy mighty hall,  
 The other worlds, a still assemblage dread,  
 And the invisible God in midst of all—  
 Do ye not, O ye wonders, thus outspread  
 On all sides, fill this heart ? O sky, O earth,  
 I've lov'd you, and ye forest greeneries  
 From which trees rise, ye branches of the trees,  
 Ev'n till I knew not if I had gone forth  
 Among you, or still liv'd—But as before  
 This heart for ever longs for something more.

## II.

## ON A GEM OF ENDYMION SLEEPING.

A LOVELY youth there sits, with moon-bright hair,  
 Alone on Latmus' top ; his shoulder white  
 Uncover'd, and his perfect form left bare  
 To the descending of the insatiate light.  
 He sleeps—his neck and face are gently bow'd  
 As though in sleep. Poor dog, you bark in vain  
 Against the silence ; thy complaining loud  
 He will not hear, or feel thy touch again !  
 But his own name in music came to him,  
 Endymion, murmur'd in an unknown voice ;  
 Whereat a smile fell on his eyelids dim,  
 And stirr'd his lips ; Diana 'gan rejoice,  
 Still, still more sweetly, that lone hill above,  
 Streaming (ah ! me) her unavailing love.

## DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

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1st. In a former Diary I laid down the proposition, that the government of the world is the ancient province of the fools; and endeavoured to show by what a beautiful economy it is so ordered, that men utterly incapable of regulating their own concerns, are perfectly able to direct the affairs of a nation. It is an admirable feature in the plan of nature, that nothing is made in vain; every thing, no matter how apparently mean its being, has its use and properties of curious worth, which need only the due application for their developement. It is here, however, that men fail—the virtues of things lie long hidden for want of the lucky contact which may call them forth, and discover them to the eye of observation. For ages, surely, was the spark in the flint before the iron struck it out. Just so too, the capacity of statesman exists in the fool long before the conjunction of power calls it forth; but no sooner is the poorest pigny of humanity affected by this test, than, as if touched with Ithuriel's spear, he springs up into a giant and potent spirit of mischief. Cervantes had surely remarked this political phenomenon when he says of Sancho Panza's decrees, "And in this instance we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God." We have had the experience of many generations added to that of Cervantes, and the result is, a conviction that for the fools is the government of mankind intended: nor in tracing the page of history do we find that the purpose has been often crossed. It is a sound maxim that, when we have means sufficient for an end we should not look for others. It is a corollary, that if the fools are competent to govern the world, it were idle to employ wise men for the same object. Why should the wisdom be wasted, where the folly is all sufficient? There are persons who would not earn six-pence a-day by the best labour of their wits or their hands, who yet being placed in high station by fortune, are able, by the mere virtue of their position, to guide our affairs. They would have been beggars had they not been born prosperous gentlemen; but being born prosperous gentlemen, with parts for begging, they are glorious ministers of state. Such is the virtue of power acting upon men, as Cervantes remarks, "otherwise fools." Understanding, we may observe on the other hand, is not only thrown away upon office which can dispense with it, but actually seems to undergo some disqualifying change when it comes into conjunction with power. Consider the intellectual character of the Tory party of this country—as compared with the Whigs, or rather the Liberals, bearing about the proportion of worth which a turnip bears to the head of a Newton—and yet observe the miserable failures of the Talents in office, in contrast with the credit with which the Logs have administered affairs. Who will compare a Fox with a Sidmouth or a Perceval, a Lansdowne with a Liverpool, as individuals; yet the governments of the common-place ministers will not excite the sneer or sarcasm which is ever ready at the mention of the brief disasters of their more talented opponents.

MARCH, 1828.

2 A

The Whigs indeed seem to have been themselves convinced of the truth of my theory, and persuaded that wisdom was out of place in office, and consequently they dismissed it from their councils to the utmost of their powers. They seem to have felt that they held office much on the same condition on which Sinbad the Sailor was to be safely ferried over the sea in the iron man's boat, namely, that on the mention of any good thing the bark would instantly founder. Sinbad guarded his tongue for a long space, but at last blest Alla, and was in the next breath struggling with the waves. The Liberal Ministry too was extremely careful to avoid, as mortal, the mention of good for a season; and but for the judicious arrangements at last proposed for a measure of public advantage, the iron man would have sullenly rowed on with them to the voyager's barren end.

Now, however, we have returned to the ancient order of things, and have again got ministers in power who will not have to labour under a plethora of wisdom, or a painful suppression of good intentions; and who will give the nation the full benefit of parts applicable to no other earthly business than the guidance of its affairs. Here is no waste force—no superfluous sagacity. Intelligence is again in the sphere of its operation, and vacuity is the only station in life it would not disgrace.

On consideration I must qualify the assertion, for Huskisson and Lord Dudley are certainly *extravagances*.

There has, perhaps, been no statesman of the present century who has found so much favour in John Bull's sight as Lord Liverpool; and it is vulgarly imagined, that he was a person of great ability; but the fact is, that intellectually he was a very common-place man. None of his associates will deny the justness of this description of him. His early friendship with Mr. Canning has been much dwelt on; and "the kindred minds," thus in the dawn of life attached to each other, have been naturally exalted in the set forms of admiration usual on such occasions. The truth is, that Canning, Jenkinson, and Lord Morley, were great college cronies; and Canning made his two friends his two butts, giving the preference to Jenkinson, whom he never suspected of possessing "a master-mind," but liked as a good fellow, and cultivated as a patrician, a character for which Canning had always a mighty reverence. Once on a time Mr. Jenkinson, wearied of being a butt, and envying his companion's amusing qualities, which had so often been called forth at his expense, gravely applied to him for some instruction in the art of wit. Canning greedily laid hold of the idea, and handed about a lampoon in the form of the desired instructions for the use of his friend, which made him the jest of the university for some days.

Those who know these circumstances—and there are many acquainted with them, for one of the three, who has no character for genius to keep up, makes no reserve of his anecdotes—will enjoy the joke of seeing, in the due course of history, the two great souls described as holding high communings together, and mingling their kindred spirits as they paced the groves of Academia. These are the comely lies with which the world is amused.

The theory I have broached, of the fitness of folly for office, is curiously supported by an authority referred to in an anecdote I have just stumbled upon in Bacon's *Advancement of Knowledge*; and which

would go to the extent of proving that wisdom works in every man an absolute disqualification for the government of this country.

"It was pleasantly and wisely said, though I think very untruly, by a nuncio of the Pope returning from a certain nation, where he served as *lieger*; whose opinion being asked touching the appointment of one to go in his place, he wished in any case they did not send one that was too wise, because *no very wise man* would ever imagine what they in that country were like to do."

There is more than a joke in this. Wise men are apt to err in their conjectures and their plans, from giving the world credit for more wisdom than it possesses. Minds of a more vulgar order, better understand the vulgar, and form more accurate judgments of what is practicable. The genius has always been the jest of society. A certain mediocrity is a grand secret of success in life. Why is a Scarlett a more successful advocate than a Brougham? Because there are twelve Scarletts in the jury box, of smaller minds indeed, but of the same material and structure—miniatures as it were of the giant common-place. For the same reason a Peel is better adapted to rule this country than a Canning, for there are thousands of Peels thronging the streets, under the names of Johnsons, and Thomsons, and Smiths, and Browns; and very respectable men they are in their ways, though by no means of that intellectual order suspected of any capacity for setting the Thames on fire.

— An immensity of exceedingly proper indignation has been vented on the establishment of the Pandemonium in St. James's-street. The public mind could have endured the idea of six shabby little hells in Pall Mall with tolerable ease and composure; but its patience sinks under the load of so big and fine a house in St. James's-street. From a similar kind of sentiment, the lady objected to the project of sweeping chimneys by means of drawing up a goose flapping, and floundering, and struggling against the string; but readily consented to the employment of a pair of ducks in the same agreeable office. Gambling is undoubtedly a horrid vice, and it were desirable to prevent it by law; but when it is found impossible to put a stop to any mischief by law, the next best thing is to regulate it. The French government, knowing that man will gamble, takes the cards into its own hands—the proceeding is a sore scandal in the judgment of foreigners; but is it attended with worse consequences than our system of prohibiting what we cannot prevent? In Paris, where the gaming-houses are licensed, they are open to the whole world. If, therefore, a father wants to know whether his son gambles, if a merchant desires to discover whether his clerk or partner plays, he has nothing to do but to visit the houses and he ascertains the point, and takes his measures accordingly. Here there is really as much gaming, (in pecuniary amount at least,) and no such opportunity of detection. The law cannot stop the play, but it succeeds in barricading the doors against those interested in discovering the players. The only persons who have access to these fortresses are the gamblers; and their very first encouragement is often the secrecy which they know necessarily belongs to them. Were they thrown open, hundreds who now haunt them—sons, husbands, clerks, partners in mercantile houses, &c.—

would be driven away from their doors by the fear of discovery. Would the toleration invite others to occupy their places? This seems doubtful: "A wilful man will have his way." Those who have the itch of gaming on them will never lack the means; and the probability is, that there is as much play at this moment as the appetite of society allows of. The law's prohibition is *brutum fulmen*. Prudence and a respect for good morals are the only real checks on the vice. The alarmist will object, that the law's toleration of gaming-houses would change the public opinion of the practice. The law tolerates Judaism: has it tempted any man to become a Jew? Toleration is neither the same thing as recommendation or countenance. We need not go so far as the French, and make the government actually ministerial to the vice.

Crockford's is certainly a fine example of the march of the devil's hoof; and yet when they were about the establishment of so highly respectable a hell, I wonder that they did not do the thing still better. The fault I perceive in Crockford's is simply that it is Crockford's. It is a club on the plan of all other clubs, with this striking exception, that there is an individual profit to the amount of a lion's share, which is against the principle of all clubs. Crockford keeps the bank, and necessarily draws from the society an immense and certain gain. Why did not the club give itself the benefit now derived by Crockford? Why could not the club have held the bank out of a common fund, and thus the individual losses would have gone to the common advantage—nay, a portion of the losses would have in this case returned with interest to the losers. This arrangement would have made it a kind of joint stock gambling concern, the particular losses going to a fund, &c. reaching a fixed amount, divisible among the members. The profit of the bank being absolutely certain, the society could incur no risk in holding it.

It may appear unnecessary criticism to find a fault in the arrangement of hell; but it is at least curious to observe Satan wanting in ingenuity. But, perhaps, the defect was not one of clumsiness, but arose from a personal regard to Crockford, and a desire to favour him.

Considering the becoming reprobation which had been poured out on "the Pandemonium," it was quite edifying to observe the eagerness which virtue manifested to get a peep at the temple of vice. The house was a show thronged with beauty, fashion, and decorum, for a week or ten days before its opening to the members; and the furniture and decorations were extremely approved, even though the morality was so dreadful. The hangings were beautiful, though the projectors deserved to be hanged. The lantern magnificent, though the revolutionary sentence of "*à la lanterne*" was never better merited by aristocrats than by those distinguished persons whom it was to light to their orgies.

A fête was given too the night before the devils began business, which was the most desirable thing of the season, up to the present hour, that is to say. Tickets were scarce, and every body was "dying to go to hell." There was one, "one only way," for some among the number to obtain their wish, but they declined it, feeling that there may be too much of a good thing, and not desiring to become permanent

members. The debt of nature is a disagreeable price to pay for a ticket for any place of fashionable resort. The news that hell was full, notwithstanding the disappointment, seemed to be received with much pleasure in St. James's streets; and the idea appeared to convey to many minds what Addison calls a secret satisfaction, and to wrap them for a moment in the delights of a fool's paradise. Such power have words. It was like the effect of seeing the libertine turned out of the infernal regions in Giovanni in London, which contributed so greatly to the popularity of that piece.

The national idea of bad places may certainly be materially deranged by the composition of Crockford's, seeing that great as is the public respect for morality, the respect for rank is still more considerable. I fear that too many of us are of the way of thinking of Machiavel, of whom this story is told, showing his affection for the company of the great. When lying at the point of death he was seized with a phrenzy in which he saw a company of poor, half-starved, ragged, ill-favoured wretches, who he was told were the inhabitants of Paradise, of whom it is written, blessed are the poor, in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. After these had retired an infinite number of grave majestic personages appeared, who seemed as sitting in council and debating upon important affairs of state. There he saw Plato, Seneca, Plutarch, Tacitus, with many others of the like character, and when he asked who those venerable persons were, he was informed they were the damned, the souls of the reprobated—*Sapientia hujus sæculi inimica est Dei*. After this, being asked to which of the companies he would choose to belong, he answered he would much rather go to hell where he might converse with those great geniuses about state affairs than be condemned to the company of such lousy scoundrels as had been presented to him before. He would rather be sent to the infernals, because he should find nobody in heaven but a parcel of beggars, monks, hermits, and apostles; but in t'other place he should live with cardinals, popes, princes, and kings.

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— The Nursery Historian who deludes young children in an account of the late war, makes a bold attempt to bamboozle grown gentlemen in a representation of a recent political event, which he puts forth under the signature of "a Whig-hater," in Blackwood's Magazine. He has actually the beautiful confidence to affirm, that Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords of the 11th of May was the destruction of Mr. Canning!—

"The new Premier had suffered the common fate of those who trust to intrigue and dexterity, rather than to bold and manly sincerity: he had no *real* friends, no one to throw their shield over him in his hour of need, and save him from the stern vengeance of his haughty enemy—*Lord Grey saw his opportunity, and smote him to the earth*. The newspapers of the day give no adequate idea of the wonderful effect of Lord Grey's speech of the 11th of May. While he was speaking, and pouring forth invectives, which fell, like a torrent of bitter waters, full upon Canning's devoted head, the House of Peers, which was extremely crowded, hung with breathless attention upon his words; and when he had concluded, no man rose up to gainsay that which

he had spoken. Mr. Canning's party stood aghast at the fearful castigation of their leader, and the Tories felt that anything more would be superfluous. In a few minutes the House was empty—men's minds were too full of what they had heard, [and their stomachs too empty, the writer should have added,] to allow them to address themselves to the ordinary business of the House, and it adjourned almost immediately, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour. *The news flew about as swift as the wind, that Lord Grey had destroyed Mr. Canning in the House of Lords*, and it soon reached the Premier himself. 'The iron entered into his soul.'—And in due course he took to his bed and died. Such is the substance of the sequel.

Really the writer should, in common prudence, postpone his history to the period when it may be supposed that time has a little impaired men's memories. Every body knows that, excepting the fact that Lord Grey made a severe speech on Mr. Canning, there is not a syllable of truth in the above quoted representation. It is notorious that Lord Grey's speech gave general offence; and, with the exception of the ultra organs and the narrow ultra coteries, there was not a newspaper, of a social circle, which was not full of disapproval of it. The noble speaker was, indeed, perfectly sensible when delivering his Philippic, that he had no sympathies which he could honourably acknowledge enlisted on his side, and accordingly expressed his regret that "he was now almost without political connexions of any kind;" and in continuation confessed that, "he felt some distrust of his own judgment on finding himself so opposed to his noble friends." 'There were good grounds for this diffidence. The attack was considered as a *coup manqué*; and it was commonly said that Lord Grey had *lost himself*. His influence was suddenly in abeyance, and he sunk into a cypher for a season, disregarded as a man of spleen, who would rather serve the cause of his enemies than witness the success of a Canning. My own opinion was, and is, that Lord Grey was right in the substance of this speech, and wrong only in the time and temper of it. He was comforting the enemy when their utter rout and confusion were the earnest object of every true and intelligent friend of his country; and he was also indulging in a virulence of observation which was obviously of a personal character. But with the multitude Mr. Canning was an idol, and the matter of the attack was deemed as objectionable as the spirit was bad, and the period impolitic. With what face then does this "Whig-hater," while all the circumstances of the impression are yet fresh in the recollection of all, declare that in the opinion of the public, Lord Grey destroyed Mr. Canning? If Mr. Canning was a Cæsar, Lord Grey was certainly not his Brutus; and for my own part I am persuaded, that after all the fine and moving things that have been said in his eulogies, repletion and negligence had much more to do with his death than the daggers of lath of Londonderrys, Ellenboroughs, and Dawsons. It is edifying, however, to observe the spirit of history in these particular examples. Five hundred years hence it may be a recorded fact, and firmly believed, that Lord Grey destroyed Mr. Canning with a pointed speech, that Mr. Brougham murdered the Marrs and Williamses, that Malthus cut Sheen's child's head off, and that Sir Francis Burdett throttled the king's black swan in the Regent's Park.

— In his life of Lord Byron, Mr. Leigh Hunt gives a very animated and amusing account of his voyage out to Italy in a small trader, a class of vessels the management of which he describes in these terms :

“The business of these small vessels is not carried on with the orderliness and tranquillity of greater ones, or of men of war. The crew are not very wise; the captain does not know how to make them so; the storm roars; the vessel pitches and reels; the captain over your head stamps and swears, and announces all sorts of catastrophes.”

This is extremely exact with the single exception of the description of the crew as “*not very wise*,” (of course nautically speaking.) The fact is that the best sailors we have are the sailors of small craft, who being obliged to turn their hands to every thing where there are few persons to exercise many duties, are men of resource, and of the most extensive nautical accomplishments. Men educated in large ships are appointed to a particular service, and understand it well, but beyond its demands they have small skill. Coasters, colliers, and fishing smacks are the schools of our able seamen.\*

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— The Morning Chronicle has favoured us with a curious statement, from which it appears that sixteen Scotch deserters had not a mouth among them! This is a feature which we should never have suspected the Scotch of wanting:

“National distinctions.—In the Hue and Cry of January 22, a list of one hundred and two deserters is advertised. Of these there are—

“English thirty-four. Irish fifty-two. Scotch sixteen.

“Of the sixteen Scotch six have long necks; fifty-two Irish twelve ditto; thirty-four English seven ditto. Most of the Irish are described as having short necks. Described as having large and wide mouths. English, three; Irish, nineteen; Scotch none!”—*Morning Chronicle*.

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13th. An ingenious contemporary critic refers the success of the new comedy, *The Merchant's Wedding*, among other causes, to the excellence of the scenery and costume, “picturesque and of a peculiar interest,” he observes, “being old English, and exhibiting our ancestors as they lived in-doors, and the streets as they walked about them.” Of the streets I will say nothing, but certain I am that no such dresses

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\* Since the above was in print, the Duke of Clarence made this statement at a public meeting:—

“The mercantile marine and the navy were essentially connected together, and the one would not flourish without the other. The navy must go hand in hand with the mercantile marine, for the mercantile marine was the nurse of seamen; and good seamen could not otherwise be formed. The navy was maintained at the public expense, and its numbers were necessarily limited to what was wanted at the time. It could not make seamen as they might be required, and must therefore depend on the mercantile marine. His royal highness then mentioned, in illustration, as we understood it, of the skill of the mercantile seamen, and their knowledge of the most dangerous parts of the coast, that he had observed, on one occasion, when four hundred sail of merchantmen were passing through Yarmouth Roads, that there was not one man or boy in the chains, and a distinguished seaman at table had made the same remark.”



as Charles Kemble's and Miss Chester's were ever worn out of theatres in any age. They, however, walk the scenic streets in them, and without a *cortège* of ragged disengaged boys at their heels, which is absolutely necessary to *vraisemblance*. It so happened that I saw this comedy last Saturday, when attracted to the theatre by the intellectual allurements of the pantomime—which I must observe by the way found favour in my sight—and I was mightily struck by the verisimilitude of one scene in the piece. Miss Chester, a disdainful lady of condition, encountering her suitor, Charles Kemble, in the streets, and being importunately wooed by him, turns to, and fairly "blows out upon him;" abusing his clothes, reproaching him with their fashion, charging him with a second-hand possession of them, and lastly, from his outward proceeding to his inward man, she reviles his proportions and vituperates his complexion. And this is nature! when it is found in old authors, that is when the monstrosity, the outrage against custom, do not strike us because the time is far distant from our own, and the proprieties consequently not present to our minds. Let us suppose, however, the effect of a scene in a play pretending to describe the manners of the present day, in which a lady of quality should meet her lover in the Park, and turn upon him with such upbraidings as these:—

"You an Exquisite, indeed! You!—Why that shirt collar is a false one, and shirt you've none. Your cravat is unstarched, and looks as blue upon you as your unpaid washerwoman. Then for your coat, 'twas made in Cheapside, and exhibited on a block, priced two pound two. Your waistcoat sure 'twas bought of a Jew hawker for five poor shillings—a brimstone yellow with copper buttons by this light. Your unnameables a mile too short, unstrapped, and bagging at the knee—too scant for trousers, wide for pantaloons, type of the narrowness of your means, th'excess of your pretension. Then for your boot 'tis counterfeit—a mere extravagance of shoe. Your gloves are York tan—fittest for a hedger. That chain too tackles to no watch, 'tis gingerbread. And for your face—go to! you're bilious man. You an Adonis! Take Abernethy's pill. You'll win no beauty to your wife. Ah, marry no!"

There is a discourse which, *mutatis mutandis*, exactly tallies with what I heard Miss Chester deliver to the unspeakable delight of a judicious audience.

By the way, on this night Mr. Charles Kemble took it into his head to scold the gallery in a manner very acceptable as it seemed to the public. Some two or three fellows were making about the average quantum of noise, when he very coolly turned from Miss Chester, and as-if he had been in his own apartment, without stirring from the stage, said to a person in the wings, "Pray be so good as to send some one up to those people there." The gods continuing their high debate, he then looked fiercely up to them, and rated them roundly. This was obviously very respectful to the company, and therefore according to custom it was vehemently applauded.

Galleries are certainly nuisances. The patent theatres ought to have none. In which case to be sure the performers would get no applause. The pot-boys are the great encouragers of histrionic talent, and also

of musical skill, I must add. The other night at an oratorio I observed one of that influential class of persons, the ragged boys, who sitting in the front of the gallery, procured by his own individual exertions three repetitions of a song by Miss Love. This dirty young gentleman in his shirt sleeves, represented the public taste, and the performer retired no doubt brim full of pride at such worthy approbation. Oh that the Brahams, Pearmans, Stephensens, and Loves, could but see, drawn out in foul array, the authors of *encores*, and they would not deprave their execution, and excruciate our ears to win them!

— Sir Everard Home was lately employed in taking a survey of the person of his majesty's giraffe, an account of which he set forth in a paper intended to illuminate the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society. In this curious composition he stated that Nature had made the surface of the giraffe's tongue black for its better endurance of the rays of the sun. It never occurred to Sir Everard, that Nature, contrary to her custom, would have taken in this instance a very unnecessary precaution, as the giraffe had a mouth which would serve all the purpose of a parasol. But the idea reminds me of an impudent story told by the John Bull of a certain royal duke, who being, when out riding, caught in a shower of rain, complained to one of his attendants that the rain rained into his mouth. "Perhaps," suggested the gentleman, "if your royal highness were to shut your mouth, you would not experience that inconvenience." The duke tried the experiment, and exclaimed, "You're right, you're right. It is as you say indeed. Shutting my mouth does prevent it. Well, it is very odd that often as I have been annoyed in this way I never thought of the remedy."

Nature might safely have entrusted the giraffe with a tongue of any colour, assured that it would shelter it within its mouth whenever it was unpleasant to loll it. The parrot's tongue is black, though from its shortness it is always in the shade. Negroes are indeed black outside, but whether for the better endurance of the sun's rays, or in consequence of their action on the race, may be questionable. Those breeds are possibly done brown—roasted over-much. Certainly black is the hottest colour; and, therefore, it is not easy to understand why Nature should prefer it where the sun makes himself disagreeable. The skin of the blacks is more oily, and is good wear for frying, but it is difficult to understand why it should be black except as a consequence of baking, not as a preparative against it.

It is a pity that the world is not a little more equally subjected to the sun's favours. When a cook roasts a joint of meat, she turns it on the axis of the spit, till it is done longitudinally, and afterwards sets the ends to the fire. We want this last finish. We are roasted like an apple twisting on a string, burnt to a coal about the middle, and raw at both ends.

Mr. Hobhouse should take up the matter in the House of Commons, and move a reform. Apropos of Mr. Hobhouse in imitation as it would seem of the glorious example of a king of France, who, with twenty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then—marched down again, he

made a motion respecting the Navarin affair the subject of a cruelly long speech, and in due course *withdrew it*.

"*Que les gens d'esprit sont bête !*" says Figgro, "What overgrown schoolboys are the integral parts of our collective wisdom !" "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." How they delight and revel in a phrase. Mr. Hobhouse got hold of one upon this occasion, and was never weary of repeating it. Mr. Law, the present Lord Ellenborough, the gentleman with the head of hair, and the doctrine that the punishment of innocence is as beneficial as that of guilt, this person it seems described the Battle of Algiers thus, "it was a noble enterprize brilliantly achieved in a great cause." This was well said ; said as schoolboys would surely have said it in thems : as editors would certainly have expressed it in leading articles ; as blue ladies would infallibly have worded it at conversaziones, but Mr. Hobhouse brings it forth as of rare and wonderous merit, and trots it up and down his speech with the most childish delight conceivable. Mathews, if I mistake not, makes one of his characters repeat common-places with rapture ; and it is indeed by no means uncommon to meet persons in the world who present positive *niaiseries* to one with the unction of bon-mots. I remember to have journeyed in a stage coach with a bookseller of Piccadilly of strong cockney peculiarities, who promised his companion a witty anecdote, which he narrated pretty nearly in these words :—

"Dick - - - met me one day as I was going along Parliament-street ; 'where are you going S - - - ' says he ?—'Why, I am going to the House of Commons,' says I. 'Going to the House of Commons,' cried Dick, 'you'd better go to Tothill Fields—ha ! ha ! ha !' That was what he said, gentlemen ; 'You'd better go to Tothill Fields,' ha ! ha ! That was his remark. You'd think it was a made thing, but it was not ; it was the real observation Dick made to me when I told him where I was a going. It's not an invented story, but a genuine fact, though I dare say you'll scarcely credit it. But Dick had a power of genius. 'You'd better go to Tothill Fields,' ha ! ha ! ha ! That was his remark. It was indeed."

The same worthy person amused me much by stating the physiological signs by which he discovered whether a man drove a gig. "The instant," he said, "a man comes into my shop, I can tell whether he drives his *chay* or not, for if they drives their *chay* they've such fire in their eyes !"

Mr. Hobhouse's "noble enterprize, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause," so dwelt on as a gem of eloquence, is similar to the "you'd better go to Tothill Fields," chuckled over as a spark of wit. In a stage coach it would have been tolerably in place though a little tedious, but in the senate it was a ludicrous puerility.

It happens whimsically enough, that the very best thing that has been said on the battle of Navarin is attributed to Mr. Hobhouse himself. When asked what people thought of it, he replied, "Why, you know, every body says it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it."

Lord Ellenborough may return the Member for Westminster's com-

pliment, and with the dignity of the House of Peers say: \* "My Lords, the question asked by Mr. - - - - - was answered by an ingenious young gentleman of great talent and eloquence, Mr. Hobhouse. What has become of that young gentleman, whether in his maturer years he has realized the promise of his more youthful days, it does not become me to inquire. Mr. Hobhouse in the course of his observations on the occasion to which I have alluded, made use of this appropriate phrase:—'Every body says it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it.' My lords, I beg to say that these words of that eloquent young gentleman, Mr. Hobhouse, are strictly applicable to the common sentiment on the battle of Navarino, 'it's a d—d shame, but every body's d—d glad of it!'"

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17th. A good example appears in the John Bull of this day, of a representation of facts so managed as to have all the effect of misrepresentation with those unacquainted with the nature of the facts stated:—

"Some further proceedings were had in Chancery on Tuesday, in the extraordinary and (to every parent) most interesting case of Mr. Long Wellesley's children. The tutor of his boys—the approved tutor of the Misses Long too—accompanied them to Eton, whence indisposition one day drove him upon such sort notice, that he neither communicated his departure to the head master, nor to their father, with whom, since the young ladies choose to treat him as a nonentity in regard to his own children, Mr. Pittman did not think it at all worthy his while to communicate; and *there were these boys*, for whose virtue and piety their irreproachable maiden aunts have expressed such anxiety, and in defence of which they have so assiduously exerted themselves, *left without any tutor—except the tutor of the boarding house—and without any guardian, except the husband of their dame*; and *in this state* they remained until Christmas, when they were again taken home by their aunts."

Good folks who know nothing at all about the matter, will, on reading this paragraph, turn up their eyes with compassionate horror, and exclaim, What a dreadful desertion!—poor little boys!—"left without any tutor, except the tutor of the boarding house—without any guardian, except the husband of their dame; and in this state" to remain till Christmas! The babes in the wood were surely carefully tended, compared with these poor little Long Wellesleys. However, the fact is, that these boys without any tutor—except the tutor of the boarding house,—and without any guardian excepting the husband of their

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\* We give a part of Mr. Hobhouse's speech:—

"The motion made by Lord Castlereagh [on the battle of Algiers] was seconded by an ingenious young gentleman of great talent and eloquence; Mr. Law. What has since become of that young gentleman, whether in his maturer years he has realised the promise of his more youthful days, it does not become me to inquire [a laugh]. Mr. Law, in the course of his observations on the occasion to which I have alluded, made use of this appropriate phrase:—'It was a noble enterprise, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause.' Sir, I beg to say that these words of that eloquent young gentleman, Mr. Law, are strictly applicable to the battle of Navarino; it was 'a noble enterprise, brilliantly achieved, in a great cause.'"

dame, were just in as good condition, as nine tenths of the boys in the school, about whose plight no one thinks it necessary to go into fits, and no newspaper editor weeps, wails, and gnashes his teeth.

In the John Bull's remarks on the decision in the Wellesley case, I fully concur, and I quote its just concluding observations, regretting that their force should have been impaired by the tricky commencement of the article:—

“If the Court of Chancery, sitting as an inquisition into the morality of private individuals, is to have the right of separating parents from their children, and of alienating the affections of children from their parents, upon the allegations and asseverations of relations and connexions, mixed up in domestic differences and family quarrels; then the negro slave of the West Indian planter, the object of so much solicitude to the saints of the age, is better provided for, by the new colonial regulations, which prohibit the division of families in the sale of blacks, than the white children of Britain, with all their boasted freedom and all their vaunted privileges.

“It seems to us the most monstrous anomaly to break the tenderest ties of nature, to make the child rebel against the parent, and tear asunder the sweetest link of humanity, and assign as a reason for such a mighty outrage—the support of morality.”

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— Such is the march of refinement that the inmates of our poor-houses wear drop ear-rings:—

• WINDSOR POLICE.—MONDAY.

“A fine healthy-looking country girl was brought before the magistrates this day upon the following charge:—It was stated that she had been passed from Colnbrook in the regular way, and taken into the poor-house here; that yesterday (Sunday) morning, as they were preparing to go to church with the master and mistress of the house, she came in dressed out with long drop pendants in her ears. The mistress objected, and immediately ordered her to take them out; the girl refused to obey; when the master insisted upon her compliance. She, however, continued obstinate, and being further pressed, replied, ‘I’ll be —— if I do.’ The master told her that that was not an expression such as he was accustomed to hear; and he would give her ten minutes to reflect upon her conduct, and consider whether she would obey. She continued obstinate, however, and the master thought it right to confine her; and afterwards went to chutch with the rest of the inmates. On his return, however, he found that the prisoner had stolen out of her prison by removing some of the bricks in the wall.”

We shall soon hear that a tyrannical overseer has forbidden paupers to wear pearl necklaces, or diamond tiaras.

All this struggle for finery in a poor-house is mightily ridiculous; but the mayor of Windsor's remarks on the occasion make us lose all sense of the absurdity, and impress us only with feelings of respect for the discretion, and kind, considerate temper of the magistrate. I had no idea that such a mayor was to be found.

"The mayor then said, Mr. Green, I don't much care whether the young women in your house wear ear-rings or not; it would, no doubt, be more consistent with their situation that they should not; but I do think it very necessary, that the strictest impartiality should be observed, and that a rule should not be enforced in one instance, in consequence of any feelings on the part of the master, and relaxed in another. You should be very cautious too, how you confine people without advice on the subject. In the peculiar situation in which this young woman seems to be, the violent excitement her feelings must have undergone, might have produced very serious consequences. You say that no girl in your house wears ear-rings; now I must remark, that when I went up into one of the wards the other day, to see a poor person, among the rest, I particularly remarked a girl wearing a pair of very fine ear-rings indeed. If you have a general order to that effect, let it be enforced generally, and let these trinkets be taken out of all the girls' ears; but do not, for God's sake, let one poor creature be selected to be pointed at. If she was abusive, that was a separate matter. I am quite aware of the importance of supporting the governor in maintaining the observance of the regulations, but at the same time it is equally important, that they should be enforced with an even hand."

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— Among the improvements of the age is to be numbered a journal setting forth all the cases of distress deserving relief in the metropolis. It might be supposed that this sheet would be as large as the bed of Ware; but such is the prosperity of the country, that it does not exceed the size of a page of foolscap paper.

I should propose the publication of an Advertiser stating the condition of a superior class of sufferers.

For example:—

**CRUEL CASE OF DESERTION.**—There is at this time at Long's Hotel, a young gentleman of good family, left without any attendants, except the servants of the house, and without any major domo—except the landlord; and in this state he has remained since the London season commenced, and is likely to remain until he leaves town in July, in no private carriage, but a hack chaise and four!

At Stevens's there are three young persons unable to keep their cabriolets, and reduced to nightly hackney coaches. For days together they have been seen *walking* in the Park, to the great distress of feelings vastly superior to their fortunes; and it is weeks since they set their feet in even a friend's Stanhope.

**CASE OF MELANCHOLY PRIVATION.**—Peter Walbeck, Esquire, of Paradise-row, South Lambeth, inhabits a house with two windows in front, and cannot afford to drink champagne. Has a wife without a carriage, and four girls who have never touched a harp, or learned a word of Italian! Also two sons, bountifully endowed by nature with whiskers and mustachios, and credited with spurs, who are nevertheless without blood horses, or the commonest necessaries of life.

**CASE OF FRIGHTFUL DESTITUTION.**—Scott, Earl of Eldon, of Hamilton-place, in the parish of St. George, out of place at the advanced

age of seventy-eight, and though extremely anxious for employment, disappointed in all his expectations of procuring the same. His pension is only four thousand a-year, and not a dinner has been dressed in his house within the memory of man! He has a wife to support, and a son to provide for, who holds only eight appointments. He walks about the streets complaining of having been tricked out of work by a soldier; and is altogether a very pitiable object.

**VIRTUOUS SELF-DENIAL.**—There is at No. 214, Portland-place, a person named Miles Barnardine, Esquire, who having to maintain a wife and thirteen children, has rigidly denied himself the elegant irregularity of an Alpha cottage and appurtenances, or a bird-cage, &c., in the King's Road. A couple of thousand a year, in aid of his narrow means, would, with a little management, make this poor man happy.

**APPALLING DISTRESS.**—There are now in this metropolis, the seat of ease and luxury, seventeen briefless barristers, twenty-one reluctant law-students, five unemployed physicians, and four hundred and thirteen bald-headed half-pay captains, who with the best dispositions are unable to play crown-points at short whist! The number of shilling point players is incredible, and shocking to humanity.

The affliction is indeed so extensive that nothing but a national subscription, or a vote of Parliament, can mitigate this frightful mass of mortification.

John Gregson, a footman who has taken office under a learned author in Dover-street, is denied the use of the library, or the perusal of the newspaper, and is in a state of complete intellectual starvation. His salary is but twenty-five pounds a-year, and a box at Newington, and a current score for necessary spiritual refreshment, leave out of it no means for satisfying the cravings of the mind. A subscription opened for this poor man with Messrs. Saunders and Otley would be a real charity.

— No one can form a proper idea of the importance of the Times newspaper without deriving his estimate of it from its own impartial columns. That the paper is a very good newspaper, sometimes able in comment, and always an engine of power from its wide circulation, nobody can deny; but I had no notion till I saw it set down in its own pages, that it was the intellectual guide of the British nation,—the fugalman who directs the motions of a people's minds. During the month, most of the Greek letters have sallied out of the alphabet to make this unsuspected fact appear.

Lambda writes thus to, and of, the editor:—

“ I perceive by your energetic and eloquent call upon the people to-day, that you are fast abandoning your preconceived hopes of this military minister.”

Further, laying it on still thicker—

“ I cannot repress, sir, my deep admiration at the patriotic and commanding attitude which you have at length assumed. Your late line of argument and language had caused much uneasiness to the friends of liberty; but now that the momentous crisis is arrived, England perceives, with joy, that you are not forgetful of your old allegiance. The magnificent appeal of The Times is

*gone forth, like the fiery cross*, into all her homes and houses; and the gathering cry against the oppressor will be answered, sir, as becomes her freemen.

Kappa is perfectly miscrable in his mind because *The Times* is silent on its merits:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“Sir,—I perfectly agree with you in the opinion you have so recently given of the different members of the existing administration; but it has struck me as a piece of forgetfulness on your part, not to remind the public and your numerous readers and admirers (of whom I am one), of the perfect truth and exactness of every part of the statement you made at the time of the rumoured resignation of Lord Goderich, when such statement was totally denied to be the fact by some part of the press,—*Chronicle, Courier, &c.*—and doubts thrown on it by the remaining part of it. *Pray, Mr. Editor, do yourself justice in this respect*: it is no more than your duty, to let the public see which paper possesses the best sources of intelligence.—I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

“KAPPA.”

“*Friday morning, Feb. 15.*”

Semi-Lambda now blows the trumpet,\* or to speak it more profanely, the newsman's horn:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“Sir,—I think you pursue a wise course in regard to the Wellington cabinet, and that ‘*Lambda*’ is rather too precipitate in his thunders. If the ministers mean well, your bolts, as yet, would be only *bruta fulmina*. If ill, then, *with what augmented force can you come down upon them*, it being obvious that the tree was left to grow, as long as its blossoms were of promise, and that the axe was not applied, but only had its edge prepared, till proofs were given of the rottenness? — — — — —

“If the Finance Committee is not as honest as the best names in Parliament can make it, away with your forbearance. If the Horse-guards continue much longer in co-partnership with the Treasury, away with your neutrality. If more ‘*untoward eyes*’ are turned to Navarino and the East, away with every thing but the strong hand of English opposition. *Write, Mr. Editor, as you have written—strike as you have struck. You will appear again in arms, and the people of England will recognize their ancient leader.*

“SEMI-LAMBDA.”

“*Recognise their ancient leader!*”—Good Lord, who would have thought it!

Lambda again:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

“Sir,—Your ready insertion of my late expostulatory letter, and the remarks with which you are pleased to accompany it, *are proofs of impartiality which do you honour*. Your pledge especially, ‘*not to slacken in your opposition*’ to the Wellington Cabinet, should it ‘*déviate from the principles of Mr. Canning’s*,’ cannot but have been read with intense interest. It is a security, if not for their good behaviour, at least for your constancy to the people; and the people will look to you for its plenary and unequivocal redemption.

“But though *I honour you for an impartiality that you have thus fearlessly exercised*, there is not the less between you and me,—on the subject of the existing Ministry,—a wide gap,” &c. &c. — — — — —

“Your citation of the duke’s self-condemnatory speech, after the government of England was actually removed to the Horse-guards, was by no means sufficient. It ought to have been followed up with *that power of uncompromising exprobration, which in the people’s cause, has been hitherto beyond all your contemporaries, so imprescriptly and peculiarly yours*. But all at once, as if some tacit armistice had been concluded between you and the Captain-



Minister, the fact of his unexampled and potentous appointment is suffered to die away like a nine days' wonder. The accession, too, of the whole batch of Ultras was announced with a striking indifference, *and not made the subject of your usual vigorous comments*; nor was your want of sympathy for the overthrown friends of freedom the least remarkable.

"I put it to yourself: when, *since The Times has commanded the attention of all liberal Europe*, has it advocated, with one sustaining swoop, as it now does, the Wellingtons, the Bathursts, the Peels, the Melvilles, the Goulbourns, the Dawsons?"

Algernon now takes up the *parole*.

"Sir,—*The admiration I have for your talents*, and the respect I entertain for your judgment, have naturally induced me to hesitate before I pursue a course in some degree at variance with that opinion with which you have this day prefaced *your powerful observations* on the explanations of Monday night;" — — — — —

"Sir, I must not trespass too much on your valuable time, nor encroach too far on pages always devoted to *the best interests of the country*."

I had no notion that there was so much merit in the world as seems to reside in the person of The Times editor. The little reproaches which preface the praise are of admirable ingenuity. For the alleged culpable slowness to censure is surely an amiable weakness in the giant leader of the people.

— It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Buckland distinguished himself a few years ago, by discovering a cave at Kirkdale, which he proved to be the dining-room of antediluvian hyænas, that had in this retreat feasted upon elephants and water-rats, and left nothing but the teeth of these tit-bits, just as records of their good living, and bones of contention for future naturalists and cosmogonists. The same ingenious gentleman has lately had the good fortune to find a piece of red sandstone, bearing on it the traces of an antediluvian tortoise's foot-steps. The whole geological world has been in raptures at this discovery; and in order to make sure of the fact, that the steps traced in the stone were the steps of a tortoise, a meeting of the society was held, and some soft chalk was prepared, on which a modern tortoise might make his mark, and thus authenticate as it were the signature of his ancestor. Every thing being ready for the demonstration, and the interest of the scientific company wound up to the highest pitch, the tortoise was placed on the chalk, and, first of all, he flatly refused to stir a step. The members, upon this, very properly waxed impatient, got in a rage, and began kicking and banging him about, and male-dicting him in an extremely moving manner. They had much better, however, have refrained from these stimulants; for when the tortoise was at last prevailed on to walk, he insisted on walking as straight as an arrow; whereas the antediluvian tortoise's march was as crooked as a ram's horn! The society were aghast at the discrepancy. Various arguments, however, were used to console them. It was suggested that the tortoise might have forgotten the true manner of walking while confined in the ark; and that owing to this circumstance the proper step might have been lost by his descendants. Or it might be, that chastened by the deluge, his slow race had returned to the path of rectitude, which they had, in the universal degeneracy,

wilfully deserted for devious ways. Or perhaps, they had one way of walking on red sandstone, and another on soft chalk: one manner in private, and another before scientific beholders. Or, probably, the march of mind might be the cause; and tortoises, quicker than Tories, may have rejected the maxim, *Stare in antiquas vias*, and studied, like Utilitarians, the shortest means to the proposed end. Any supposition, in short, was preferable to the suspicion that the marks in the sandstone were not the traces of an antediluvian tortoise's steps.

— Mr. Huskisson has raised a curious question respecting the rapid granulation of the wounds of friendship. In August his wounds were "too green and fresh to admit of his serving in the same ministry with those persons who had deserted the service of their country, when the ministry of his friend, Mr. Canning, had been formed." In January we see the sufferer whole in skin and place, and the question naturally arises by what art so quick a cure has been effected. We believe that it is to be attributed to a curious practice called the sympathetic surgery, which was believed of great virtue in the middle ages, and is elaborately described by Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The lady of Branksome, it will be remembered, when Deloraine is wounded, procures the head of the lance that gave the blow, and lays it carefully in salve, and by this tender treatment of the instrument, the wound of the knight presently heals. A similar system has doubtless made whole Mr. Huskisson.\* The instruments that inflicted his wounds being salved with office, the secretary's sores were instantly cured.

— In my last Diary I copied a statement from a morning paper representing Mr. Hume as having had a pecuniary interest in the success of the deceased London Free Press. It appears that this statement was unfounded, and therefore Mr. Hume is acquitted of the charge of having so indefatigably puffed the paper with a view to his own profit. What other motive may have actuated Mr. Hume, it is not now worth while to inquire, but as the Irish judge said when discharging a prisoner caught in the act of setting a house on fire, "I hope he will be more cautious in future."

25th. A celebrated wit observes, that the late political events should give peculiar fervency to the supplication—

"From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, HERESIES, and schism, good Lord deliver us."

\* "She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood.  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:  
No longer by his couch she stood;  
But she had ta'en the broken lance,  
And washed it from the clotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine in trance,  
When o'er she turned it round and round,  
Twisted as if she galled the wound.  
Then to her maiden did she say,  
That he should be whole man and sound  
Within the course of a night and day."

*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto 3. xxiv.

## INUNDATIONS IN HOLLAND IN 1825.

A GREAT part of the fertile and cultivated soil of Holland, as is well known, has been anciently redeemed from the ocean, or from the stagnant waters of the rivers, by which it is intersected; and this uncertain domain is still, at short intervals, claimed by its former masters. Its present proprietors, therefore, unable to rely on their prescriptive rights, are obliged always to guard their possessions with vigilance; and often to repel encroachments with activity and vigour. From the port of Ostend to the mouth of the Ems—along a line of coast which, including the circuit of the islands at the mouth of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Zuider Zee, extends several hundred miles—there is no barrier against the invasion of the sea, except a continued range of dykes or mounds of sand, raised by the art, and preserved by the industry, of man. By miracles of enterprise and perseverance, the Hollanders have thus been able to say to the raging ocean, without presumption or blasphemy, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” Within this line we find fertile fields, extensive meadows, magnificent pleasure-grounds, noble parks, smiling villages, and populous cities. No landscape is more rich or striking—no country of the same extent supports such a number of inhabitants, or contains such an accumulation of the fruits of industry and the materials of happiness. From the top of several of the town spires you can see nearly all the great cities of Holland, spread out before you on a surface as level as the ocean; and can trace the line of the ocean itself by the range of yellow sand eminences, destined to act as a bulwark against its waves. At flood-tide, or with the wind blowing in a particular direction, the level of the waters beyond the dykes becomes higher than the dry land within them. You may, therefore, hear the waves beating against the barrier above your head, and see that nothing but its height and strength can protect you from their violence. To this enemy from without, the Dutch have to add, one frequently no less terrible from within. “Your kingdom,” said Napoleon to his brother Louis, “may be defined the *alluvium* of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt; the great arteries of my empire.” The contents of these great “arteries,” are drained off in a thousand minute ramifications, (so as to form canals and lines of communication between city and city, between village and village, nay, even between street and street, and field and field,) and pass with diminished power, and by almost imperceptible degrees, into the German ocean, or the Zuider Zee. But when their volume is violently increased by storms in the higher regions of Europe, or their discharge interrupted by tempests on the coast, a great part of the country is exposed to as much danger from their overflow as from the agitated waters of the sea. The soil of Holland, thus rescued and protected, bears every where the marks of its origin. It consists either of pure sand, as if it had recently been raised from the bottom of the sea; or of a mossy black mould, as if formed from the inundation of a river. If ever the exaggerations of poetry could be justified, as applied to the effects of sober industry, the existence and preservation of Holland would offer a fit subject for them. The

mythological impiety, therefore, contained in the following verses of Dr. Pitcairn, may be pardoned on account of that portion of undeniable truth which they beautifully express:—

“Tellurē fecere Dei, sua litora Belgæ,  
Immensæque patet molis uterque labor.  
Dii vacuo sparsas glomerarunt æthere terras,  
Nil ubi quod ceptis posset obesse, fuit;  
At Belgis Maria, et terræ, naturæ rerum  
Obstitit; obstantes hi domuere Deos.”

The care of supporting the dykes, and protecting the land which is liable to be inundated several times every year, by the sea or the rivers, is intrusted to a permanent administration, called the *Waterstaat*. Obligated to watch their dykes, sluices, and water-works, as the garrison of a besieged fortress stations sentinels on its ramparts, this body must be always ready and always efficient. Its chiefs compose, under the present government, an important branch of the Ministry of the Interior. It consists of two inspectors-general, one inspector, and about a dozen of engineers attached to the general administration, besides provincial and local colleges of engineers and officers. From the earliest times, this necessary branch of provincial and local administration has existed. The *dyke-grave*, or count of the dykes, was as necessary an officer in Holland, as the *lord of the marches* in some other countries during the barbarous turbulence of feudal times. Accordingly, we have a list of these regularly kept for the last five hundred years, from the days of William, the 15th count of Holland, who was elected king of the Romans, till the end of last century. These officers presided over a board, called the college of Rhine-land, consisting of councillors and curators of the dykes. A clear and distinct description of this institution is given by Guicciardini in his statistical account of the provinces of Holland, called *Belgica Federata*. “Sunt prætor ordinarias jurisdictiones in superiore atque inferiore Batavia, inter Mœsam et Vahalim, in insulis Bomelii ac Thilæ, marginibus Velaviæ atque alibi, aggerum præfecti ac septem-virijurati (DYK-GRAVEN EN HEEMRADEN), quibus aggerum muniendorum ac conservandorum adversus maris ac fluminum æstuantium inundationem cura commissæ est. Hi, ex perpetuis principum edictis, quum res possit, obequitantes aggeribus, aquæ ductus ac catartas perlustrant: si quod dissipatum, convulsum, concussum vel obrutum sit, instant, omnibus instaurandis incumbunt, multas indicunt, prædia neglectis aggeribus obnoxia evincunt, ac publicæ licitatione, ac omni reliqui clientelari, censuali, vel hypothecæ, onere libera, ac penitus purgata, minimum exigenti addicunt. Suntque hæc aggerum muniendorum jura in multis admodum rigida, atque exorbitantia idque ob publicam securitatem.”

Louis Buonaparte, in the memoirs of his brief Dutch reign, informs us, that on his accession, he found the administration of the dykes involved in the greatest intricacy and confusion. “There was no general system,” says he; “every different town, village, or lordship constructed dykes and drained marshes on its own account. It merely required, as a matter of form, the approbation of the supreme council, which was composed of five members. Engineers were employed on these partial works, which, however, were often left

to the principal workmen of the place, who had no other guide than a blind routine, and a sort of traditionary knowledge. The functions of the general administrations of the dykes were almost wholly confined to the raising and regulating the employment of the funds necessary for these works, determining disputes which arose on the subject, judging of the necessity of the works and the distribution of the assistance granted by the government, and making the arrangements necessary for a great number of partial loans, required by the land-holders to enable them to defray their shares of the expenditure. The head-engineers themselves, men of ability and zeal, were frequently employed in these affairs of mere pecuniary management." During the administration of Louis, he had unfortunately too many occasions to put the efficiency of the existing system, and the skill of the existing officers, to the test, to remain ignorant of their merits, or inattentive to their improvement. Accordingly we find that more was done, or projected, during the four years of his stay in Holland, than had been done for half a century before.

On the accession of the present family, the direction and superintendency of the dykes and canals were provided for by enactments of the Fundamental Law, or articles of the existing constitution of the Netherlands. These articles, to which we can only refer, compose the ninth chapter of that charter, and seem studiously framed to combine the efficiency and impartial operation of a general system, with the respect due to local privileges and provincial arrangements.

But notwithstanding all this care, and all these precautions, to resist or to repel their watery enemy; notwithstanding this well-organised body of inspectors and engineers—notwithstanding the ample funds and great physical force placed at their disposal, and ready to be employed at their bidding—the violence of the elements often sets all their vigilance, skill, and power at defiance, sweeping away their strongest bulwarks, and threatening their country with a general inundation.

The end of the year 1824, and the commencement of 1825, will be long remembered in other parts of Europe as well as in Holland. About the beginning of the winter months, extraordinary storms prevailed on all parts of the continent, but particularly in its higher regions and mountain ranges. Water-spouts and torrents of rain descended in Switzerland and the Black Forest, not only sufficient to damage the districts on which they fell, but to overthrow dykes and embankments, to cover whole valleys, and sweep away whole villages with their inhabitants and cattle. Wirtemberg, Baden, and the countries situated near the Alps, first felt this dreadful visitation. The valleys of the Neckar and the Rhine towards Heidelberg and Mannheim were entirely overflowed, and dreadfully damaged. Similar calamities were experienced in Hanover, Prussia, and other parts of Germany. While all the rivers that discharge themselves into the North Sea and the Baltic were thus carrying to their shores the evidences of their violence, a tempest which swept along the whole of these seas from west to east, concentrating its fury in the gulf of Finland, produced the most unheard-of calamities at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, sweeping away or nearly destroying the harbour, the fortresses, the arsenal, and the imperial magazines of the former place,

dashing the shipping in pieces, or throwing it out on the land; and demolishing in the latter wholly or in part about 5000 houses, destroying an incalculable amount of private and public property in warehouses and magazines, and drowning or overwhelming amid the ruins of their dwellings 380 individuals.

The people of Holland heard such accounts with dismay, particularly the intelligence of the ravages committed by the Rhine in the upper part of his course. In his irresistible fury he had overleaped, or demolished his embankments a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and what might not be dreaded from the force of his accumulated waters, descending on the Dutch territory, the highest point of which is only about thirty-two feet above the same level. The height of their dykes and causeways along his banks is not more than twenty-four feet; and if the water exceeded this elevation, their wealthiest towns and most prosperous villages—their homes and harbours—their fields and gardens, the fruits of their industry, and the monuments of their power, must have been overwhelmed in one common ruin. The water in most places had actually ascended to the top of the dykes. In some parts of the country these ramparts threatened to yield; in others they had even been slightly broken: every stream was covered with wrecks—every canal leaned against a tottering embankment. In a few days the greater rivers must have overflowed the causeways, and Batavia must have returned for a time to the state in which it is described by Tacitus. A wind suddenly springing up, and blowing these accumulated waters into the sea, saved it from the threatened inundation. This blessed wind was aided by the most active exertions of the *waterstaat*. Breaches in the dykes were filled up, the wind-mills assisted the discharge, and the threatening danger was for the present averted.

It was not for nearly six weeks afterwards—and then not from the same quarter, that devastation and misery came. The third, fourth, and fifth of February, 1825, were the fatal days for the coast of Holland, and a tempest occurring at spring tide was the cause. On the first and second of that month, the wind blew from the south-west, and the weather was extremely mild. The waters of the canals and rivers were thus discharged into the sea in great abundance and without danger. On the evening of the second, the wind veered round to the north-west, where it continued till the night of the fifth. The direction of the wind, the violence of the storm, and the state of the tide; caused at Amsterdam, and along the whole sea-coast, the greatest alarm on the morning of Wednesday the third. The flood of Wednesday rose higher than any ordinary spring tide. But a greater tide was still to be dreaded, and on the morning of Friday (the fifth) the water rose twenty-six inches higher than on any former day. The wind still continued in the north-west, accompanied with storms of thunder and lightning; so that from the direction of the gale, the waves did not subside at low water to more than half their usual ebb. The tide of Friday evening (the fifth,) was to be the highest, and was looked forward to with proportional alarm. It rose higher by six inches than during the destructive tempests of 1808, and higher than any of which there are authentic records. The cause of this no doubt was the accumulation of waters in the North Sea and Zuider Zee, by the pre-

valence of south-west winds, and their precipitation on the Dutch coast by the change of their direction from south to north. In the night of the fifth, all was confusion and terror at Amsterdam. In some places the waves had surmounted their barriers, and the cellars of some of the lower parts of the town were flooded. In other places the water had got up to the doors. The alarm-bells sounded, and the inhabitants were called to provide for their common safety. Some ran to the dykes with all the materials which they could collect to heighten or strengthen them. Some took up their carpets, and were preparing to carry the most precious portions of their furniture to the higher quarters of the town, or the upper stories of their houses. The authorities were all at their post to direct the employment of the means of safety, or to preserve the public tranquillity. On every side terror and dismay prevailed. Every one anticipated from the raging waves a destruction, from which he saw no prospect of escape. Half an hour longer, of continued storm, or the slightest rise in the tide, must have laid the greatest part of the Dutch capital and of its treasures under water. Nothing could have prevented this catastrophe, but the change of wind which suddenly took place a little after midnight.

The capital was thus saved; but as soon as the tempest permitted communication from without, the cry was heard from the opposite side of its harbour, that a *door-braak* of the dykes had taken place, and that the fairest portion of its neighbourhood was inundated.

On the fourth, the violence of the waves had burst through the causeway or mole of Durgerdam, a village on the Zuider Zee, about six or seven miles east of Amsterdam, and poured irresistibly upon North Holland, spreading from the dyke which encloses one side of the harbour of Amsterdam, to the beautiful town of Alkmaar on the north-west, to Edam on the east, and to Beverwyk on the west. The inundation thus spread over more than a third part of North Holland, extending upwards of twenty miles from north to south, and about twenty-five miles from east to west, and covering a space of more than twice the size of the sea of Haarlem, which is stated to contain about 60,000 acres. Within this circuit are the considerable towns of Edam, Monnikendam, and Purmerende, which became a prey to the deluge; the celebrated village of Brock, the manufacturing villages of Wormerveer, Zaadwyk, and many others, whose names are unknown to the general reader, were likewise overflowed. The inundation did not, of course, rise to an equal height, or produce an equal havoc over the whole of this space. Two or three of its most fertile districts were entirely protected by their own local dykes, propped up, repaired and defended by the enterprise and activity of the peasants.\*

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\* The Beemster, a district consisting of nearly 10,000 acres, which was entirely a lake or marsh in 1612, and which, being drained in four years afterwards, constitutes now one of the most beautiful spots in North Holland, was of this number. It is traversed by high dykes at short intervals, which, crossing each other at right angles, form it into regular divisions like the squares of a chess board. Sir W. Temple was struck with the beauty of this district, in less than a century after it was reclaimed from the stagnant water. He tells us, "that the Beemster is so well planted with gardens, orchards, rows of trees, and fertile enclosures, that it makes the most pleasant landscape ever seen." What can withstand the enterprise and industry of such a people! Happily this delightful spot and "pleasant landscape" remained untouched amid the deluge, owing to its high dykes and active peasantry.

In some other quarters of it the waters did not rise so high as materially to damage the houses, while over a large portion of its southern and eastern divisions, the waves mounted nearly to the tops of houses and trees, and produced a total devastation. The wretched inhabitants were in general saved by the rapidity of their flight to the nearest little eminences above water, or the activity of the boatmen of Amsterdam, joined to those of their own neighbourhood. A great portion of the cattle were likewise rescued by the same means. So that by this part of the inundation, not more than five or six persons were drowned, and about a thousand head of cattle lost. The damage, however, in other respects, was immense. The lands of an extensive country were laid under water, from which they will not be for years entirely cleared: woods, and ranges of trees, and shrubberies, and nurseries, and pleasure-grounds, and gardens were entirely destroyed; whole villages were thrown down or rendered uninhabitable; manufactories and mills were swept away; farm-houses and villas, with their furniture, their stores, their provisions, their carriages, and agricultural implements, the fruits of last year's industry, and the hopes of this, were all overwhelmed in one common ruin.

When we saw this scene of devastation in the beginning of August 1825, a large portion of the ground towards the north and west had been partially cleared. To the north of the causeway or dyke, which leads from Amsterdam to the celebrated village of Brock, the higher ridges of the meadows had risen above the water, and were again replenished with cows, which the peasants came in boats to milk. The same appearance was presented by all the country around the populous and manufacturing town of Zaardam, and towards the east and north. But towards the right of the causeway leading to Brock, and as far as the Zuider Zee, all was a raging flood. The sight of this unfortunate district was then as well calculated to impress the spectator with an idea of the frightful calamity by which it had suffered, as on the day after the inundation. The broken and shattered causeway, over which you pass, acted like an embankment to the great remaining lake, and bore evidence of having been under it. The almost uninterrupted range of villas and garden-trees, which covered its side for five or six miles, were half immersed in water. The houses had either been undermined, and partially swept away, or were left supporting their roofs by fragments of walls and portions of their framework. Sometimes the lower story was washed away, and the ground-floor was under water; while the second story and attics rose, like a beaver's retreat, above the flood. The glass, though partially shattered, was still in the upper windows—the cheerful Delft-tile chimneys or fire places was seen through the ruins, and the planks or boarding of the floors were either lying on the ground, or scattered like sea-wrecks along the dyke. All these things seemed left in the state in which the inundation placed them—showing either that their unfortunate proprietors, having lost their habitations and their grounds, disdained to pick up the meaner fragments of the ruin, or that they waited with patience till, by the withdrawing of the sea, they could again return to their ancient residence. Even the damaged hay-stacks which had been provided for the winter food of the cattle, now destroyed or dispersed, rose, untouched and unpilaged, from the waters. The



rows of trees which shaded the houses on the side of the causeway, or adorned the gardens towards the meadows, came bare and leafless out of the waves; their roots being destroyed by the sea-water, and their branches covered with mud.

The gates of many of the villas were still standing, and retained inscriptions, (such as "*lust en rust*," pleasure and repose,) which contrasted strangely with the frightful and deplorable visitation which interrupted the retirement, and dispersed the families of their terrified inmates. On several of these gates the pride of the little Dutch Nimrod of snipes and wild-ducks still remained emblazoned, in the seigniorial intimation of "*privatie jaght*," (preserved sporting ground,) by which he warned off poachers and intruders from his manor. The distinctions of manorial property had ceased at the bottom of this new sea, and the sportsman required no license where the waves would pay attention to no notice. Abundance of curlews and other aquatic birds, together with flocks of sea-fowl, then sported over the waters which cover his meadows, or sheltered themselves among the ruins of his habitation.

As the waters were drawn off, however, the ancient land-marks of property appeared; and towards the east of Brock, the verdure of the extensive ranges of meadow-ground, which had been cleared, was variegated with the white gates and stiles which marked the limits of farms and enclosures.

It would have been happy for the Dutch if this had been the whole or even the greater part of the damage done to their country at the beginning of February, 1825, but this was only a small portion of the calamity. The same high tide, the same violent tempest of wind and rain, and the same irresistible pressure of the water against the dykes, extended round the whole interior of the basin of the Zuider Zee. In many places its sea-bulwarks were driven down, in others the waters rose above them and poured over them with a full flood, into the devoted country below, for five or six hours, without obstacle or interruption. The consequence was, that a large portion of the extensive provinces of Overijssel, Friesland, and Groningen, was deluged in a single night, and filled as brimful to the level of the sea, as if no barrier had existed to check its fury.

In East Friesland and Overijssel especially, the inundation was terrific, and the damage immense. Out of the thirty-two lordships of which the former consists, only five escaped the flood. The rest were all partly or entirely overflowed, and more than 100,000 acres of their most fertile land converted into a salt-water lake. The flood in this quarter rose four feet above the dykes, and poured in upon the country below in a continuous stream. It was impossible to resist, and difficult by the most rapid flight to escape its fury. Men, cattle, and every living thing fell a sacrifice to its rage. In many of the villages and farm-standings not a house was left standing, nor was a head of cattle saved. The number of men who perished in the waters, or were crushed to death by their falling houses, amounted to about one hundred. In one lordship only the number of black cattle drowned amounted to more than a thousand. We have before us a popular little work, published by a native of Friesland, giving an account, partly from official papers, and partly from personal obser-

vation and correspondence, of the extent of the inundation in each separate lordship or district of his own province, and of the amount of the loss occasioned by it; mixed with some striking and circumstantial details of the chief *door-braks* and *over-loops* of the dykes, of the progress of the waters, of the means adopted by the inhabitants to save their lives when they had lost their property, and of the appalling wretchedness which they endured from hunger, thirst, and cold, before they could be finally rescued from their perilous situation. In some places the villages and churches were raised a little above the level of the fields and meadows. Thither the peasants, therefore, ran for safety. In the church of the village of Wolvega, for instance, four hundred of these wretched beings took refuge from the surrounding flood, without being able to carry with them a single article of food, or rag of clothing, and remained benumbed with cold, or perishing with hunger, till the arrival of the means of relief.

In other cases, four or five hundred of them were found crowded together, in the market-place, among falling houses—exposed to the inclemency of a wintry sky, and every sort of physical destruction. In one case, where a multitude had retreated to the shelter of a church, its roof was set on fire by lightning. The miserable victims of the inundation thus saw their lives contested by the two fiercest elements of nature, and were threatened to be burned in the midst of the deluge. These sacred edifices, though often raised on higher ground, and made of more durable materials, than the cottage of the peasant or the houses of the village, were sometimes, like them, unable to withstand the weight of the flood, and, falling down, again exposed the wretched refugees to the inclemency of the storm. Sometimes, when the houses left standing were sufficient to receive the shivering outcasts of those which had fallen, the churches were converted into cow-houses or stables for the remnant of the rescued cattle;—for such deep and overpowering calamities confound all conventional distinctions of places and things, and substitute an irresistible and unreasoning necessity for sentiment and feeling. The devouring element, which had swallowed up the dwellings of the living, and even disinterred the coffins of the dead, left neither time, power, nor inclination to attend to the sacredness of an open asylum. The churches, where found standing, were therefore converted indiscriminately into hospitals, stables, or storehouses. To what other purpose could they now be destined? The dreadful catastrophe happened near the close of the week. In a few hours the Sunday approached, and the village bell would have called the people to the house of prayer. But it had previously sounded the tocsin of alarm, and hastened them to other scenes. Instead of indulging in peaceful worship, they were now called to fly from their homes, or to struggle for their lives—to hear the bellowing of their drowning cattle, or the crash of their falling houses—to escape in crowded boats over their flooded farms, or to attempt a safe standing on the labouring dykes, against which they saw their household furniture, their agricultural implements, their winter stores, their all, dashed like the foam of a surf. In such a scene of suffering, in such an immeasurable desolation, “waste and wild,” the strong walls of the churches, instead of being profaned, were doubly consecrated by offering a place of refuge. Many of the houseless outcasts of the

inundation continued to occupy this kind of retreat till the middle of March, supplied with clothes and food by the charity of their less suffering neighbours.

As the district called *Hestslellengwerf* suffered more than most of the other districts of this province, we may just state the amount of the damage. It lost 836 horned cattle above two years old, and 549 below that age, or in all 1385; 18 horses, 265 sheep, and 54 goats; 15,177 roods of peats, and more than a million of pieces of timber. Besides this, 166 farm steadings and hamlets were injured, damaged, or entirely swept away. The lordship of *Lemsterland* sustained nearly as great damage. In one of its minute divisions, out of 182 houses only twenty-five remained entire, and fifty were entirely swept away. In two small hamlets 400 cattle were lost. In two other districts upwards of a thousand of the previously wealthy inhabitants remained towards the middle of March, deprived of all their property, destitute of every thing, and dependant for their daily support on the charity of others. The breaches made in the dykes, the carrying off of farm produce, the loss in provisions, fuel, and furniture, the destruction of trees—whose roots the salt-water had withered—and the ruin of more than twenty square miles of excellent land, for a year or two to come, presented an overwhelming mass of damage, in this province, of which it would be difficult to calculate the amount.

But the devastation of Friesland was small compared with that of Overijssel, though the extent of the inundation was greater. In the latter province, according to official reports, more than 250 men were known to be drowned, and others had disappeared who were supposed to be lost, 90,000 acres of the best land were deluged, 1500 houses were entirely swept away, and double the number greatly damaged; 14,000 large cattle destroyed, besides sheep and smaller animals; and 4000 families, previously in wealthy or comfortable circumstances, entirely ruined, and left to depend on public charity or national compensation. The loss in manufactories, magazines, tanneries, salt-works, windmills, stores, trees, dykes, and other establishments, was almost incalculable.

In the higher province of Gelderland, the inundation was likewise frightful and destructive, though not so extensive nor ruinous as in the two bordering states. It drowned about thirty persons, and carried off more than 1000 cattle. It advanced so far as to threaten even the dykes of the province of Utrecht. Groningen, East Friesland, and Emden, likewise suffered severely; all the country at the mouth of the Ems, and for several miles into the interior, being laid under water, both from the sea and the river.

We have only room further to mention, that a province, with some parts of which Englishmen are better acquainted, namely, that of Zealand, which includes Walcheren and the other islands at the mouth of the Scheldt and the Meuse, sustained great damage in the breaches made in its dykes and bulwarks, and in the destruction of inanimate property, though only one life was lost, and no extensive ruin occasioned. The streets of Middleburg and Flushing were laid under water, and considerable injury was done to the houses. The activity of the burgomaster, and the zealous co-operation of the inhabitants of the latter port, prevented more extensive calamities, by filling up the

breaches as soon as they were made. The whole island was in most imminent danger. The islands of Schowen, Tholen, and South Beveland, had likewise to lament the violence of the storm, and the pressure of the waters upon their bulwarks. But the most extensive inundation which took place on the western side of the United Provinces was that which proceeded from the overflowing of the Bieschbosch near Dort, itself an inland sea, proceeding from a similar convulsion, which is said in 1421 to have occasioned the destruction of seventy-two villages and the death of 100,000 inhabitants. The deluge of February, 1825, covered about 6000 acres of fertile land, and threatened with destruction the city and island of Dort. The water rose ten feet in the streets of the suburbs. Considerable damage was done both here and on the Meuse, at Rotterdam.

All along the coast of the German ocean, from Ostend, the ramparts of which were partially damaged, and seriously endangered, to the Helder, in North Holland, and the islands which act like breakwaters at the entrance of the Zuider Zee, the tempest extended, and the sand-banks and dykes were injured. At the Helder, the immense blocks of granite, brought from Norway to compose a durable sea-wall, were unable to withstand the violence of the waters, and were scattered about like pebbles. Most of the cluster of islands which we have mentioned (we mean the Texel, Flieland, Terschelling, and Ameland), were inundated and greatly damaged.

Since the year 1170 there have been nine great inundations of different provinces of the Netherlands, more or less destructive, namely, those of 1170, 1404, 1421, 1470, 1531, 1532, 1670, 1692, and 1693; but none of them, with the exception, perhaps, of that which created the great lake near Dort, in 1421, committed such dreadful havoc on the defences of the country and the property of the people, as that of February, 1825. Only a wealthy and industrious people could repair the public injury, or enable the sufferers to support their individual losses.

And, perhaps, if there has seldom occurred a similar calamity, there has seldom been displayed more generosity or greater munificence to alleviate its pressure. Every boat at Amsterdam was put in requisition, and every hand that could pull an oar was engaged, to save the lives and rescue the property of the inundated districts in the neighbourhood of the capital. Clothes, food, drink, necessaries, of all kinds, were liberally supplied for the use of the sufferers. The gratitude of the inhabitants for their own deliverance seemed to overflow in charity to their less fortunate brethren. In two days after the inundation, nine hundred human beings, and twelve hundred cattle, were received, housed, fed and protected by the benevolence of the citizens of the capital. The same feeling of generosity was as universal as the distress which called for its exercise. We find it relieving at the houses of the wealthy, or supporting in the churches and hospitals of Friesland, Overijssel, and Gelderland, hundreds of wretched outcasts whose "homes were in the deep." The feeling became general in the nation, extending from the king down to his least affluent subject—from the capital to the most retired village.

As we have now given a brief and popular outline of the calamities suffered by the Netherlands in 1825, from the inroads of the sea, it

may not be superfluous to some of our readers to advert in a few words to the last great invasion of one of the rivers. This occurred in the beginning of 1809, and was rendered additionally remarkable by the personal presence and active exertions of Louis Buonaparte, at that time King of Holland, who has himself given us a description of the scene. Before the Rhine reaches Arnheim, and begins its divided and sluggish march to the ocean, it separates itself into two branches which form and surround the Delta, or island called the Betuwe. The southern of these branches, called the Whaal, joins the Meuse at Gorcum, and afterwards flows into the sea by Dort and Rotterdam, under the name of the latter river. The Leck flows more to the northward. The island thus formed lies lower than the rivers which surround it, and is therefore protected from inundation only by its dykes. A third small river, called the Linge, rises in the upper part of this Delta, and after having traversed nearly its whole extent, falls into the Whaal at Gorcum. A strong dyke called the Diefdyk, has been carried across the Betuwe, opposite Gorcum, to protect the lower part of the island, called the Five Lordships, from any inundation that may take place in the higher. Towards the end of January, 1809, the flood of the Whaal had broken through the dyke of the Betuwe at two points, and joining the Linge, had overflowed the island as far as the Diefdyk. This directed the inundation on the town and fortress of Gorcum, which was threatened at once by it and by the Whaal. We shall give the outline of the subsequent facts in the king's own words, confirmed as we have heard his statement by persons who accompanied him to the scene. "It was to this Diefdyk that the king first repaired with the officers of the Waterstaat. What a melancholy scene was exhibited by the sight of this new sea, the waves of which were perpetually rising and beating against the long and feeble rampart of a high and narrow dyke, that trembled at every shock of the waves, now nearly risen to its level! The peasants, assembled in a body, according to the custom of the country, were ranged in a line along the dyke, and boldly labouring to strengthen it. After having inspected this part and the town of Gorcum, the king crossed, on the 28th of January, not without difficulty, the mouth of the inundation and of the Linge, and found himself on the grand dyke of the Whaal, at the villages of Wieuken and Dalem. The dyke had here been perforated, to allow the escape of the inundation which flowed in fifteen leagues higher.

"The towns; villages, and single houses were completely blocked up. The buildings situated at the foot of the dyke had this refuge alone: and what refuge was a narrow causeway, threatened by a furious tide on one hand, and on the other by a newly-formed sea, that was incessantly rising? If to this feature be added that of the wretchedness and gloomy despair of the inhabitants, fallen suddenly from a state of happiness, and wanting the necessaries of life, we may form some idea of the theatre of desolation. The king traversed the whole of it during two days and a night, and arrived at Gorcum on the 30th of January." In the night of the 30th, as the king was preparing to take some rest, he was informed that the town was threatened with the inundation. He returned to the place endangered, and gave the necessary orders. The streets were unpaved, some

houses were knocked down, and the materials were employed in stopping a breach that had been made in the walls. The Diefdyk could no longer be preserved, though Gorcum was saved. There were no means of preventing the entire inundation of the Betuwe. "All the workmen," says the king, "were then dismissed, to attend to their own concerns and the safety of their families. No human precaution was neglected for the safety of the inhabitants. The villages of Nieuport and Vianen were entrenched, fortified, and victualled, to serve as places of retreat for the inhabitants and their cattle. Asylums and assistance were provided in addition all along the right bank of the Leck, where many of the inhabitants of the island took refuge. Young and intelligent naval officers were appointed to keep up communication between the inundated places. It was an affecting sight to behold the inhabitants assembled round their solitary houses, or at the entrance of their villages, and sorrowfully repeating '*Dus de dyk es door*,' 'thus the dyke is broken through.' The loss here was immense." And King Louis adds, as every narrative of the late calamities must likewise do, that "the Dutch nation on this occasion distinguished itself by its generosity. There was not a person who was backward in contributing to the relief of his countrymen; children were seen to offer their savings, soldiers their pay, workmen and servants their wages. The city of Leyden alone, which had scarcely recovered from the disaster of 1807, contributed nearly fifty thousand florins."

In the autumn of 1825 the repairs of the dykes had advanced so far as to remove all apprehension of danger in the ensuing winter. Great progress had been made in draining off the water from the inundated lands. More than two-thirds of the flooded territory was already dry, and accessible to its ancient proprietors. These proprietors, and their local authorities, being every year liable to invasions from the same enemy, have acquired the mechanical knowledge, the practical skill, and the patient habits necessary for such emergencies. They have likewise at all times in readiness the machinery and materials requisite for repelling an attack, repairing a breach, or counteracting a successful irruption. Their engineers are the best in the world, and their administration of the *Waterstaat* is zealous and well-organised. The king, who is extremely partial to the provinces so long connected with his family, and who is, moreover, a practical man of business, takes a great interest in every thing which tends to relieve the distress, or promote the prosperity, of his Dutch subjects. The funds, therefore, voted by the states-general, or contributed by public subscription, were employed, not only in restoring the inundated districts to their former condition, but in providing for their future security, by strengthening and elevating those stupendous bulwarks, which are thus practically shown to be their only protection.

Such partial calamities, and perpetual vigilance or labour to guard against or repair them, as we have above described, and the tax which a Dutch citizen must pay for an internal commerce by which he has rendered the industry and productions of every land tributary to his convenience, and a system of internal communication, by which he is compensated for all the disadvantages of his marshy soil and inhospitable climate. This tax every wise man would be willing to pay for preserving that beautiful and well-cultivated region, as remarkable

for its political as its physical arrangements—raised from the bosom of the deep, by an industry without parallel,—and exhibiting on its limited territory, more wealth, more enterprise, more happiness, and more virtue, than perhaps were ever exhibited within the same space in ancient or modern times. It is thus that intelligence, and industry, under a free government, can surmount all the disadvantages of natural position, and convert a swampy waste into smiling abodes of happiness and plenty.

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#### PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM DESIGNED BY POPE.

[The following sketch we understand to be from the early pen of one of the most celebrated writers of the present age.]

THE poem was to have been entitled *Brutus*; as *Æneas* was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence, the first predominant principle of his character, which prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants of *Troy*, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to *Æpirus*, from thence he travels over all Greece, collects the scattered *Trojans*, and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

(*Geoffrey's* account is here more adapted for poetry than *Pope's*. The *Trojans*, enslaved by violence, should, in poetical justice, be liberated in the same manner.)

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of *Dodona*, and is promised a settlement in an island, which from the description appears to have been Britain.

(Here again the historian is the most poetical.) He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic ocean.

The first book was intended to open with the appearance of *Brutus* at the straits of *Calpe*, in sight of the pillars of *Hercules* (the *ne plus ultra*): he was to have been introduced debating in council, with his captains, whether it was adviseable to launch into the great ocean on an enterprize bold and hazardous as that of *Columbus*.

One reason, among others, assigned by *Brutus* for attempting the great ocean in search of a new country, was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and law to that purpose.

A debate ensues. *Pisander*, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in *Betica*, a rich country, near the straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at *Carthage*. *Brutus* apprehends that the softness of the climate and the gold found there would corrupt their manners: besides that the *Tyrrians*, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

*Cloanthus*, one of his captains (fortemq. *Cloanthem*), out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council, being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the straits and venture into the great ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a god. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them, and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity, for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards as dared not accompany him.

Upon this Ærontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers—that he wants no oracle but his own courage and the love of glory—

(Εἰς ὧντος ἀρίστους ἀμυνεσθαι περὶ πατρὸς)

that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree with the sentiments of Ærontes, and from the love they bear to Brutus determine to be the companions of his enterprise, and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprise.

The second book opens with a picture of the supreme God, in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest heaven. The superintending angel of the Trojan empire falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom for the sins of the princes and of the people themselves: but adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodness to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better.

The prostrate angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that island.

In pursuance of this commission, he flies from Heaven to the high mountain of Calpe, and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the straits westward to the Canary Islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriffe, and of the volcanoes; as likewise of a most delicious island which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more (say they) can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country, we must perhaps be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the gods, and rest here in peace.—This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of laziness.

Brutus, however, rejects this narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds: he despises the mean



thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone; and sets the great promises of heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheless, they leave behind them the old men and the women, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and erect a city. Over this colony, consisting of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander king, under such limitations as appears to him wisest and best. To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction: only Pisander absolutely refuses to be king, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprise. He urges that his experience and councils may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to chuse a government for themselves, and then set sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here, by way of episode, was to have been introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence sends his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touches at Lisbon, or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and among other things furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established; and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

(Why was the wise, the much-enduring man, whose only failing was too much prudence, to be reviled by the translator of the *Odyssey*? Rather let the mean dastard, the pious Æneas, be handed to infamy; and let the generous Trojan commend the virtues of his foe.)

Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the supreme God. His guardian angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into a port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea shore. In the night, an aurora borealis astonishes his men; such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy may be a phenomenon of nature, usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favor, since heaven never works miracles but for the good. About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the aurora is of great use to them for their defence. Brutus kills their chief leader, and Ærontes the three next in command: this discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country: they tell him they had been in such an island upon

piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of these captives, whom he finds to be Britons. They describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next book Brutus touches at the *Ærcades*, and a picture is given of the manners of the savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by *dæmons*, who forbid all access to it by thunders, earthquakes, &c. *Eudemon* relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the northern islands of the ocean, some of the Titans were confined, after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

He sails there in a small vessel of six oars, attended only by *Ærontes*, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and *Ærontes*, who swim to land. They find a thick forest, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened; a thick night comes over them; thundering noises and hellowings are heard in the air and under ground: a terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain; the earth shakes beneath their feet: *Ærontes* flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceases; and his guardian angel appears to Brutus, telling him, that God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of *Ærontes*, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence: that the hill before them was a volcano: that the effects of it, dreadful though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the island to be an habitation of fiends: that the hurricane which had wrecked his boat was a usual symptom preceding an eruption: that he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west parts of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government; the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey. The angel vanishes. He finds *Ærontes* in a cave of the wood, so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel; they go down to the coast, where they find Hanno with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing book describes the joy of Brutus at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and in the western part of the island meets with a kind reception. The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the savage ferocity of the northern. The natural genius of the natives, being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the sun and fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them.

Here he meets the Druids at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

(The real religion of the Druids is far more exalted.)

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is supposed by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering. The poet takes notice of the island Mona groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests. Likewise of another, distracted by dismal anarchy; the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

He also speaks of a third under the dominion of tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some he names, as Corinæus, Gogmagog, &c.

(Why is Corinæus, Jack the giant killer of history, ranked among the monsters he destroyed? The character of Ærontes is that of the real Corinæus. Pope errs against history, tradition, and justice.)

Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus is opposed in his attempt by priests, conjurors, and magicians. The priests had the use of gunpowder. His kinsman, young, fierce, and ambitious, is for conquering the natives. He seizes a woman betrothed to a Briton; a revolt follows; and a faction is raised by him, which the wisdom and firmness of Brutus suppresses. He reduces the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny; and with his victory all concludes.

Ærontes, valiant, ungovernable, licentious, but generous, and, when free from passion, good and humane. Pisander, born before the rape of Helen, like Nestor. Hipomedon, bloody, violent, cruel, killed by the giants. Cleonthes, rapacious and lustful, killed by a woman. Eudemon, a physician, once captive to Machaon, leaves the court of Æreestes, whose physician he was, to follow Brutus; a character of uncommon philanthropy, learning, and virtue, but devoted to the memory of Æsculapius, out of gratitude to the memory of his son. Goffarius, an artful, politic prince, without virtue; trusting more to stratagem than force. Magog, contemptor deorum, like Mezentius and Capaneus. Corineus, valiant, proud, bloody, subtle, avaritious, and dissembling.

“*Heu quantum differt ab illo!!!*”

Sagibert, favorite to Goffarius, a gay, agreeable young man; vicious, spirited, and brave: such as the Duc de Joyeuse, killed in the wars against the king of Navarre. Hanno, a man of a severe republican virtue; high spirited, and great knowledge of men and manners, from having been much abroad in his different commands.

Such is the sketch of the celebrated Pope. He had begun the poem in blank verse; fortunately, perhaps, for his reputation, he did not finish it. Pope was a rhymist.

## THE DRAMA.

THERE have been several new pieces this month—a new comedy and a new after-piece at Covent Garden, and a new “extravaganza” at Drury Lane.

The comedy, like most new plays of the present day, is made up of old plays; but they are put together with some spirit, and altogether the piece is lively and passable enough. There are, to be sure, many faults of taste in it; and one so gross, that we wonder it did not cause the destruction of the piece the first night. The hero is in pursuit of an heiress, who secretly likes him, but, in her capacity of a “scornful lady,” which she affects, has repulsed him. He, by surreptitious means, gets into her bed-chamber at night, and then vows she must marry him, or he will destroy her reputation. The audience, however, took this quietly enough, and only began to find out that it was indecent when the gentleman, on the arrival at the door of some of his accomplices, proceeds very calmly to undress, which operation he carries to a pitch that at last becomes somewhat alarming. The lady then consents, and signs a marriage-promise; but it turns out that she had, as ladies were wont to do, not in the days, but in the plays, of James and Charles I.’s reigns, declared she never would marry any one who did not win her by stratagem. The lover declares that *this* is his stratagem, and destroys the promise; on which the lady is so charmed with the delicacy and humour of his plot, that she renews her promise voluntarily, and accepts him on the instant. Truly, this is a nice scene for our fastidious days. But, as the audience had not previously been told it was naughty, as they are in the case of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, they bore it with exemplary fortitude—whereas they would hiss *Love for Love*, or the *Provoked Wife*, off the stage in five minutes.

But this comedy, the *Merchant’s Wedding*, has a good deal of merit notwithstanding. We should be thankful to it, were it for no other cause than that it gives Farren an opportunity for some of the finest acting we have ever seen on the stage. He is an old merchant, who, in anger at the extravagances and heartlessness of his nephew, determines to marry and disinherit him. The young man, hearing of this, gets up a plot to frustrate his uncle’s object. His sister, who is just married to a twaddling lover, who has also been injured by the usurious merchant, personates a Puritan, and is, by a sham ceremony, united to the old man. She then forthwith breaks out into declarations of the most violent prefligacy and profusion, and frightens her unfortunate bridegroom almost out of his wits. It was in this scene that Farren’s acting rose to the very highest order of the art. It was not comedy—unless *Sir Giles Overreach* be comedy—unless *Shylock*, when he hears of his daughter’s extravagance, be comedy; it was the most powerful delineation of passion of this kind—a delineation more admirable and exquisite than that given by any *Shylock* or *Sir Giles* we ever saw. It proves Mr. Farren to be fully equal to this line of parts, and we think the public ought to be gratified by seeing him in them.

Charles Kemble, as the gallant, and Keeley, as the gull, were both of them excellent: but this is a pleonasm; for, saying they played a

gallant and a gull, respectively, is in itself saying they played them admirably. Indeed, the *ensemble* of the play was excellent, as, at this house, it nearly always is.

Next, in date, comes the "extravaganza," Juan's Early Days, founded upon the first five cantos of Lord Byron's poem, at Drury Lane. Here again we have to complain. If you will represent indecency and immorality, do, in the name of Vice, let it be witty indecency and brilliant immorality. Do not discard our great comic writers, not because they are indelicate, but because they are comic—at least, we must suppose that to be the reason, when we see such pieces as this brought forward, in which there is plenty of indelicacy and no comedy at all. The story adheres pretty closely to that of the poem, of which it retains all the incidents, which are in themselves quite sufficiently coarse; and omits all the poetry, all the wit, all the spirit, all the humour, in which those incidents are so wrapped, as to pass under the veil of the charming drapery which covers and conceals their natural deformity. Some incidents, however, are added—the catastrophe, especially, of the merit of which we must not deprive this author. (Author! every man with a pair of scissors and a paste-pot is called an author now-a-days. A dramatic author might be defined "a person who spoils another man's works.") When Juan is in the seraglio, the sultan comes in and surprises him; he orders the youngster's head off forthwith; but, on the instant, the seraglio is stormed and carried by an English man-of-war's boat, to which Will Johnson has swum off! Query: is this an "untoward event?"

The music was pretty, and Miss Love sang well, acted with liveliness, and was admirably dressed. But no woman is able to act Don Juan, (heaven forbid she should be!) Even Madame Vestris cannot; we do not use the word "even" from the excess of her talent, but from the absence of all feminine delicacy: this may make a woman masculine, but not manly; and his frank manliness is one of the few redeeming points of Juan's character. Moreover, in person, a breeched woman does not resemble a fine lad. She may look like Captain Flash, but never like Don Juan. The practice of putting our actresses into men's parts is altogether an odious one, and ought to be reformed.

Lastly, we have to mention the Somnambulist at Covent Garden, or rather Miss Kelly's representation of it, for the piece itself is paltry. And yet, we are almost afraid to speak of her acting—for we should be reckoned both partial and hyperbolical if we were to give expression to all we think of it—as it would be little more than a string of all the words expressing praise, admiration, and delight, that the language affords. Miss Kelly is a great favourite with the town, though scarcely, we think, to the extent she should be; and, certainly, not always in the manner she should be. She is reckoned an admirable comedian, which is perfectly just—and a first-rate melo-dramatist, which is just also—but few people consider her a great tragedian, which is perhaps the most just of all. Even in this piece, which is professedly a melo-drame, and of which a great portion is so in fact, there are, in Miss Kelly's performance, some beautiful touches of the finest tragedy. The distinction we draw is this,—where the interest arises from the physical circumstance, it is melo-dramatic—where from mental emotion and passion, it is tragic. And in the Somnambulist, as Miss

Kelly acts it, both these things occur within a very few minutes of each other. In the last scene, she comes out upon the roof of the house in her sleep, and walks along the parapet to a spot where there is no further footing, and where it seems she will be dashed to pieces at the next step. This interest, and it was brought out to a degree which made the house shudder, is melo-dramatic. But, afterwards, she comes down upon the stage, and, in what she says in her sleep, betrays the workings of a breaking heart; this, we say at once, is *tragedy* in its best sense, and every heart in the house felt it to be so, for we think we do not exaggerate when we say that *every body* wept. We ourselves were charmed to see an instance of a person, accustomed to the stage from infancy, down whose cheeks the tears ran as full and fast as any that flowed throughout the house. The Somnambulist dreams that her lover is going to be married to another, (as indeed is the case,) on account of a false suspicion of her truth. In imagination she believes that, *at that instant*, the marriage is being solemnized. The way in which Miss Kelly then fell upon her knees, and uttered the words "Bless him!" *avill*, we are convinced, never fade from our minds as long as pathos is capable of touching it.

We recommend every one to witness this most exquisite performance.

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#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Sayings and Doings; or Sketches from Life. Third Series. In 3 Vols. Post 8vo. London: Colburn, 1828.

MR. HOOK is a writer who possesses a certain *flashy* reputation, which it is difficult to say how he has obtained, but which, even such as it is, it is quite clear he does not deserve. That he may write a very lively ludicrous farce, or pen a biting squib or parody for a political purpose, we are very ready to admit; but really, in these days, when some of the first talent in the country is devoted to romance-writing, for such paltry, vulgar, ungrammatical, contemptible balderdash as these stories to be brought into discussion at all, is a little more than we can tolerate with patience.

In the first place, the style of this writer, not to speak of his ideas, is that of a chamber-maid. When there chance to be a few sentences consecutively without a glaring blunder of grammar, the whole tone and structure of the language is that of a female denizen of the steward's-room. His extraordinary affectation of gentility, also, is exactly on a par with persons of this stamp. He is always putting forward the most absurd pretensions to familiar knowledge of the habits of people of rank; and he cannot write or speak three lines in the character of one of them without betraying the grossest ignorance. Even his jokes—for which, in his farces, he used to have some talent—are here poor, borrowed, and *old*. He is often positively indecent; and constantly exceedingly coarse.

And yet, the former series of these tales undoubtedly acquired a certain degree of popularity. But there are many causes which contribute to this; he has an enterprising pushing publisher—and, moreover, the literary organs of the ultra party all make it a matter

of duty to puff Mr. Hook. But, supposing either of these sets of books had been put forward without any extrinsic advantages, the world would never have been entrapped into buying such poor, weak, ditchwater in mistake for champagne.

The present publication is probably the worst of the lot: for, humble as we have shown our estimation of Mr. Hook's merits to be, we really did not anticipate that anything so vulgar, so mean, so indecent, so stupid, and—we must use the word—so *dirty* as the story entitled "Gervase Skinner" could have been sent forth to the world, at this time of day, even by him. Accordingly, we have observed, that the critics who have laboured in their vocation by puffing this work in the mass, have cautiously abstained from touching upon this tale at all, although it fills a volume and a half; viz., one half the work. But as this is the last story, we shall consider the other first.

The one entitled "Cousin William," is certainly very greatly superior to the miserable farrago of low swindling of which we have just spoken. But, even of this, the great majority is vulgar, unnatural, and "of a nice morality, stap my vitals." There is, however, towards the close of this tale, some hundred pages, or so, of a merit so much above all the rest of the work, that we scarcely know how to account for its being there. To be sure, though serving as the conclusion to the tale of which the prior part has been given in the first volume, it is very nearly complete in itself, and has more the appearance—we speak it without any exaggeration—of being the production of another hand, than of a higher effort by the author of what goes before, and of what follows.

The story of "Cousin William" is an exceedingly profligate one, and is scarcely at all redeemed even by a tardy poetical justice sneaking in at the end, for the punishment chiefly falls upon the innocent people. As a sample, what do our readers think of a heroine, the excess of whose passion for the hero is described by the following examples?—

"Her cousin William had seduced the orphan daughter of a clergyman—her brother called him out—him, cousin William shot—but Caroline found excuses for him. The artful girl no doubt made love to her cousin, and if her brother *would* fight, cousin William must meet him; and if they met, cousin William surely ought to defend himself.

"Morley had lost deep at play; but then, as Caroline said, it was when he was under age, and those who won his money absolutely cheated him; he was beaten in a cause, where the warranty of a horse having been proved, was denied as being *his*, although three witnesses saw him write it; but then, as Caroline said, the horse was spoiled after cousin William had warranted it, and besides, the opposing witnesses were all perjured."—Vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

Now, we think, that it must need the acute moral sensibility of Mr. Hook to discover that a young lady is made more interesting by being represented as approving of her cousin shooting a man under the circumstances here stated—circumstances, under which, we do believe the being scarcely lives who could raise a hand; and that a captain in the Guards could remain in his regiment, and in society, after having been proved in a court of justice to be a swindler.

Again, this William is represented to be at least a gentleman in manners, and to mix in society of the best class. He is throughout,

too, stated to be, whatever moral faults he may have, a man of shrewd as well as brilliant talents. We will leave the reader to judge how far, any one of these points is compatible with the following conduct:—

“What a striking contrast to the negative advances of Sir Mark Terrington, in the country, did the splendid preparations for Morley’s marriage in London afford: all that taste could devise, or wealth execute, was put in requisition for the approaching nuptials of Caroline’s cousin William with his Eldorado divinity—the brightness of her charms shed its splendour over her intended husband, and brought to view ten thousand good qualities which till then had lain concealed; and while its radiance thus successfully exhibited his merits and virtues, it dazzled the eyes of those who, before, were wont to seek for his faults and imperfections. He was now universally popular, universally praised, and his taste and his talents were eulogized from the corner of Bond-street to the end of Pall Mall; a space, which, however small in fact or law, comprises morally and conventionally, if not the whole universe, certainly all London.

“Amongst those most delighted with the prospect before him, Morley’s father was not the least enthusiastic. In the proposed union he saw not only splendour and fortune for his son, but a speedy extrication from embarrassments of his own; and it must be confessed that his candour kept pace with his satisfaction, for wherever he went he made his motives for pressing the marriage upon William perfectly understood; which candour, after all, had its origin in paternal vanity; for old Morley was one of those men, who, although perpetually at war with their sons on matters of finance, secretly glory in the advancement of the youths, and are pleased and tickled by the attentions paid to their hopeful scions, whose faults and follies are at the same time constant subjects of contention and irritation. He, therefore, exulted, first, in having a son able to command such wealth and connection as those ensured by a marriage with the Lady Anne; and, secondly, in having a son who would sacrifice his inclinations to the wishes of his father.

“William Morley, in his own particular circles, furnished off sundry declarations, differing in certain particulars from those published and circulated by the old gentleman; but the spirit of which was precisely the same: he, surrounded by those who had been the boon companions of all his profligate hours, laughed at the credulity of his intended wife, vaunted his own potentiality as a lady-killer, and bragged of the triumphs he had won, and the victims he had abandoned, for the sake of the gold which had been hoarded through a long minority, but which he promised them should be scattered forth to fertilize and fructify their future fields of action: nay, even did this gallant gay Lothario descend to jests upon her ladyship’s personal defects, and wittily attribute to the absence of one of her ladyship’s eyes, the facility with which he had gotten on the blind side of her.

“There were amongst those who heard this undisguised avowal of his real feelings towards the woman, to whom he was on the eve of pledging his faith for life, some who did not smile at the declaration, nay, one or two ventured to dissuade him from a connection, founded merely upon convenience and speculation, assuring him that happiness never could be expected from such a marriage; but Morley was too wise, and too well read in the world, to believe that anything like domestic life or retirement within the magic circle of home, could be comfortable, even were the partner of that home an angel; and, therefore, in his replies to such lectures (as he called them) he set forth the innumerable advantages of a wealthy woman for a wife, inasmuch as, however disagreeable she might be, her funds afforded the best means of enjoying the good things of the world without her.

“Some of his friends looked grave and shook their heads; others laughed until they shook their sides; all seemed to agree that Morley was a wild fellow: but most of them said marriage would tame him, and cure him, and set all to rights—and in the midst of all these opinions and observations,



cousin William led a life of gaiety and happiness; the joys of the present hour being heightened by the bright prospects of the future.

"Time wore on, and the awful ceremony was rapidly approaching, when a change was made in the arrangements at the desire of Lady Anne's uncle, who, although decidedly averse from the match at first, saw that it would be vain to oppose the ardent wishes of his plain, yet resolute niece, and now determined, since the thing must be, that the solemnization of the nuptials should take place under every possible circumstance of splendor and magnificence.

"It was, therefore, proposed that the lovers should proceed with Morley's father, and Lady Anne's cousin, Louisa, to Balraith Castle, one of his lordship's seats, in the chapel of which the ceremony should take place; and that thence the new married couple should start for Linderfield, her ladyship's family seat, there to spend the honey-moon; and that all these operations should be performed in the most stately and imposing possible manner, with sheep-roastings and ale-broachings for tenants, and banquets and balls for nobler guests; so that the marriage of the great heiress of Linderfield might stand recorded with all due splendor in the annals of the House of Seward.

"Morley did not by any means dislike the programme submitted to him; there would be *was éclat* in such a wedding, and with due activity, and disbursement, he felt that he might judiciously circulate through the public press an account which, while it exalted himself and his new connection, would not unnecessarily dwell upon the homeliness of her face, or the equivocal correctness of her figure; and although the arrangements would delay the ceremony for a few days, still as it was held necessary by her ladyship's family in order to conceal as much as possible its degradation in the alliance, that he should previously assume *their* name, the postponement was little more than a matter of convenience.

"After a due consideration, however, of the important preliminaries, a new plan was suggested, and entered into with the most unequivocal cordiality by Morley, and which was adopted at the particular instance of Lord Dunbarry, the uncle aforesaid. It was, that the bride elect, and her *cortège*, should leave town previously to the bridegroom, and establish herself at Balraith; and that Morley and his father should, after the conclusion of the business at the Herald's College, travel with *their* suite separately—it would be better, the Earl said; it would distinctly mark the arrival of the lover; it would give more character and respectability to his family; and throw an air of solidity and independence over the house of Morley; for which, as perhaps the reader may already perceive, the said Earl had in his own heart of hearts the most sovereign contempt.

"Gallantry and good breeding would have induced Morley at any time to give way to the wishes of his bride and her relations, and his readiness to accede to this proposal was remarkable. But why?—it secured him from the inawkiish dulness of a long journey, with a woman for whom, to use his own amiable expression, he did not care three straws, and with whom he was about to undertake a still longer and more dull progress through life. It must be admitted, that short-sighted as Lady Anne might be, even *her* penetration was adequate to the discovery of his satisfaction at the new arrangement; and she even went so far as to check the expression of his approbation of it, in a manner which induced the heartless fortune-hunter to moderate his raptures.

"The march of time is certain; and though, as the immortal Shakespeare has so much better said than anybody else, his paces are different, under different circumstances, his regular progress brought about the fulfilment of the plans of Lady Anne's noble relation; and her ladyship, attended and escorted by servants, companions, &c. quitted her town house for Balraith, having been honoured by the chaste salute of her amiable lover, and, subsequently, handed by him with all possible assiduity into the travelling carriage, which, in a few minutes after, bore her away from his admiring eyes.

"In four or five days he was to join her again; for, as I have before premised, it was considered due to the dignity of the Swards that he should reverse the order of things as applicable to meaner persons, and change his name in marriage, to that of his wife, and the necessary preparations for this change required, at least, that period.

"Mr. Morley's life in London during this brief stay hardly requires notice or memorandum, since it was exactly like the life he had always led; not even was this week of probation distinguished by an abstinence from the society of ladies, whose attractions were of a character not quite consonant with the singleness of affection which a young gentleman on the brink of matrimony might be supposed to entertain for the object of his choice; indeed his good taste led him to appear in public with an individual who had long been notoriously under his protection, (as it is called,) on the very Saturday evening on which also appeared in the Gazette, the royal permission that he should assume the name of Seward.

But even this, was not the head and front of his offending: the following day, the first use he made of the bridal carriage, decorated with all the quarterings, and escutcheons, and supporters, and crests, and dragons, and griffins, and lions, and mullets, was, in company with the same lady, and her sister, and a mutual friend, to honour Salt Hill with a visit, and pass two days in that sweet seclusion. It was, as he said, a finale to his licentious career, and intended as the farewell *fête* to his free-hearted companions."—Vol. i. pp. 140—148.

Now to have acted thus, a man, so far from being a polished, clever, man of the world, must of necessity have been both a ruffian and a fool.

But we will, in fairness, give an extract from the better part of the story also. After a world of meanness and manœuvres, William goes abroad with his regiment, ruined; and Caroline marries Sir Mark Terrington, a country baronet, more stupid and absurd than even country baronets ever are; which shews to what extent the caricature must be carried. There is then a gap of about one-and-twenty years, and the author (who in this second part comes personally upon the scene, and writes in a totally altered tone) sees Lady Terrington in her box at the Opera, and behind her chair. "Sir William Morley, K.C.B." Lady Terrington has a son, who is just returned from his travels, and who is about to marry a Miss Flora Ormsby, a very beautiful and most coquettish young lady, who is the ward of his parents. All these persons are living together at Sir Mark Terrington's town-house; including Sir William, in the character of "mon petit cousin." Here the author, who now appears in the character of an old friend of the family, dines, and pays morning visits; in the course of which he beholds certain proceedings, which give rise to very serious doubts in his mind as to the state of things between Lady Terrington and her cousin; and, certainly, the suspense of the reader on this head is very skilfully kept up. Meanwhile, William Terrington, the son, hears some of the startling reports that are current concerning his mother's conduct, and is driven half wild by uncertainty how to act. Shortly after, the Terringtons, including Sir William and Miss Ormsby, go into the country; and the catastrophe approaches. We must also introduce to the reader a certain Mrs. Davis, own woman to Lady Terrington, having been so since the early days of her love for cousin William; and, having then been confidant, being now, in due course of things, tyrant. She, at last, is affronted,

and resolves on revenge. The character of Davis, in this part of the book—that of a wicked and wilful woman tinctured with Methodism—is very powerfully drawn, and so differently from the foregoing volume, as to increase the suspicion that this (which, by the way, is far better written also) is by some other hand. There is still, however, the strong blemish of a total absence of moral taste, as exemplified in the footing upon which Lady Terrington and her intended daughter-in-law, Flora Ormsby, are represented to stand. As for example:—

“The day wore on—Flora and her betrothed returned from their ride—he seemed dispirited, she appeared tired—but her animation returned as she reached the house, and she flew to her room, where her maid was waiting, as Davis had truly told, with a letter from poor William’s rival, whose affection for Flora’s immense fortune made him doubly assiduous at what appeared the crisis of his fate.”

“It may seem unnaturally base in Lady Terrington, to have been a party to this under plot against her son, but it is most certain, that although not privy to the secret correspondence which was now carrying on, she did not entirely discourage the attentions which the young nobleman was constantly paying to her future daughter-in-law; the conversations which passed, day after day, between Flora and Caroline, were made up of the theory of love, and discussions of the qualities, claims and pretensions of different sorts of lovers—the ardour of some, the reserve of others, the coldness of this, the animation of that—in short, their minds were filled with nothing but affairs, assignments, conquests, and flirtations; so that Flora at eighteen, was precisely what Caroline was at forty-one; and it is almost fair to suspect, that in this confidential intercourse, the natural enthusiasm and candour of Caroline had betrayed, even to her *protegée*, her overpowering affection for William Morley; for certain it is, that in society the two ladies were much in the habit of exchanging significant looks, in the meaning of which they appeared perfectly well versed, and which were played off alternately by one upon the other, as circumstances developed themselves, which related to the conduct or proceedings of any of their beaux; and thus committed to each other, stood two females, whose relative situations demanded the performance of duties, and the observance of conduct, in every way at variance with those by which they were pleased to regulate their career in the world of fashion.”—Vol. ii. pp. 117—119.

But now for something better. The lover, hinted at in the above extract, arrives—*tout exprès, par hasard*. He is an exceedingly stupid and very ugly lord—so that really the young lady has no excuse except that he is a lord. William Terrington takes huff. The *partie quarée* go out for an evening drive, and he retires to his own room. A knock is heard at the door:—

“‘Come in,’ said he.

“The door opened, and presented to his view his mother’s woman, Davis, who absolutely trembling with agitation, (how excited he could not conceive) and pale as death, entered, and closing the door, cautiously advanced towards him on tip-toe, casting her haggard eyes around the room, to assure herself that they were alone.

“‘Davis!’ said William, startled at her appearance, ‘how wretchedly ill you look!’

“‘Ill boy,’ said she, in a voice hardly audible; ‘who would not be ill, when such ill doings flourish—did you see them go?’

“‘You mean my mother and Miss Ormsby?’ said William.

“‘Yes, the fool and the knave that haunt their steps,’ said Davis.

“‘The what!’ said William: ‘of whom do you presume to speak?’

“‘Presume!’ said Davis; ‘it is no presumption brings me here—it is

the Lord has put me on this, and his will be done—I have nursed you, William Terrington—I have dandled you in my arms—I have fondled you—I have loved you—you must be saved from the snares of the insincere and ungodly—yes, William, you shall not be made a fool of, though others are—d’ye mark me—do you thiak, William Terrington, that that lord came here by chance to-day—or d’ye think your bonny bride invited him?’

“ ‘Are you mad,’ said Davis, ‘or would you make me so?’ ”

“ ‘No, I would save you,’ said she; ‘you disbelieve me—you think I rave—talk without book—here, boy—here—out of her own writing desk have I fetched the evidence—here is the lord’s letter, which her maid treasured up for her—here is the permission asked to come to-day, which the young jilt granted—here—here—read it—her maid, who thinks herself faithful, would not trust me with the truth. She has her lover too—him, I brought hither myself this afternoon to soothe, and flatter, and please her—while with these keys—these never failing keys, I have drawn from her mistress’s hoard the proof of her unworthiness to be your wife.’ ”

“ ‘Good God!’ said William, ‘how am I to act?’ ”

“ ‘Take not that name in vain!’ said Davis; ‘I have been latterly taught to speak it with faith and reverence; but you live in the midst of sin and vice, make haste—read that—it must be returned before the beauty comes back to her bower.’ ”

“ ‘What would you have me do with the letter?’ said William; ‘I won’t touch it.’ ”

“ ‘Whisht boy, whisht,’ said Davis; ‘what are your scruples?’ ”

“ ‘Honour forbids it!’ said William.

“ ‘Honour!—ha—ha—ha,’ said Davis; ‘are you serious? Honour in *this* house—the mark for fools and knaves to point and scoff at—honour!—God help the honour of your poor father—are you blind—are you deaf—will you read *this* letter?’ ”

“ ‘No!’ said William; ‘I will not—and I do declare to you, that were it not for my mother’s affection for you, which I know would induce her to think me a causeless enemy to you, I would—’ ”

“ ‘What!’ said Davis; ‘do you threaten *me* with betraying—do you tempt me with pretences of your mother’s love for me—your mother hates me, sir—hates—because she fears me—and I hate her.’ ”

“ ‘You!’ exclaimed William; ‘this is insanity,’—and he moved towards the bell in order to call for assistance.

“ ‘Hold, child, hold!’ said Davis, seizing him with an iron grasp; ‘call none here—three words from my lips would send your mother from her home—from *you*, and from the world—provoke me, and they shall out.’ ”

“ ‘Woman!’ said William, ‘or rather fiend in woman’s shape—thy calumnies are false—false as hell.’ ”

“ ‘You reject my counsel too,’ said Davis; ‘you will not be saved—but you *shall*—it is a good work I am about, and it must be done—you refuse to read this letter—you refuse to open your eyes to the dupery of that young jilt, bred in the school of artifice and vice.’ ”

“ ‘Davis,’ said William, ‘I’ll hear no more of this—another word, and by heavens I will summon the servants to thrust you forth from my mother’s roof.’ ”

“ ‘Your father’s roof, young gentleman, if you please,’ said Davis; ‘and as for thrusting forth, we’ll see, proud sir, who shall be thrust out first. Oh, that this task should be upon me! but it must be done. When does Sir Mark return?’ ”

“ ‘To-morrow, I believe,’ said William, ‘but why?’ ”

“ ‘Why? ay! that’s the thing,’ said Davis; ‘spare to speak and spare to speed—to-morrow is the day—once more, will you read this lord’s letter?’ ”

“ ‘Once more then, *No*,’ said William firmly: ‘and I do beg you will restore it to the place whence you so basely took it—I need no interference’ ”

in my affairs, much less that of a servant; and least of all, that of a servant who thinks so basely of her mistress's son, as to imagine him capable of grounding his conduct in life upon a stolen letter written in confidence."

"Ah!" said Davis, laughing; "that's honour, and very honourable too—and I am despised and villified—but such is the lot prescribed for me—suffering—suffering and reviling—no matter, sir—I tell you again, that the lord, whom you hate in your heart, was bidden here to-day, by the charming creature whom you love—see, hasn't he taken your place at her side—are they not laughing at your ill-humour, and enjoying your wretchedness, while your kind mother joins in the jests against you. Mercy! mercy! they are here," cried she; "returned—this fall of rain has driven them back—I must be gone—remember, William Terrington, I have tried to save you—I have been accounted mad—I have been threatened—I now threaten in my turn—vengeance is at hand—not mine on you, or yours—but the unerring vengeance of heaven upon sin and wickedness."

"Saying this, she abruptly quitted the room, leaving William in a state of feeling perfectly indescribable."—Vol. ii. pp. 128—134.

His feelings are naturally still more agonised by this extraordinary scene. At last he determines to *write* to his mother; and he occupied himself in so doing all the evening:—

"He continued employed upon his most delicate and difficult task until past midnight, when the sound of voices in the lobby announced that the family were retiring to rest; they seemed to pause opposite the door of his study—and a sort of whispering contention evidently took place between his mother and Flora, followed by the sounds of footsteps hastily retreating—these were again followed by a rap at the door.

"Come in," said William.

"It was his mother who entered—all beauty—all grace and gaiety—He trembled from head to foot as she approached the table at which he was writing, and on which lay several sheets of his letter to her.

"My dear William," said she, "Flora declares she will not bid you good night, because you have been so cross, and shut yourself up, and would not come down to *cacarié*. Mercy on us!" cried she, "what sheets of writing—is it a sermon, or a lecture, or a history, or are you following the fashion and turning novelist?"

"Neither one nor the other," said William—his eyes full of tears.

"Well, my dear boy," said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, "I'll not interrupt you—God bless you, William."

"She kissed him fondly and fervently—and with a countenance beaming with innocence, left the room with a light step, and passed through the lobby to her bed-chamber.

"The world is a liar!" exclaimed William, as she parted from him, "my mother is innocent—that woman *cannot* be guilty."

"The kiss she had given him seemed printed on his very heart—and as he read the implied accusations, and all the worldly calumnies which he had collected in his letter to her, the tears fell from his eyes on the paper, and blotted the hideous charges he was preparing to make."

"William remained occupied, either in thinking over all the topics which engrossed his mind, or in committing his thoughts to paper, wholly unconscious of the flight of time, until the clock struck two, and the grey tint of morning was spread over the face of nature—still William was engaged in his task, nor was it near its conclusion, when a hasty footstep in the lobby caught his ear—again the door was assailed.

"Who's there?" said he—starting up—thinking at this untimely hour it might be some hostile visitor.

"Again the door opened, and again Davis stood before him.

"Are you up, boy," said she—looking more horribly, and more wildly than before—"is your heart strong—are your nerves firm—have you faith?"

“ ‘For mercy’s sake, what do you mean?’ said William.

“ ‘Be quick, be quick,’ said Davis, ‘ ’tis a hard thing to do—but it must be done there’s fire in the house—fire—child—fire.’

“ ‘Fire!’ exclaimed William, starting up. ‘Why stand we here then—where is it?’

“ ‘Be cool—be calm,’ said Davis, ‘noise creates confusion—disturb none—look to Sir William’s room.’

“Saying this, she led the way towards the door of Morley’s apartment.

“ ‘There lies your road,’ said Davis, pointing, ‘I cannot enter—go you in—see! ’tis there—’tis there.’

“William, over-awed by the extraordinary manner of the woman, and not much disliking the idea of obtaining an ally in Sir William against her fury, should she prove, as he suspected, really mad, and become violent, did as he was bid; the door unfastened, yielded to his push, and he entered the apartment.

“In a moment he returned to Davis, who was standing in the passage.

“ ‘He is not here!’ said William ‘he is not in his room.’

“ ‘Ha! ha! ha!’ said Davis, with a hideous grin of triumph: ‘Fool, did you think he *was*?’

“ ‘Where is he then?’ said William.

“ ‘Stop,’ said she in a subdued voice, as if she had suddenly beheld a spectre, and catching him by the arm, she thrust him, with herself, into a deep recess, where the light of dawning day had not yet penetrated; ‘Hush—look there!’

“They could, from this place, see the entrance to Lady Terrington’s bedroom—William’s eyes were fixed on the spot; as they stood together, they could feel each other tremble, *he* shook with horror, *she* with anxiety and expectation; the door of Caroline’s room was opened slowly and cautiously—the cold sweat stood upon William’s brow, and his knees knocked together—his fixed eyes were blasted with the sight of Morley quitting the apartment of his mother, enveloped in his morning gown—he stepped softly yet quickly through the lobby—he passed near them—he saw *them* not—and as he came close to them, Davis grasped the arm and body of her victim, lest he should rush from his hiding place, and kill him on the spot—but the paramour was safe—for William had seen the horrid vision, and fallen senseless on a sofa which filled the recess.”—Vol. ii. pp. 137–142..

Now, in despite of all the abuse which we have showered, and, in our conscientious judgment, most deservedly—upon this book in the gross, we must say that we think these passages most powerfully conceived and wrought out—and, indeed, of a degree of merit so totally distinct from the rest of the work that we cannot understand its having emanated from the same mind.

From the same mind?—what!—as produced Gervase Skinner?—as painted the loves of that worthy with *the* Fuggleston?—impossible!—This second story, Gervase Skinner, is the history of a mean, selfish, stupid, vulgar, stingy, country booby—and of some of the very most degraded members of a very degraded company of strolling players with whom he becomes connected. What do our readers think of the following scene, as compared with the last?—

“After a suitable pause, during which the Thespians had by turns ridiculed and joked upon every piece of furniture and ornament in my hero’s drawing-room, Skinner appeared; and just as Mrs. Fuggleston had declared with a sigh to young Mr. Kekewich, that she thought a boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding the most delicate dish in Christendom, was introduced to and received by that lady with one of her most graceful courtesies, and a look—*gods!* what a look! which nearly struck the modest squire to the earth.

“ ‘Sweet place, sir, you have got here,’ said the lady, with reference to

the grounds which had formed the subject for their jests and drolleries five minutes before; 'all in such good taste—so quiet—so retired—so—'

" 'Mrs. Mac Brisket, how do you do?' said Skinner, overwhelmed with the compliments of his new visitor, 'you are no stranger, ma'am—Mr. Fuggleston, I am extremely glad to see you here.'

" 'Sir,' said Fuggleston, bowing, 'you do as Lady Macbeth advises—'

'Bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue.'

"Mr. Kekewich here presented his son to my hero, who gave him an equally cordial greeting; and immediately after proposed to the ladies, that the servants should shew them the rooms destined for their night's accommodation, himself proceeding to point out the apartments of the two single gentlemen. - - - - -

"It was Mrs. Fuggleston's principle to honour the maker of a feast, and to reverence the master of a house. In a very few minutes she saw of what stuff Gervase was made, and determined to mould the unfortunate victim to her purposes. It was not merely at Bagsden Parva that she resolved to make him useful, she had more extended views than his small villa could command, and flew at higher game than chickens, tongue, or roasted pig. She was on the eve of a London engagement: Skinner had, early in the day, mentioned his intention of visiting the 'great city'—to secure such a friend upon her first arrival in the metropolis would be most important. His money would procure certain articles of finery, which were wanting to her public magnificence. His protection would be every thing to a new comer—a patron from the country in her train would stamp her respectability and influence in the provinces; and give her a weight which, in addition to the testimonials of the doctor of divinity, and the two medical referees of the London manager, would quite set her up. In short, it was pretty certain that whatever merit she might possess as a performer, her tact as a *manager* was by no means to be despised.

"Skinner was quite enchanted with the brilliancy of his guests, although now and then a little puzzled at their allusions; their jokes were chiefly local or professional, and very frequently my excellent friend Gervase was, to use a modern phrase of general acceptance, 'basketted.' When he heard Fuggleston, who wanted a glass of something strong, 'after his game,' bid him—

'Summon up his *dearest spirits*!'

he took it literally, and, much against the grain, ordered up some Curaçoa, adding, that he, 'upon principle,' drank nothing but Hodges, or Burnett, upon such occasions—'No sooner said than done,' cried Fuggleston—and some of the commonest British full-proof was forthwith produced. The gist of the quotation was perfectly lost upon Skinner, when Fuggleston, taking the glass in his hand, exclaimed—

'Now is the woodcock near the gin!'

but still he laughed, until he nearly cried, because he saw the others laugh; and so, in truth, it was a mighty merry party; and not long before the ladies retired, Mrs. Fuggleston's feelings towards the squire had been made sufficiently manifest, by signs and tokens, which those who have mixed in such society, know to be given by certain conventional rubbings and treadings, performed under tables against the knees, or on the feet of the objects to be enlightened.

Fuggleston, who was no blinder than necessary, saw exactly what was going on; but he had so much reliance on his wife's prudence and knowledge of the world, that he rather enjoyed the fun, as likely to be productive of some benefit, (whether merely theatrical or not, as yet he could not guess,) than felt annoyed, at what a man of proper feeling would have set to rights in an instant: however, he was contented, and Mr. Gervase Skinner perfectly happy.

"The ladies sat a prodigious time after dinner, nor would they have departed till much later, had not Mr. F., as his wife called him, actually driven them off by a quotation—

"The red wine must first rise in their fat cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them talk us to silence,"

cried he. 'That's by no means genteel, Mr. F.,' said the heroine. 'It is a sort of a hint,' said Mrs. Mac Brisket, hastily finishing a huge bumper which she had just begun to sip deliberately in order that she might be in order inwittingly, if you

noise, Sir?' said Mrs. Fuggleston.

'The cause, the cause, my soul,'

as Othello says,' cried Fuggleston. 'Exactly so,' said Skinner, 'the caws—that is what I meant.' 'Oh dear, not I,' said Mrs. Fuggleston: 'I think the sound quite romantic. It inspires a thousand indescribable feelings. And what a nice thing a rook pie is, Mr. Skinner, with a bit of tender rump-steak in the bottom of it.' 'Mr. Skinner has heard of chattering pyes,' replied her husband, 'in dismal concord sung, as Shakspeare says.' 'Well!' exclaimed the lady, 'I never heard any thing half so rude as that, in my life—come, Mrs. Mac B., let us beat our retreat'—and then, turning to our hero, she added, with one of her very best Lydian languishes, 'you'll not be very long after us, Mr. S.'

"Poor Gervase! that was the finishing blow to the conquest—he could not speak; he looked again; and although it must be admitted that his countenance was not the most expressive in the world, he suited the action to the look, and pressing the hand which he so gallantly held, felt a reciprocal squeeze, which confirmed him in the opinion, that he had made a hit, (or as Mr. Fuggleston would have quoted it, 'a very palpable hit,') and that Mrs. Fuggleston, for the first time in her life, was really smitten.

"After the departure of the fair one, poor Gervase could not rally, and though he found that the wine passed briskly, and that his bell was rung rapidly under the active management of his vice, he was quite unfitted for the gay society, by which he was surrounded. Kekewich, according to annual custom, sang a comic song, with 'patter,' (as he called it,) between each verse: but the gibes and jests, which were wont 'to keep the table in a roar,' fell unheeded upon Skinner's ear. Nay, so perfectly abstracted was he, that he did not even detect the capital imitation of himself, for which, as I have before said, Mr. Kekewich was eminently famous in his own circle, and which that worthy personage, implicitly relying upon the impenetrability of my hero, actually introduced at his own table, for the purpose of delighting his play-fellows, at the expense of their host.

"Pleasures, however refined, must have an end, and tea and coffee being announced, the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room; where they found Mrs. Fuggleston directing the administration of the former beverages with all the grace and elegance imaginable.

"We have not been long, Mrs. Fuggleston,' said my hero. 'To us it appeared long,' replied the fair lady. 'To me still longer,' rejoined the squire, in a whisper.

"Oh, Mr. Skinner,' said the lady, when she returned half-breathless to the drawing-room, and endeavouring if possible to get rid of any needless allusion to the past adventure, 'Oh, Mr. Skinner, I have a lecture to give you.' 'Then, Ma'am,' said Gervase, 'depend upon it, it will have its effect.' 'Then I'll tell you,' replied the lady, 'your housemaid is too pretty.' 'Do you think so?' said Gervase, who rather piqued himself upon the good looks of his establishment. 'I never like to see pretty servants,' said Mrs. Fuggleston, 'particularly in a single gentleman's house.' 'Nor any where else,' said Kekewich, in an under tone, to his son, who in his heart hated the Frodo-stons, although his conduct towards them was a cyphoansey double refined. 'I like being surrounded by good-looking people,' said Skinner. 'I don't know how it is, but a man feels, by reflection, good-looking himself, when every thing round him is handsome.' 'You need no such illusion, Mr. Skinner,' said the lady. 'Pretty well, I thank you, Ma'am,' said



a stage whisper, 'how do you do?' Skinner blushed crimson. 'I know what I should do,' said the lady, 'if I were Mr. Skinner—I say nothing—but beauty, like every thing else, may be misplaced.' 'So may advice, my love,' said Fuggleston.

'Advise yourself,'

as Edmund has it.' 'I can assure you, Mrs. Fuggleston,' said Skinner, 'that your suggestion shall be law, for I am sure you have a reason for every thing you say.' 'And a motive for every thing she does,' whispered Kekewich, senior, to Kekewich, junior. 'No doubt,' said Fuggleston, 'Mrs. F.

'Hath reasons strong and forcible;'

but I cannot help thinking, my love, that Mr. Skinner is the best judge of what he likes best; and that it smatters something of presumption to dictate——' '——Dictate, my dear,' exclaimed the lady, 'I did not think of such a thing; I only suggested: did I, Mrs. Mac?'

"This speech was accompanied by a look to her crony, Mrs. Mac Briaket, which was answered by a look from that lady, which at once unsettled Skinner's security of mind, as to the propriety of his servants, and their conduct; for such is the artfulness of a cunning under-bred woman, that she can contrive, without saying a word likely to commit herself, to agitate and disquiet in a moment, minds which, for years before, have been as calm and as placid as mill-pools. What her object was, every body may guess; how the whole fabric of her scheming was suddenly overturned, as yet remains to be developed.

"The evening wore on, and a round game was proposed. Mrs. Fuggleston would be Mr. Skinner's banker, and they joined their little stock of fish, and she peeped into Kekewich's hand, and played accordingly, and trod upon Skinner's toe when he was going to play wrong; and in short, practised such manœuvres, as might have subjected her, and her new favourite, to the pains and penalties of a bill of indictment, had the cash, of which their joint efforts conduced to despoil the rest of the company, amounted to any sum of sufficient importance to render such a process advisable. Indeed, the coupled facts that the master of the house and his fair friend, sat next each other, and scarcely ever were 'loos'd,' while all the rest of the party suffered in turn, did not pass without some sly observations on the part of Mr. Kekewich, and some more home remarks from Mr. Fuggleston; however, as he, who saw no farther than he chose, considered that the moiety of the profits, (probably the whole,) of the card-partnership of Gervase and Amelrosa, would find its way into the pocket of his better half, he looked on with complacency, and contented himself by playing cautiously, and thus contributing as little as possible to the amount of plunder.

"After cards, came a good substantial supper, at which the worthy guests exerted themselves with great activity; and after supper, came brandy, rum, and hollands, tumblers, sugar, lemons, (on this special occasion,) nutmegs and all the et ceteras of punch-making: the task of 'brewing' was assigned to Mr. Fuggleston, who accordingly prepared a copious jorum of the smoking beverage.

"'Here,' said the wag, 'here are the

'White spirits,  
Red spirits and grey,'

and those who don't like my punch making, mix for themselves.

'Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.'

And accordingly the whole bevy was in motion, all stirring, and filling, and mixing, and drinking; until at last the sweet intercourse of eyes between Gervase and the actress, became too evident for even Fuggleston to wink at.

"'Come, Mrs. F.' said her spouse, 'tis

'Time enough to go to bed with a candle,'

as the carrier says.'

" 'I obey, sir,' replied the lady, answering, with her eyes, that Mr. Skinner's liberal potation had somewhat too rapidly forwarded his familiarity. 'Come, Mrs. Mac B. 'To bed, to bed.'

" 'One moment, my dear,' said the lady, who always had something in her glass to finish, when called away in a hurry; and hastily swallowing the remnant of her 'drink,' she prepared to follow her leader."—Vol. ii. pp. 213—232.

This, we think, is pretty well; and we assure our readers that we have omitted some of the dullest and most revolting parts. The whole history of this man, Skinner, is, indeed, of so low, base, and disgusting a kind—so full of scenes of the coarsest debauchery, and of accidents and embarrassments, pitiful in themselves, and leading to nothing—that one is constantly asking for what purpose it could possibly have been written?—what it can mean?—and how any body with the mere publishing experience of Mr. Hook, could have put forth such a thing to the world? Two or three chapters are taken up with a silly account of the temporary loss of a writing desk; the point of which is to show that it is better to be liberal to guards of coaches, that they may take care of your luggage! And what, for instance, could have induced Mr. Hook to insert the following description of the Fugglestons' lodgings in London in a book meant to be read by gentlemen and ladies? He surely must know that mere filth, though it may sometimes degrade real humour, is not humour in itself; and that undoubtedly it is not either polite or clever to fill a large portion of one's book with little else. There is, to be sure, the variety of gross and absolute indecency; but, of the two, we prefer the dirt:—

"The drawing-room door was speedily thrown open—a green baize cloth was spread over a round table, of which the moieties did not exactly unite—there was hanging in one of the windows a smoke-dried canary bird in a dingy cage—a print of Mr. Kean in a tarnished frame was fixed over the fire-place, opposite to which stood a very small piano-forte, covered like the table with green baize—against the wall over the instrument was what is called a mirror, a little convex piece of glass in a gilt frame, balled all round, (three balls absent) with two branches for candles, one broken off. The chairs were old and large, with spreading backs and horse-hair bottoms,—a once fine work-table with a sky blue silk bag very much stained, the top open, and the lock broken off, graced what appeared to be the side of the apartment, honoured by the lady's favour; and a short horse-hair sofa with an upright back, and two polished pillows, seemed to be the seat on which she loved to sit; there was, moreover, a threadbare rug before the fire, with a dirty white cat asleep upon it, around the neck of which was tied a still dirtier piece of pink ribbon; the Morning Chronicle of the preceding day, stained with sundry circles of either punch or porter, lay upon the rough baize of the table, together with an insulated ink-bottle, a few wafers in a piece of whity brown paper, and a papier maché snuff-box, value one shilling.

"The atmosphere of the room was close, and there was in the apartment a smell of London smoke generally, and of Fuggleston dust and dirt particularly, together with a savour of last night's onions and tobacco; but Love is blind: and though in natural history it is believed, that the absence of any one of the senses increases the delicacy and power of those which are retained, it should seem that Skinner's nose like Skinner's eyes was insensible to the little imperfections of the domicile of his beloved.

"After waiting a considerable time, during which there occurred many whisperings and hasty shuttings and openings of the door of the adjoining room, to which, as it turned out, Mrs. Fuggleston had retired on the first alarm of company 'to put on her things,' and in which she now was actually

engaged in decorating her person for conquest, by slipping on a smart pelisse over the less presentable parts of her *chaperon*, and by disentangling from their paper cases those jetty ringlets which had so often caught the hearts of provincial beaux, and which were now destined to ensnare that of my honest friend Gervase.

"As Skinner sat and pondered on the approaching interview, it appeared clearly evident to him that the head of the family was absent: indeed, a sort of dressing-gown made of unwashable Bath coating, which hung over the back of a chair, and a shaving-pot half full of soapy water, which stood upon its proper rag just within the rusty steel fender, and a huge kettle which rested on the 'hob,' the colour of which rendered it completely obnoxious to any remark upon its appearance which the impertinent pot might have thought proper to make, proclaimed that Fuggleston had dressed: his domestic slippers, too, conjugally reposed upon the hearth: all indicated that his friend had since breakfast returned to complete the operation of 'adonizing,' which he had only half and hastily performed, when he rose in order that he might as early as possible have the pleasure of waiting upon his patron at Hatchett's, and had again sallied forth. Skinner's agitation increased with this discovery, for although a *tête-à-tête* with his fair one was of course highly desirable, yet his natural rusticity and timorous disposition took alarm at what he could not fail to wish for, and the next ten minutes were occupied in deliberating with himself what manner of salutation he should proffer, scrupulously anxious so to shape his behaviour as to steer equally clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of society—the appearance of vulgar forwardness, or the imputation of unworldly bashfulness.

"At length the trial came, and Mrs. Fuggleston made her appearance: the doubts and difficulties of my hero were all dispelled by the ardent manner in which the fair one ran to meet and greet him. She yielded her hand even before it was sought, and rewarded its owner with a squeeze of friendship, sufficiently hearty and unequivocal to bring tears into the eyes of the unsophisticated bachelor,—whether by the force of mental pleasure, or bodily pain, bachelors who are occasionally subject to flying gout will best determine.

"'Oh, Mr. Skinner,' said the lady, 'how kind it is of you to call; how delighted I am to see you; and yet how can I look at you with anything like composure, owing you such a debt of gratitude as we do?' 'Pray don't mention it, Ma'am,' said Skinner, dropping his hat at the moment, in an effort to recover his stick which had tumbled down the moment before: 'I am most happy to have been of any use, and I beg you will not say anything about it till it is quite convenient.' 'My husband breakfasted with you I believe,' said the lady. 'He did,' said Skinner; 'and I expect him to dine with me.' 'I shall be quite angry with you,' continued she, 'if you take him away from me in that manner, and he is a naughty creature to play truant; but I know he delights in your society, and therefore, as I cannot find fault with his taste, I ought not to be vexed at his indulging himself: there is one sad thing I have to mention to you, which is the accident to the carriage—he told you of it—didn't he?' 'I heard something of it,' said Skinner, who, in his way to Martlett-court, had been to Long Acre and seen it. 'What to do I don't know,' said Mrs. Fuggleston, 'for it was all my fault; but Mr. F. is really at times, what with vexation, and worry, and one thing or another, so cross, that I am afraid always to tell him the truth—but I am the culprit, and will you forgive me?' 'Forgive you,' said Skinner: 'the only favour I ask, is never to allude to the subject again; I have given orders about it, and it will be all set to rights in a day or two.' 'Is that the only favour?' said Amelrosa, with a look quite indescribable. 'Well you are a moderate creature, indeed, considering how I am indebted to you.'—Vol. iii, pp. 6—11.

But there is one adventure in the book which deserves even more serious reprehension than the coarse and unveiled exhibition of the

loves of this amiable couple. We allude to the introduction of Skinner into the mad-house ; in which all manner of paltry ribaldry is put into play, to expose and ridicule that awful infirmity of human nature, which ought never to be mentioned or thought of without pity and awe. The incident of mistaking a sane man for a mad one is exceedingly hacknied, and at best disgusting. But to revive it for the twentieth time, with fresh combinations of impertinent ridicule against this awful visitation, speaks something more than bad taste—it is bad feeling. Making jokes upon a man having the *tic douloureux*, or upon a city being attacked by the plague, would be decent and humane in the comparison.

We have now given the opinion of this book which we think it really deserves—and we have produced samples of such length to support our judgment, that, if they do not support, they must destroy it. We have given very considerable praise where we believe it to be deserved—and we have expressed still greater censure, because we think, in fairness, that censure ought exceedingly to preponderate. In conclusion, we recommend those who may be guided by our judgment, to read the first half of the second volume, and not to touch upon the rest ; and even this advice, we must qualify by the request that mammas and aunts will read it themselves before they pass it on to their young people. We individually think that the scenes which in themselves are questionable are rendered innocuous by the circumstances under which they are presented : but on this head, we know, doctors disagree—and we do not desire to be snubbed on so momentous a topic.

#### ON THE AUTHOR OF THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

*[From a Manuscript Letter of the Time of James II. addressed to a Lady.]*

AT the primary visitation of the Archbishop of York, Doctor Dolben ; holden lately at Nottingham, the archbishop did then and there declare who certainly was the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and all those other genuine pieces, such as the *Art of Contentment*, *Decay of Piety*, *Gentleman's Calling*, and the *Lady's Calling*, &c. which came under the name of the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*. “ To the shame of our cloth,” the archbishop said, “ it was no clergyman.” One of the clergy replied, “ whosoever the author was, the *Art of Contentment*, and the *Decay of Piety*, were books that showed the author well skilled in the learned languages.” To this the archbishop answered, “ that the author was very well read both in the Latin and Greek fathers ; yea,” adds the archbishop, “ to my shame I may speak it, the author understood the polyglott bible, and the several languages therein, better than I myself do ;”—and yet it is known he was bred up in Westminster school ; and to add to their surprize, he in the conclusion assured them that the author was no man, but a woman ; in whose closet was found the originals, and the last subject not perfected, viz. the *Government of the Thoughts*, which last piece, unfinished, were left in the hands of Dr. Hall, Bishop of Oxford. Thus you see that the world has been held in suspense near thirty years concerning the author of them, and that many guesses (though mistaken) had been spread abroad of this learned man, and of that, the

glory of all does at last redound to God alone and your own sex; and that which to me seems equally admirable with the design and achievement of the work, is the discreet management of the publication thereof; that though they were the works of a woman, yet her tongue was so well governed as never to raise so much as a suspicion thereof; they that know this, and how natural even to the wisest of philosophers the love of glory is, will more easily believe her able to write the Government of the Tongue; and those that know her circumstances, how unequally she was yoked, will more admire her practice of Contentment than that she should be the author of that book, called the art thereof.

I remember very well that sometime before his late majesty's happy restoration, when I heard this character of this extraordinary lady, it was objected by some as a thing to be wondered at, that Dr. Hammond, whose character for sobriety as well as learning was so great, could content himself to live in such a family, where the master of it was so notoriously intemperate: the reply was, as I well remember, that though the master of the family was a good fellow, yet he had a wife, a most virtuous lady; you long to know, I suppose, what the name of this virtuous lady was; she was the lady of one Sir John Parkington, whose house near Worcester I have often seen. In my opinion it contributes great matter and occasion for admiration, that a woman in her circumstances, being a wife to a person of that quality, and mother and mistress of a great family, (their estate, I guess, is about three thousand per annum; and seated amongst numerous visitants, their seat being not above five or six miles from Worcester,) should be able to redeem her mind from distraction of business, and to enjoy herself and her own thoughts as freely as if she lived in a nunnery; and I never heard that what concerned her part in the government of her family was in the least neglected. It is thought that many of Dr. Hammond's notions in his Expositions on the Psalms and the Testament were suggested by this admirable lady; admirable for piety, learning, prudence, diligence, contentiveness, and humility. Had the author been known before the world had so generally passed their public approbation of her works, they doubtless would not have been so easily approved by all sorts and sexes; but now it is too late to retract or detract. She has done her work, and is gone to rest.

*November the 16th, 1685.*

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### \*THE SPLÜGEN.

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I PROMISED to give you some account of the new route over the Splügen, by which way, tired of those staunch Napoleonists, your Simpçons and Monte Cenisios, we had determined to make our exit from Italy. This road has only been lately finished by the Austrian and Swiss governments; and as yet has scarcely been trodden by any English. Besides lying entirely out of the way of travellers coming from our country to Italy, it is attended with the no small inconvenience of ending at the Riva of Chiavenna, at the head of the lake of Como; where it is necessary to take shipping, carriage and all, for

Lecco or Colno, the two southern extremities of the lake, a distance of fifty miles. This is no slight voyage, as we have partly experienced, when made against the wind. Besides, even for travellers who should happen to come in that direction, it is more convenient to cross the mountains by another new road, which diverges to the right at the village of Splügen, on the Swiss side of the Alps, and passes over the St. Bernardino, and soon down upon Bellinzona, and by the lake of Lugano to Milan. This road is likewise a new work, made entirely by the Swiss government, whose territories I need not inform a man of your general knowledge, by a sufficiently bizarre adherence to ancient limits, indent, in this quarter, into Italy to the south of the lake of Lugano; while the Austrian power extends, on the one hand, to the top of the Splügen; and the Piedmontese, on the other, to the foot of the Simplon.

Mais pour commencer par le commencement, we proceeded to Bergamo, for the express purpose of avoiding Milan, having been there twice before, and of making our attack upon the heights of Splüga, from the side of Lecco. To this picturesque village, after spending a night at the birthplace of Harlequin, we proceeded. But the deities of the mountains were not propitious; for, as we approached them, they shewed their displeasure by expressing the juices of their clouds, in a manner more like what one has heard of an Indian monsoon, than what might have been expected within the temperate zone. The inn at Lecco is tolerable; but it "nocte pluit tota;" and the morning brought no spectacula for us: but thunder, lightning, and their accompaniments, re-echoed from the rugged lofty mountains that overhang the village. It was curious how little satisfactory information could be procured of the Splügen passage at this place; the waiter, indeed, of the inn, otherwise an intelligent person, insisted that it was necessary to take our carriage to pieces in crossing, as the road was not nearly finished. Indeed he looked upon it rather as an enterprise our attempting to brave La Splüga, whom he seemed to hold in great awe, calling her "La montagna quasi la più alta di tutta l'Italia;" and to alarm the female branch of the party by adding, that there were "orrori in questa strada." This advice at least may have been disinterested; which can scarcely be suspected of the boatmen, who were to have conveyed me up the lake, and who, of course, were clear for our proceeding. While again the master of the inn, as a profound secret, advised us to employ him, or rather his horses, to take us round by the Bellinzona road, which he offered to do at a price considerably above that of going by post. All their advice, however, was thrown away upon us, from the malevolence of the weather, which continued to pour incessantly, and fatigued our patience to the degree that taking the pet, we took post, and turning our faces once more to the south, we set out for Milan; determined to repay ourselves for our bad weather and accommodation, by two days of the comforts of the Albergo Reale, and the pleasure of counting the two hundred and forty boxes of La Scala, and voting it a good fourth larger than our Haymarket, and wishing it new gilt and painted. The opera was very *così*, though Balocchi sang, and the scene was Scotch, with a *Sir Donald* *il Lord Governatore d'Edinburgo*, as a prominent personage. The ballet was a kind of melo-drame,

Mathilde and Malek Adhel; with an introduction of horses, and triumphant cars; a very poor imitation of our former acquaintances, Timour the Tartar and Co. of Covent Garden. The *ballerine* were mal-chaussées to a degree; and their dancing was bad, in the proportion of the inferiority of their dirty loose cotton stockings, and ill-made shoes, to the tight elegant silks of the same gentry of London and Paris. But *Caro lei* is not a dancer, though he may shine in higher branches of the fine arts. I went behind the scenes, where I was admitted by the delegate of police, as being a foreigner; but, excepting in size, it was very much like the stage of our own opera.

But, at this rate, we shall never get to the Splügen; so tearing ourselves away from Milan, I shall bring you with us to Como. I shall not detain you long there; though we remained two nights, and were much delighted with the place, as every one must be. Neither our enthusiasm, nor our prying disposition, carried us to inspect the Villa d'Este. Torlonia, the Roman banker to whom it now belongs, has given orders that the private apartment of our late queen shall no longer be shown; but in case you should suspect me of not going on that account, I must do myself the credit to assure you, that I was not aware of the circumstance till afterwards.

I hired two boats; one for the carriage and two ponies which I have lugged after me from Rome, for no good reason that I know of, but to ride up the Splügen as I did up the Simplon with you last year; and the other for ourselves, lighter, and fitted with awnings, table, and other conveniences. We were not fortunate in our first day. "*Nostro lago non é tenero,*" we were assured by one of our friends already mentioned at Lecco; and we found the gusts of wind between the high mountains which bind the lake, accompanied by waves which would have done no discredit to salt water. It was ridiculous to be sea-sick on *fresh water*; but sea-sickness there was among the party. With difficulty and very hard rowing we reached La Caddenabbia in ten hours. Had the day been fine, we should have enjoyed our sail much; even as it was, we were decidedly of opinion that all we have hitherto seen in Italy, including the lakes Maggiore and Garda, must yield to the magnificence and brilliancy of the scenery which bounds this piece of water. It even, I think, excels our old friend of Geneva in many respects; indeed, except in the great expanse of water, in all. The richness of some of the mountains, verdant with vines, and every luxuriant foliage, to the top, and covered with villas in the truest Italian taste; the rocky wildness of others, their giant heads covered with snow, of themselves formed a contrast, to a superficial observer, of no common nature. But do not think I am going to inflict a regular description upon you, or myself. Descriptions of this nature, from a pen like mine, cannot convey the slightest idea of what has not been seen; and there cannot be a better reason for my refusing from giving you what you can read in most of the printed journals of Italian tourists. Without infringing upon this rule, I may make you a little acquainted with the locale, by informing you that Caddenabbia is immediately opposite to Bellagio, which forms the wedge which divides the lake into its two southern branches. There is a tolerable inn at the former, where we spent two nights, being detained by a controtemps, our servant having left the pole of our carriage at Como,

to which place we had to send back for it. We amused ourselves in looking at some of the villas in the neighbourhood, amongst which that of the Conte Somariva is the most remarkable. The owner was a Milanese advocate, but rose under the auspices of Napoleon to considerable wealth. He generally resides in Paris, but spends some part of the winter here, where the climate, we are told, is particularly mild. He has fitted up his palace with many pictures, by the best modern painters, French and Italian.

On Sunday, the 30th of May, we left Caddenabbia, and proceeded to the top of the lake, called the Riva of Chiavenna; our boatmen assured us that this was thirty-two miles, but, *meo periulo*, I deny its being more than twenty. On landing, we found four horses put to the carriage, to take us the sixteen miles to Chiavenna, though the road is level and good; but from there being no posts, we were at the mercy of the person who keeps them there. At Chiavenna we found not a bad inn, but our difficulties began to thicken upon us; as from all quarters we were assured, that at this season it was scarcely possible to pass the mountains in a carriage, there being still six miles of very deep snow on the road, softened by the hot weather and the quantity of rain that had lately fallen. Sledges, it is true, pass daily, but they have formed a track for themselves, so deep and narrow, that even by putting our carriage upon one of them, its superior width would scarcely allow it to pass. To all this I paid but little attention, having found through life, that difficulties are generally at least two-fold exaggerated. In the sequel, however, we found this information pretty correct. Chiavenna is a very remarkable place, situated at the foot of lofty mountains, or rather rocks; for the mountains for the most part are perfectly perpendicular. In their sides various houses are built, called *Le Grotte*, which are resorted to by people of all descriptions, to enjoy themselves over their cold wine; and it was always to these places I was obliged to repair, whether in search of a *voiturier* to find me horses, or of Signor Leva, the engineer of the road, from whom I wished to procure information. With some difficulty, we started next morning, at ten o'clock. The road on leaving Chiavenna immediately begins to ascend, and assumes some of the very striking features, which mark it more strongly in the sequel. A torrent roars down on your left hand, while the mountains rise precipitously on both sides of it. You pass the villages of San Giacomo and Santa Maria in this ascent, which continues for about six miles. The road there becomes more level, and passing another village, called *Campo Dolceino*, from its being somewhat in a plain, with a little verdure! Three miles more brought us to Isola, at the foot of Monte Splüga proper. I had insisted, at starting, that we should proceed to Splügen in the same day, but as it required two hours to refresh the horses, and to make various other preparations, we were obliged to give up the idea of crossing on that evening, and to take up with such accommodation as the small auberge afforded. It was no consolation to us to be told, that Prince Ranieri, Viceroy of Italy, had slept in one of the beds in our room two or three years before: the said bed, and its fellow, were so damp, not to say wet, that we relinquished them for one of the ordinary apartments, where those useful articles, from being almost nightly occupied by *vetturini*, and such like gentry, were in



drier state. The mountain from Isola rises most precipitously; the road is narrow, to a degree approaching danger. The work, though new, is so slight, that it is fast falling into ruin; and the zigzags are so short, that they add to the risk by the frequency of the turns. Moreover, the ascent, I should think, cannot be less than thirteen per cent. The parapet rail in many places had given way, from the ground having yielded under it; and in such places there was barely room for the wheels of our carriage to pass. It rained moreover; so, had we been inclined to be nervous, we could only have walked at the expense of a wet skin, which, to me, is a greater danger than an Alpine precipice. We passed two very fine galleries, which, with one we had already seen before reaching Isola, are the only real substantial workmanship the road can boast of. In less than three hours from leaving Isola, we reached the second Casa di Ricovero, or house of refuge; here the snow was no longer passable in the carriage, and we descended from it. The rain poured incessantly; but, in the face of it, madame, the baby, and maid, were shipped on an open sledge, and set off for the small albergo, about a mile and a half in advance, whilst I, "mounted on my Naples pony, Carbonaro," accompanied. I had been told, by the bye, that it would be no easy matter to carry through a horse unaccustomed to the snow, as the only path (that is, where horses have trodden before, and beaten the snow somewhat hard), is not above a foot broad; and on the slightest deviation from it, a horse at once plunges up to the shoulder, and if alarmed, may, on the next plunge, go over a precipice. Even on this path, from the snow in many spots having melted underneath, I found there was considerable risk; but the snow hitherto was not in any part above nine feet deep on the road—as you could always see at least the tops of the higher posts of the railway, made of unusual length at certain intervals, in order to mark the track. We got to the albergo in about half an hour, but it was two hours before the carriage came.

The albergo, adjoining which is the frontier Douago, of the Austrians, is about a mile and a half from the third Casa di Ricovero, which is still farther on, and almost at the top of the mountain; to which place, and for two miles down on the north side, the snow was of a depth far beyond what I should have conceived possible on the first of June. In fact, at this place, the eye could see nothing that was not covered with snow; all the mountains round were as white as in January; and as yet we could see nothing of the descent, or where the snow was melted. I followed the sledge, and admired the skill of the driver, and the sagacity of the horse. We deviated from the road on several occasions, more particularly to render a descent more rapid than I should have imagined possible, by which an hour's road was saved. The whole of this portion of the way, the horses were up to the body in snow. The sledge-men know by the eye, in a certain degree, where the snow will bear; and, on meeting a string of horses coming up the mountain, one of the men at once fixed on a spot for their standing aloof from the path, to let us pass, and shewed it was strong by going on it himself. On another occasion, when I had come near to the sledge, while it stopped, he told me not to come into the path, though only a few feet from it, as he was not sure of the inter-

mediate snow, but to go back the way I had come, and to rejoin the path whence I had left it. All this time the tops of the upper mountains around were covered with mist, and it rained for the most part. I need not say, that riding was here out of the question, the snow not being strong enough for a mounted horse. At last we were well pleased to regain the road, where the snow was pretty well cleared from it; but here the sledge could proceed no farther, and it was necessary for my woman-kind to be transhipped into one of the numerous small cars, which are always lying at the end of the snow. The road now begins to go through that huge ravine, or cleft in the mountain, down which rolls one of the sources of the Rhine, and in about three or four miles reaches the Splügen, where we arrived "sair droukit," in about four hours from our albergo. We found a large and not uncomfortable inn, and the carriage arrived in about two hours afterwards, with only the damage of three of the glasses broken. Splügen village is by no means at the foot of the ascent to the pass. This may be said to commence sixteen miles nearer Coire, the capital of the Grisons, at the village of Tüsis; between which latter place and Splügen, the road (called the *Via Mala*, from the horror of the adjoining scenery) is more frightfully awful than any thing I have as yet encountered. For the most part, you are between rocks some thousands of feet in height, and so perfectly upright, or rather overhanging, that you feel as if you would be crushed to nothing every instant. This feeling is not diminished by the huge masses which have crumbled, and are constantly crumbling down; and in our case it was added to, by our being the first to use the post, established only the day before; and, in consequence, having the benefit of being drawn by horses never before used in a carriage; and driven by a postillion who had never driven any thing but one of the narrow cars of the country. The consequence was, we were run against the walls and carts five different times, though never out of a walk; one of these shocks was at the Patten Brücke, one of the most dreadful parts of this most terrific road. The Rhine roars along, many hundreds of feet below you, and the rocks through which it passes are so near each other, that in many places, on looking over the dwarf wall, you can see nothing of the river. These rocks are covered, even in the most precipitous spots, with immense pines. The whole thing, to use a common phrase, begs description. It really does so; so come and see it. At Tüsis the passage of the Splügen may be said to finish. There are no more horrors at least, and the road becomes broader, though before we reached Coire, we again felt the freshly made posts by running against walls and carts three times more. The poverty of the Swiss government does not permit its making the road of the necessary breadth, and the narrowness of the *Via Mala*, as I have already said, is terrific. The same unequal principle continues the whole way up the Splügen, and the Austrians have not put their republican neighbours to the blush, by making their side much better. I am afraid that arch rogue Napoleon managed these, as well as other things, better; for however the Splügen scenery may exceed, as it does, the Simplon and Mount Cenis—in the workmanship it is far behind them; and by no means calculated to resist the fierceness of the mountain elements it

has to withstand. Indeed, the Splügen being seldom free from snow above four months in the year, will ever prevent its being a road much resorted to, even were it in other respects good. I should think, therefore, that its proposed continuation from Chiavenna to Lecco along the banks of the lake of Como, not a very useful extension: with us, and with our steam vessels on the lake, even were there a road, it would scarcely be used. Between Tüsis and Coire we passed the two bridges at Rheichenau, where the Upper and Lower Rhine meet, and got to Coire at eleven at night; where, from the bad state of the streets, we found it difficult to get the carriage up to the door of the Croce Bianca.

I have omitted mentioning the cascade of Pianazzo, on the way from Chiavenna to Isola, which resembles the Pisse-Vache, but is considerably higher; and while on the subject of waterfalls, I might say a good deal of several falls of the Rhine all along the Via Mala. In this part of the road we noticed a small stream which poured over from the highest part of the rocks above us, but which, long before it reached half way down, was quite lost in a thick mist; a small ledge of the rock again collected the shattered fragments, and it resumed its course to the river below in a tolerably collected manner, from having worn a sort of channel for itself, and the rock not being projecting. The galleries on the Splügen passage are different from those of the Simplon: the latter are excavations through the rock, while those of the Splügen are all built of stone and lime, and, as already observed, are the most workmanlike part of the whole. We were told that the engineer (Donegani) who planned the road on the Austrian side, did it in twenty-four hours time. Perhaps its defects may be owing to this haste; though I find no fault with the laying it out, further than the shortness of the zigzags already mentioned. The Swiss frontier is on the top of the mountain, and their side was done by themselves, and is not quite so good as the Austrian. They have the merit, however, of having lately finished a similar road over the San Bernardino, where both sides of the mountain belong to them. This road proceeds from the village of Splügen to the westward, and crosses the mountain of San Bernardino, and so down by Bellinzoni to the extremity of the Swiss possessions in Italy, on the south side of the Lake of Lugano, to within twenty-five miles of Milan.

#### FEBRUARY.

THE earth lies quiet in its wintry sleep,  
 But Spring is dancing in the cloudless sky.  
 Month of sharp rains, and driv'ling sleet, and fogs  
 Tenacious of their sway, thou com'st so lightly  
 In thy first steps, that thou would'st seem to bring  
 The perfect budding-time, and bid the flowers  
 Leap from their cloistering cells, and the brown woods  
 Be cloth'd with verdure. Thou art a faithless one;  
 But thou art beautiful in morns like this,

When the grey mist glides airily away,  
 Like the white silken robe of a fair night.  
 How lovely is the drapery of Frost!—  
 Whether the mystic influence knit all moisture  
 In solid masses,—or ingem each branch,  
 And twig, and trailing weed, with silvery flakes,  
 More gorgeous than the palaces of pearl,  
 Or grots of purest coral,—or besprinkle  
 The fields with brilliant whiteness, and enfold  
 The quiet water with the thin crisp ice  
 That quivers in the wind! The kindest glances  
 Of Frost's bright ministry are round us now  
 In beauty, and in power such, as all life  
 May feel and shrink not.

From the leafless hedge  
 I heard the woodlark pour his mellow note,  
 A solitary songster: yet the morn  
 Was chill and grey, and the inspiring sun  
 Not yet had lighted up the russet plain:  
 He sang with a full voice of inmost joy  
 His prelude to the deepening harmony  
 Of Spring's rich choir: his seem'd the single sound  
 Of gladness waking from its annual sleep  
 Of renovation. Did he raise his song  
 With that instinctive feeling of the power  
 Of all-pervading life, which calls the buds  
 Forth in their freshness, and impels the flowers  
 To woo the sun, and brave the nipping wind?

Sweet was this music in the silent dawn,  
 While the red east, nor luminous nor dim,  
 Diffused no lustre; but the amber light  
 Came rolling on like one broad sea of gold,  
 Till the magnificent disk at once uprose  
 In visible motion. Not the distant woods  
 Shrouded his presence, for the leafless trees  
 Ribb'd the full orb. I stood upon the plain,  
 And saw him mount, as from the level sea,  
 In glory that the sense might gaze upon  
 Through the thin veil of mist. Then the sere boughs  
 Warm'd into beauty; and the commonest weed,  
 The fern that throws its mantle o'er the turf,  
 And the thick knots of rank and wither'd grass,  
 Were lovely in that light: the frosty robe,  
 The thin pale robe of powdery dew, was bright  
 As tissued silver; and the sheep that graz'd  
 The close-cropp'd sod were ting'd with living fire.

The mist still hovers on the distant hills;  
 But the blue sky above us has a clear  
 And pearly softness; not a white speck lies  
 Upon its breast—it is a chrysal dome.  
 There is a quiet charm about this morn

Which sinks into the soul. No gorgeous colours  
 Has the undraped earth, but yet she shews  
 A vestal brightness. Not the voice is heard  
 Of sylvan melody, whether of birds . . .  
 Intent on song, or bees mingling their music  
 With their keen labour ; but the twittering voice  
 Of chaffinch, or the wild unfrequent note  
 Of the lone woodlark, or the minstrelsy  
 Of the blest robin, have a potent spell,  
 Chirping away the silence. Not the perfume  
 Of violet scents the gale, nor apple blossom,  
 Nor satiating bean-flower ; the fresh breeze  
 Itself is purest fragrance. Light and air  
 Are ministers of gladness ; where these spread  
 Beauty abides and joy ; where'er life is  
 There is no melancholy.

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• JOHN ROSE, THE GAUGER.

THE rapid change which has, since the alteration of the feudal system, taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, has swept into oblivion the peculiarities of a whole people ; and thus the history of the world has lost many singular touches of character, of which there is now nothing to recal the remembrance.

Had the Highlanders been fortunate enough to possess a Walter Scott, who could have caught enough hold of the varied colours of their evening sky, just as the sober grey of forgetfulness was beginning to come over them, a good deal would have been added to the library of intellectual pleasure. There has been none such, however. Sir Walter's Highlanders are, with the single exception of Evan Dhu Maccombish, Borderers ; and now the character has vanished altogether ; and the Highlander does not differ much from the Lowlander, excepting that his dwelling is more humble, and his fare more homely. A double emigration has visited that once singular land : the strong have gone from the country, and the country has gone from the weak ; and, whether in the glens of Lochaber, or the wilds of Canada, the Highlander lays down his bones in a land of strangers. Whenever a touch of Highland history, or of Highland character, can be given, it may therefore, always be considered as something saved from absolute forgetfulness.

In those lonely wilds, the gauger, or exciseman, was, some thirty years ago, a man of many woes. The sending him thither could not be with any view to augmenting the revenue of the country ; for, in many of the " divisions," and those too, in which there was no want of " dew upon the heather," the whole of the levies and seizures did not bring half the gauger's salary. The real causes were, to enable the great distillers in the south to continue their monopoly, and to add to the patronage of that party, to which Scotland happened for the time being, to be farmed by the minister. The people of the mountains, who though a plain, were a very shrewd people, saw this well ;

and therefore they considered playing tricks upon the gauger, as being a virtue rather than a vice. When, too, the gauger was a man of sense and feeling, he could not help seeing the total uselessness of his labours for any public purpose, either political or moral; and thus the gauger became, in many places, the protector of illicit distillation, by keeping more prying persons out of the district.

All, however, were not of this forbearing character; and of these, one was John Rose, the gauger, who was, as the story goes, for a considerable time, the execration of all the whiskey-loving inhabitants of the remote and romantic valley of Strathglass; or rather of that still more remote and romantic dell which lies above that most picturesque of all cascades, the *Essan Phidaich*, or the "Raven's Linn," upon, I forget what brawling mountain stream.

I do not mean to say that the "dew distillers" of this singular place were much disturbed by John in their fastnesses above the cascade; for there nature had defended them in her strongest manner. As one ascended the torrent, there was on the left a forest thick with pines, and interrupted by lakes and marshes; and, on the right, a succession of crag rising over crag, in such a manner that no human being, or indeed wing-less thing of any sort, could attempt to descend, without the certainty of being dashed to pieces. In those crags, the ravens, from which the cascade takes its appropriate cognomen, build their eyries, and rear their ravenous brood, despite the unrelenting vengeance of the neighbouring shepherds, whose flocks are made to pay tithes to those dark-nested gentry, and in contempt of the efforts of the most daring hunters.

Nor is the place more accessible from the source of the torrent that lies distant in the summit of a mountain, which can be passed with difficulty by the most adventurous traveller; and even though the road that way were easy, it is long,—full thirty miles to go, and twenty to return; and though John Rose might have continued to make the former part of the journey upon his poney, in about two days, it would have taken him at least an equal time to perform the latter on foot, in a place where peat and heather would have been both his bed and his board. Besides, though John had undertaken this long and perilous journey, and though there had been no chance of his meeting "the braw McCraws," bringing tea and tobacco from the west coast to barter for that dew, of which he wished to prevent the circulation and influence; and against whom, if he had happened to meet them, the insurance of his safe return would have been full cent per cent upon his valde; the alarm would have been given, and John would have been drubbed and driven back, long before he had reached the place of his desires.

In the fourth quarter, or from the Strath, the approach is more terrific, because all the terrors of it are huddled into a small compass and seen at once. The waterfall shot from a height of about seventy feet, and the precipitous rock on each side, had an elevation of at least twice as much more; so that to have gained the top, John must have climbed like the mountain cat, or soared like the raven. There was, indeed, one little path, (if path it could be called,) in which one had to creep in the dark below fallen fragments of the rock, for some ten feet at a time, and through a crevice of about two feet in diameter, in

which there was no knowing what might be concealed; and in which the gripe of a mountain-cat, or a mountaineer, would have been alternatives equally fearful and fatal to John Rose. Nor was this all; for, just as one approached the falling sheet of water, and was drenched by the spray, and made dizzy by the motion and the din, one stood upon scanty and slippery footing, and looked down upon a tremendous cauldron of black and tumbling water, full fifty feet below, of which no one could see the entrance or the outlet for the overhanging and frightful crags, and of which no man knew, or felt disposed to fathom, the depth. In short, if they who first prepared "the pit of Acheron," as the place of final retribution for iniquity, had previously looked into the *Coirè nan Phidaich*, they would have made choice of it as far more dreadful and hopeless than the other.

Into this abyss would John Rose have been compelled to look, after he had overcome the perils of the passage formerly mentioned; and not only would he have had to cast upon it, what would have been fatal to most men under such circumstances, a passing look; but he would have had to hang suspended over it for some time, to ruminate upon the still greater peril which then presented itself. At the point where one comes so near to the fall, that the spray makes sight difficult, and footing and grasp impossible to any thing but naked feet, and hard hands which have long been inured to cling to the rock, as a fly does to the window, or a boy's "sucker" to a pebble—being pressed down at the sides, and drawn up in the middle by that peculiar action of the muscles which the hands and feet of climbers of rocks acquire, without the owner being able to tell how,—just at that point, a plate of schistus, of much harder texture than the rest, projects about two feet forward, and overhangs from a level, to the top of which one dares not look up.

It is true that, upon the edge of this curtain of rock, there is a little step, or indenture, of the depth of about three inches; and it is also true, that one who knows the other side of the rock can grasp it with perfect security, and, by dexterously "changing step" and making a spring, land upon a stony platform on the other side, where all is safe, and where there is a natural parapet, to protect one equally from the gulf and the cataract. At the same time it is equally true, that no one who has seen only one side of the rock, could easily prevail on himself to pass it either way, though those on the other side were making their every effort to encourage and aid him. Much less could John Rose, the gauger, against whom every vengeance was vowed, and every hostility carried on, dare to make the attempt, where one child of ten years old might have stood in safety and silence, and plunged ten thousand gaugers, *seriatim*, into the abyss, whence they would have been carried, the Lord knows where.

In consequence of these formidable barriers in the way, John Rose, the gauger, could not interfere with the distillation of the dew; and thus his operations were confined to intercepting the malt, and seizing the spirits when made, and in the act of being conveyed to other parts of the district; operations in which, from the numbers and determination of the escorts, John had usually more broil than profit. He used to watch in the neighbourhood, however; and when the wind set down the dell, he has often been seen snuffing up the scent of that

which he could not reach; or eyeing the operations, as a cat eyes a sparrow on an inaccessible twig,

Often did John Rose linger about the place; but that which, if he could have reached it, would have given him a little profit to console him for the banterings and bangs to which he was forced to submit, and, what was his grand object, have recommended him to a more lucrative and less perilous district, was quite inaccessible; and though John Rose could see the blue smoke curling through the crevices, and though the breeze came perfumed with the fragrance of the dew, upon not one thimbleful of it could he set the broad arrow of our lord the king.

So totally unproductive was John's district, that his superiors began to hint that he was in league with the illicit distillers, and cognizant of the spoliation of that revenue; upon which he was, at the same time, a dead weight to the full amount of his salary. To John Rose, the most zealous of gaugers, to him whose days were spent in watching and his nights in dreaming of that prey, which, had he been ten John Roses, he could not have reached, this was a most bitter accusation; and the bitterness was deepened by the reflection that it would lead to his dismissal; and John Rose, the gentleman gauger, would have to sink down into the laborious fitcher, which was his calling before he was united in holy wedlock with the handmaid of parson Rory; and soon thereafter made to taste the sweets of patriarchal blessedness.

Out of this unpleasant predicament, John Rose was determined to work himself, or perish in the attempt. But how to do the former, and avoid the latter, was the rub. The fatal rock and the yawning gulf, the dreary forest, the stupendous height of Mam Suil, the everlasting ice of Loch na' Nuin; with the crags, the wild cats, and worse than all, the cudgels and dirks of the Chisholms, beset the place in formidable array. He thumped and scratched the outside of his cranium, to stimulate his organ of investigation; and he kept cannonading the same with snuff, pinch after pinch, till resolution came upon him to tread the mazes of the forest.

Arming himself with pistols and provend, he began his journey at midnight, and ere grey dawn he was on the outskirts of the forest, and had the satisfaction of being secured against the heat of the sun, by that close and cooling investure, a Scotch mist; which, at the same time that it watered him copiously for his journey, so circumscribed his vision, that it did not extend beyond the next pine. If you take a kitchen-poker, which has stood for some time by the fire (if leaning southward all the better), give it two or three smart taps on the floor, to shake out any disturbed polarizations that may be in it; and then holding it as nearly as you can in the direction and dip of the magnetic needle, bring the south or upper end of it near the north of a compass, it would attract the said north very powerfully. But if you then, holding the south where it was, reverse the poker by turning it over, and making that which was the south the north, the north point of the compass will fly, and the whole will be reversed. Those who have been in the habit of travelling in trackless country, get a compass in their heads. How it comes there one cannot very well tell: but it does come, and clear or cloudy, day or night, it



points out the direction with wonderful accuracy. Nature sometimes reverses this compass, without any application of a poker; and so powerful is the impression, that when under its influence, one can hardly persuade one's-self that the midday sun is hot, due north. What influence the whiskey that John Rose took with him and in him, in order that it might instinctively go to that of which he was in quest, might have had in the matter, there is no knowing; but certain it is that the compass in John's head got sadly out of sorts; and through the live-long day he could not get out of the forest, unless at the point where he entered, to which he came unintentionally more than twenty times; so that, when evening came, there was nothing for John Rose but to make the best of his way home.

The best of a disappointed man's way is not very good, even in the best kept thoroughfare in the world; and those who have had the fortune to be alone in the dark upon the hills of Strathglass, need not be told that the best of John Rose's way, was nothing to be desired or boasted of.

The physical perils in his way were not small; pits, precipices, pools, cataracts, and quagmires; besides the unpleasant yelling of the wild cats, on all sides of him, the sharp bark of the fox upon the hill, and the ear-piercing boom of the bittern from the mire. There were metaphysical alarms too. John was deeply imbued with the superstitions of his country: he heard the mocking-neigh of the "water kelpie" through the mournful wail of the falling stream; and that fellest of imps the *ignis fatuus*, was ever and anon holding up his lantern, to lure John Rose into all sorts of dangerous places.

Still John tottered and trembled on, mingling prayers and curses, till he came to a place more tangled and wild than any he had yet encountered. Here a real light glared upon him for a moment, and as its last flicker stole from him, the little glimmer that the stars cast through the fog, there glided past, plain to his vision, that horrible apparition, the *Bhodaich Ghlais*, the certain harbinger of death. John yelled out; forward he sprang, and the next instant he was many fathoms under the earth, not much stunned by the fall, but so hurt with heat and smoke and sulphur, that he verily believed that he had passed the doom of which the *Bhodaich* had warned him, and entered upon his final retribution in the place of woe.

To suit the action to the place, he began his "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" and the instant that these were in full play, a gripe like that of a tiger was upon his throat; a dagger gleamed over him; and a voice which made the earth rock again, exclaimed, "Are you Shohn Rose, ta gaäger?" "A-ay." "Tid ony poty saw you come in?" "No-a." "Then," flourishing the dagger, and dashing John on the floor, "tam ta one shall saw you go out!" The heart of John sank within him, and his recollection did not return till he found himself at the door of his own house, with a whole skin, but bound hand and foot; and so heartily tired of Strathglass, and of those dens of distillation which he had been unable to reach with his will, but had reached against it, that he applied to Rory, his patron, and soon took his departure for another district, amid the jeers and hootings of the people.

John Rose next set up his staff upon the west coast of the Highlands.

It seems, however, that he was destined to give additional force to the proverb, "If you flee from fate, it will follow;" for the rumour of John's zeal outran him, and the story of the subterranean distillery, the *Bhodnich Ghlais* and the dirk, met him on his arrival. He was now, however, in a more open country; there was a company of volunteers, whom he could call upon on any emergency; and, backed by them, John Rose had still hopes that his zeal would be crowned with success, and lead to that promotion which was the operating principle in all his exertions.

In those days, the people on the west coast of the Scotch Highlands were annually supplied with brandy, tea, claret, and various other excisable commodities, by a smuggling cutter, which came nominally from Guernsey, but which, in reality, was the property of Highlanders, and navigated by a Highlander who knew every creek and bay on the coast. This vessel had carried on her contraband trade for many years, without once having been encountered by the custom-house yacht, which generally contrived to stand off in the direction of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, until the cargo was landed, and the cutter gone.

John Rose resolved to make this same cutter the lever which was to hoist him up to the desired elevation; and from the day of his taking up his abode in his new district, his whole wishes and wits were at work, devising means by which he should seize the cutter. Upon the high seas he had no means of getting, and therefore he had to wait till the prize should come to him; and as his district was the last at which the cutter touched, the capture was delayed, and the value diminished. There is nothing that spins time to such an unbearable length as expectation; but even expectation does not spin it out for ever.

Many a long and weary day did John Rose nestle upon the highest summit of the peninsula—looking wistfully toward the whole sea part of the horizon; and many a fishing-boat from Barra to the Clyde, and kelp-sloop from the Long Island for Liverpool, cheated his expectation ere there was any news of the cutter. The cutter did come, however at last, and had been snugly laid up in a little creek for several days before John Rose was apprized of the fact. When that came to his ears, he called the assistance of his reluctant soldier-craft, the volunteers, and, ensconcing them behind a knoll which was covered with coppice, he directed them to rush forward when he should give the signal. They, or some one else, had, however, given the signal before him; and so, though he went in the costume of a mendicant, the better to conceal his purpose till the proper time came, those on board had notice of his quality and intentions.

John Rose was received with a frankness which, if it had not been for the value of the prize, would have unmanned him for his project; and his spirits were somewhat damped by the array of pikes, pistols, and cutlasses which he saw. No pike was brought to the charge, however, no pistol was cocked, and no cutlass was grasped; the people on board were swinging almost the last tub of brandy overboard; and the weapons of death lay by as harmless as if John Rose had the power of charming them into wreaths of myrtles, roses, and the olive. "They

do not know me now, but they shall know me by and by," whispered John Rose to himself: John was a true prophet, but he did not know it.

Upon the deck of the vessel, there was a small cask of the choicest cogniac, in which there was a crane, and to which a small silver jug was attached. It caught John's attention; and forthwith, as if by magic, he was seated on a camp stool, and the fascinating chalice was at his lips. It was nectar and ambrosia. John Rose quaffed and quaffed again; and at the seventh age of the draught, he essayed to rise for the purpose of making his signal; but the heels of John only rose; the head fell; the cutter sheered out, and sailed with the tide; and when the senses of John Rose came back to him, he was in the wide Atlantic with not even a distant peak in sight. Drowning, or something worse, was his anticipation; but John Rose was not destined to have his exit in that element. They stood across the Bay of Biscay, and landing him at Corunna, gave him dollars to the value of five pounds. With no language, save Gaelic and Scotch, he plodded his way to Oporto; and from thence he returned to England, where he ceases to be matter of history.

#### SCANDAL OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON.

Memoires d'une Contemporaine; ou, Souvenirs d'une Femme sur les principaux Personnages de la République, du Consulat, de l'Empire, &c. 6 Vols. gu 8vo. Paris 1827—1828. Londres, Dulau.

The desire to pry into the private actions of illustrious persons has become a disease of our times. It is difficult to say whether England or France excel in administering provocatives to this depraved curiosity. We call it *depraved*, because the great object of all the writers of scandalous memoirs, and the great point of *gusto* with all the readers, is, that the commonest order of minds shall be upon a level with the highest, in having cognizance of their vices and foibles; in other words, that all the countless thousands who derive wit and wisdom from circulating libraries, shall degrade every "hero" or man of genius, into a very common-place fellow, by being, with reference to his habits, in the condition of his "valet-de-chambre." This is the secret of the attractive memoir-writing of the present day; and whether the dose be administered to the public debility by the scandal-mongers of Paris or of London, it is equally stimulating, enfeebling, and destructive of the heart and the understanding.

But the seductive draught is still more alluring when we have a chance of beholding the weaknesses of great men in a point where most men are weak. The memoirs of mistresses have ever been attractive, from Ninon de l'Enclos to Ann Bellamy. Our own day has seen such productions rendered a vehicle for the most infamous frauds that the united power of the courtesan and the swindler could devise. The success of an unnameable person in England has, perhaps, in some degree produced the volumes before us. But we must be just. This lady does not record her adventures for the purpose of pillaging

or scandalizing those whom she has, unfortunately for themselves, entrapped into her net. Her destiny brought her acquainted with some remarkable men; and now she is glad to eke out the means of gratification, both of her pocket and her vanity, by writing her reminiscences. The book is as amusing, and perhaps as instructive, as many of more virtuous pretensions. At any rate, it is very curious; and we may therefore, without any dereliction of principle, tell the English public something about a work, which, at this moment, occupies no inconsiderable portion of the attention of the salons of Paris. The confessions of a pretty woman, who has been familiarly known to the most celebrated characters of modern France—who participated in the glories of her chieftains and warriors—has been the friend and confidant of queens and mistresses; who narrates with grace and elegance—who speaks with enthusiasm of her military exploits, and of her amorous adventures with modesty and reserve,—could not fail to obtain a temporary celebrity, and to excite a lively interest, among the frivolous inmates of the boudoirs of that talking city.

The Contemporaine must be an object of great interest to those who are not at once revolted by the style in which the lady has passed her life. Beside the oppressors whom she has known, and whose characters she delineates, and the multitude of, events, of busy and tumultuous catastrophes, which she records, this much admired lady has, according to one of her energetic expressions, *lived double*, nearly all her life. Very different from those women who imagine it impossible to love seriously more than once, she being of an *impassionable* nature, and one whose heart frequently beats to escape from her bosom, had, in addition to a husband, whom she married for love, at the age of twelve or thirteen, three other titled lovers, the young Marescot, General Moreau, and Marshal Ney. Besides, “love alone has not filled up the span of her existence,” as she was incessantly tormented with the restless stimulus of curiosity and activity. She was contemporary with all the great events of the revolution, and of the empire; and as she expresses it herself, within the compass of twenty-three years she had witnessed the triumphs of Valency, and the funerals of Waterloo. The following fact is connected with the commencement of her career, and we introduce it because it proves that the martial inclinations of our heroine (for she was a follower of Mars as well as of Cupid) had not closed her heart against the tender feelings, and because, moreover, it tends to exhibit in the clearest light the spirit which animated the generals of France at the commencement of the revolutionary war:—

“Some despatches were now received by General Dessoles, which gave a new turn to our conversation; and, fortunately for myself, proved favourable to the execution of my plan. The subject of these despatches related to some new measures of severity which were to be put in force against such of the emigrants as the French army might make prisoners in Holland. How great was my joy when I heard the principal officers that made part of our society, deplore bitterly the extreme severity of the orders which were conveyed to them, and communicate with each on the means of eluding them! They all concurred in loudly condemning the harshness of General Bournonville, and the connection which he still kept with several of the most violent revolutionists. They all likewise condemned the cruelty of General Vandamme.

'We all certainly desire liberty,' exclaimed Generals Saint-Suzanne, Saint-Cyr, Dessolles, and Grouchy; 'without liberty there is no safety for France, but it must be liberty without the scaffold.' I then by degrees mingled with the conversation, and more than once I had the pleasure of hearing the same generous sentiments repeated in my presence, which animated the breasts of the greatest number of the French officers. But however they might deplore the severity of the laws against the emigrants, the republican officers did not spare their censures on the fatal determination adopted by such vast numbers of Frenchmen who had abandoned their native country, and allied themselves with foreign despots for its subjugation.

"Grouchy, however, remained obstinately silent, though I was very eager to hear his opinion on the subject. I ventured to pronounce a few words in favour of the emigrants, and observed, that they were justified in following the standards of their king, and that besides flight was the only means of safety left to the body of the noblesse from the very commencement of the revolution. 'Madam,' replied Grouchy, 'it was in France that they ought to have reared the royal standard; I belonged to the noblesse myself, yet I have never quitted France; I have continued to serve my country, and my country has never rejected me.' After these few remarks, he remained silent, while the discussion was carried on between the other officers. I afterwards went up to him, and fixing a significant look upon him, I exclaimed, 'Well, general, you whom I was inclined to consider as the most indulgent of all, I now find to be the most cruel.'

"I hung down my head and sighed, as I made this short remark; and as this sigh seemed to reveal to Grouchy the extent of my fears for the two fugitives, and the hopes which I first founded on him, he instantly approached me and said, 'Madam, if they interest you in their favour, I shall consider them less culpable.' I now clearly perceived that he understood my intentions, and a smile on my part was my only reply. 'Ah!' exclaimed Grouchy, 'I would give my life for such a smile.' But I stopped the conversation abruptly, and contented myself with promising him to renew the conversation that evening, at six o'clock, in the garden. Tea was now served up; the ladies, like so many Hebrews, were occupied pouring out nectar to these gods of war; and each of them endeavoured to shew off to the best advantage. As for myself, I always entertained great contempt for the routine of house-keeping; and seating myself before an old harpsichord, I endeavoured to cloak the anxiety that overwhelmed my breast under the appearance of extreme gaiety, and began to play some waltz tunes with all possible vivacity and animation. Grouchy displayed more attention than usual, and endeavoured to remove the melancholy which inwardly preyed on my heart, and occasionally appeared upon my brow; and in this effort he frequently succeeded. At the same time, General Desolles amused himself with teaching the beautiful Madame Vandestra the military motions; but at the third 'half face to the right,' the young recruit, not being yet sufficiently drilled, upset the tea-table, and threw down the beautiful Japan porcelain with which it was decked out. This awkward circumstance produced endless bursts of laughter; but in the midst of the general confusion, I distinctly heard these words pronounced in my ear: 'It is now six o'clock—repair to the garden.' I started at the sound, and hung down my head in silence. Grouchy went out; and after a little hesitation, I quitted the apartment, repeating to myself whatever occurred to me to excuse the indiscretion of my conduct.

"It was still day light when I arrived at the place of rendezvous; the general came to meet me with a respectful politeness, and a manner calculated to remove the uneasiness I must have felt at such a proceeding. 'Madam,' said he, 'if it were not for the desire you feel to do some service to others, I should not undoubtedly have the honour of seeing you here. It is my wish to second your generous intentions; but you know the obligations

which honour and duty impose upon me. I am persuaded that you will request nothing contrary to these sacred obligations. Speak, madam, and tell me what I am to do.' 'General,' replied I, 'I want a passport for two of my attendants, who are going to the Texel; they set out to-night.' 'What is that which you require from me? It is not in my power; I am not in command here. At this flat refusal, my heart was rent with distress. 'Unhappy wretches!' I exclaimed; and renewed my suit with the general, who for some time made no reply; but at last stated to me in a few words all the difficulties that stood in the way of my request; though I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that he did not even once allude to the personal danger which he was liable to incur by such an act of complaisance towards myself. We had now gradually reached the door of a very elegant pavillion, situated at the extremity of the grove, where we were walking. Preparations had been made in it for a musical entertainment in the evening; the weather was cold, and the darkness increased every moment. The pavillion was well lighted; we went in and placed ourselves by the fire side. I then renewed my supplications; I painted in strong colours the afflicting condition of the two emigrants—their extreme misery and distress. Grouchy beheld me in silence, and afterwards sighed and turned away his eyes. At last, after considerable hesitation, he exclaimed; 'They shall get out to-morrow in one of your carriages.' 'Yes,' replied I, 'and they shall be joined by two of their relations, who are also in my service.' A fresh silence succeeded these few words; and as I perceived that I could not bring the general to a formal consent to my request, I employed every form of persuasion, and every expression of esteem and confidence that was justifiable, in order to obtain the signature that was to save the lives of my dependants. The materials for writing were at hand, and Grouchy took up the pen, and repeatedly threw it down again. The time was now rapidly elapsing, and every minute added to the anguish and sufferings of the unhappy fugitives. 'Alas!' cried I, at last, 'you pretended a few minutes ago, that you would give your life for a single smile of mine; but has it since lost all its charm and efficacy in your eyes?' At these words, Grouchy seized my hand with transport, and devoured it with kisses. He then took up the pen and signed the passport. A smile was the remuneration of his kindness."

There is, it must be acknowledged, something very picturesque and interesting in the description of this female; who, at the early age of sixteen or seventeen, was living in the midst of the *états majors* of the republican armies, clad in a military uniform; and who partook, with a degree of nonchalance perfectly feminine, the fatigues of the camp, and the pleasures that usually accompany victory. When she became the mistress of Moreau, she followed him in his marches with the army of the Sambre and Meuse; and afterwards in the less dangerous occupation of the command of the army of Italy. It is pleasing to read her narrative of the first exploits of the republican armies.

The conquest of Belgium—the moral disposition of the French army—the heroic defence of Lisle, when besieged by the troops of the Coalition, while the inhabitants beheld with indifference the burning of their houses, and vied with the soldiery in acts of bravery—the Austrians compelled to raise the siege after having nearly reduced the city to ashes.—Such were the first military achievements that fired the ambition of the Contemporaine, attached her to the revolution, and made the republican Moreau the hero of her heart.

With the memorable events of the early wars of the republic, our Contemporaine was intimately connected; and she speaks with a

lively admiration of the gallant chiefs who figured so conspicuously at that period of busy warfare. Kléber, Grouchy, Bérthier, Pichegru, and Ney, were her intimate friends; and she describes them, as she describes herself, with their virtues and defects. Unfortunately, both in politics and love, constancy is not the predominant quality in the character of our heroine: for a single audience with Napoleon, against whom Moreau had bequeathed her a share of his hatred, was sufficient to banish all her republican principles, and to fasten her as a slave to the victorious ear of the great paradox of the revolution. The manner in which this extraordinary metamorphosis was achieved is thus recorded:—

“I was invited to a grand supper; and as I was repairing to my toilet, I found, to my great astonishment, a note from one of the most intimate friends of the emperor, requiring me to attend at the imperial palace with the person who was sent to me. I could now, if I were writing a romance, give vent to fine expressions of offended virtue, and magnificent terms of refusal and disdain; but I write facts and events resulting from an eccentric and adventurous character. But let that sincerity which makes me spurn at lying and hyperis, be allowed in some degree to be a virtue in me, to console me for the absence of the other virtues. I manifested no irresolution, for was not my vanity engaged? But though ambition was not my ruling passion, yet I must confess, that my toilet on this occasion was not neglected; and that my dress displayed ambition, if not my mind. When I arrived at the palace, I found the emperor's friend, who complimented me on my punctuality, and assured me of the high esteem which his majesty entertained for me. It is not necessary for me,” said he, “to dictate to you the language you are to hold; but I venture to recommend to you very gravely, not to be intimidated if you are spoken to about Moreau.”

“‘Intimidated!’ cried I. ‘But if I am spoken to about Moreau, or Ney, farewell to his majesty.’

“‘Foolish eccentricity,’ cried he. ‘Prevail on yourself to be agreeable, and you will thank me for my advice.’

“At this very moment a door that I had not perceived was half open; and the emperor's friend withdrew, and I found myself in a closet of ten feet square with one for whom an empire was too scanty. At first there was neither salutation nor compliments; but coming up to me he said, ‘Do you know that you look six years younger here than you do on the stage?’

“‘~~But~~ I am happy to find it so.’

“‘You were very intimate with Moreau?’

“‘Extremely so.’

“‘He has committed many follies for your sake.’

“‘I made no reply to that observation. The emperor came nearer to me, and we chatted with a little more freedom. He became very agreeable, and I found him so much so that I gradually forgot Moreau, and, what is more, the emperor and king; but the conversation was more brisk than sentimental. It was easy, however, to discover that Napoleon was not a man over whom women could rule; not that he was exempt from weaknesses, but because he was above those blind attachments which prove so ruinous to princes and to states. There never would be any reasonable apprehension, under his sway, that the public treasures would be wasted away to dispel the vapours or the head-ache of a female favourite. He was fully acquainted with my whole history, and the singularity of my life; and he asked me if I was engaged at the theatre of Milan, and intended to continue at it. I replied, that ‘It was my intention to travel into the Tyrol, as soon as the holidays were over.’ He then gave me a very significant glance, and asked if I was not a German. ‘No, sire,’ replied I; ‘I am a native of Italy; but my heart is French.’

He then looked at me more steadfastly; and after a moment of indecision he said, in the true style of royal or ministerial nonchalance: 'I shall not forget you.' After this reply in the official style, he disappeared, and I was reconducted by my introducer, who overwhelmed me with questions, to which I replied in a panner to satisfy his curiosity and his benevolence, and we separated very good friends. On my return home I experienced an extraordinary agitation: I was proud, and was now humbled; and the past seemed to upbraid me for the present. I could not help reflecting, that nine years before I occupied the same palace, since become the imperial residence, with a degree of splendour equal to that enjoyed by its royal inmates; and I returned from it with a strong impression of admiration for the persecutor of him to whom I was indebted for those honours; a persecutor who now substituted his own idea in the place of that of the exiled victim. Tormented by these reflections, I was on the point of forming some prudent resolutions, but fatality interposed to check them. Two days elapsed, and I heard no more on the subject. The wounded spirit of vanity amalgamated with the pangs of enmity, when I received a visit from the grand marshal of the palace. He astonished me much more by the magnificence of the present which he brought me, than by the intimation of a second audience with the emperor. I was inclined to refuse a present to which I had no just title; but Duroc gave me such valid reason for accepting it, that I submitted: from excess of loyalty; asking his opinion, at the same time, whether I should thank the emperor for it. 'Undoubtedly,' said he; 'otherwise he would ask after you with a degree of peevishness and uneasiness, and would, at any rate, look upon your refusal as a *finesse*, or an offence. The emperor is not like other men; nor should he be treated like them.' In the evening I repaired to the palace, having received an order to that purpose. My introduction was as before; but I had a longer time to wait. The grand marshal led me into a spacious apartment, which had rather the appearance of a ministerial office than the boudoir of a prince. The emperor was engaged in signing a vast number of despatches, and only cast a glance at us in coming in. The marshal made me a sign to sit down, and then retired. A long quarter of an hour elapsed before the emperor seemed to recollect my presence; but turning round on a sudden, without dropping his pen, he observed that I was tired and uneasy. 'That, sire, is impossible,' replied I. 'How impossible?' 'Am I not present at the avocations of a great man? Is not that sufficient ground for interesting my vanity?' Upon that I rose, and he did the same; and approaching me with much more ease and grace than at our former interview, on a sudden he turned towards his bureau, crossed the apartment, and rang the bell, when I saw a maneluke, with several men remaining behind, enter at a door opposite to that by which I had come in. I was so thunderstruck by this sudden apparition, that I did not hear a word; the eyes of the maneluke were fixed upon me in a frightful manner, and he delivered a packet to the emperor, who turned in silence to his bureau. I arose in a state of uneasiness, and walked about with an air of freedom, as if I did not perceive the emperor coming gently behind me. I soon caught his eye; he viewed me with glances more expressive of Italian energy than of imperial dignity. I did not attend to the strictness of etiquette, but this freedom only rendered him more agreeable than usual, and our familiar conversation was prolonged, without being observed by him or myself, till two o'clock in the morning. 'Then, sire, it seems you do not sleep?' observed I. 'As little as possible,' replied he. '*Whatever is stolen from sleep, is added to our real existence.*'

"In speaking of so extraordinary a man, the most minute particulars possess a certain degree of interest, and therefore I hope to be excused for a few details. Much has been said about his blunt and abrupt manner, but hatred has dictated those remarks. Undoubtedly Napoleon was not a great man after the lady style, but his gallantry, inasmuch as it possessed a shade of originality, became more pleasing and seductive; it charmed because it was



all his own. He never told a woman that she was beautiful, but he detailed her charms with the taste and discrimination of an artist.

"It has been also observed that his complexion had a disagreeable tinge, which is visible in men of colour, but this was not the case; those who have seen him near will join their testimony with mine in contradiction to that report. Napoleon appeared to me in a better light as emperor than as consul. His countenance acquired dignity in the former rank without losing its original simplicity; his glance was deeply penetrating, and the fine outlines of his profile especially recalled the idea of Cæsarian dignity, as indicative of imperial pre-eminence. His hands, which were spoken so highly of, did not belie their character; and I did not fail to make a remark at their astonishing whiteness, a compliment which he replied to with a smile resembling that of a pretty woman. Thus, even in the most superior characters, there is always a little niche for childish vanity."

From this interview, Napoleon occurred to our heroine as the greatest man of the age. The concentrated rays of glory emanating from genius, military renown, and vast achievements, played round his brows. "He was the victorious warrior, the sovereign legislator; and even his military enterprises were acts of profound political wisdom." Henceforth her enthusiasm for him knew no bounds. She no longer recollected the Moreau, in whom, she says, she had always rather a protector than a lover: she even was on the point of forgetting Ney himself; the only man to whom it was allotted "to inspire her with that exalted love, that towering passion that repays with tortures for a momentary period of happiness." Napoleon himself was not insensible to so much devotion and tenderness: the *Contemporaine* received from him a very magnificent present, and was placed at a later period, by his all-powerful protection, with the Princess Eliza.

When we read the long list of the various personages that the *Contemporaine* harnessed to her car of victory, we are convinced that she must have been, at least, beautiful; and, that at the period which she styles, the "Saturnalia of the Directory," she must have shared with Mesdames Recamier and Tallien, the admiration of the circles of Paris. After the death of her husband, whom her conjugal infidelities had precipitated into the grave, Moreau revealed his intention to her, "to raise her to the rank which she might justly claim in the world, and the privileges of that public estimation which she had wantonly sacrificed." At the very moment, when, as she expresses it herself, "she had fallen not only from her claims to consideration, but was placed, by general opinion, among that class of females, whose beauty is their only merit and their only fortune," Marshal Ney loved her to distraction. Grouchy, at her request, had hazarded the dangers of the scaffold by assisting the escape of two emigrants: Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely reckoned her among the number of his dearest friends, and used to read to her, (as Molière did to his servant maid,) all the speeches which he had to deliver, in the Legislative Chamber, or at the Academy; and when she manifested an intention to appear on the boards of the *Theatre Français*, he gave her some excellent instructions in declamation, which, however, did not prevent her from being hissed. Talleyrand carried his gallantry towards our heroine so very far, as to roll up her hair in

banknotes in the guise of papillotes. Bonaparte, to use her own terms, "preserved a delicious recollection" of her while he lived; and even the austere physiognomy of Fouché melted before her eyes.

In reading the narratives of the various campaigns in which the Contemporaine was engaged, we are compelled to allow her the merit of bravery and courage. While she was yet a child, she shared in the triumphs of Valmy; and when more advanced in life, she was present at the sanguinary battle of Eylau, where being engaged in the thickest of the fray, "she received a stab over the left eye which covered her face with blood," on which Ney exclaimed, "Now we are truly comrades in arms:—that deserves the cross!" She was, also, engaged in the dismal campaign of Russia, in which she shot a Cossack; and in that of 1814, "My countenance," says she, "was known to all the grenadiers of the Old Guard." She was witness to the abdication at Fontainebleau: she beheld, as Napoleon reviewed the guard, "the big tears falling on the mustachioes of the oldest grenadiers." She even beheld the tears dropping from the noble eyes of the emperor himself, who then appeared so beautiful to her, that she was on the point of throwing herself on her knees before him, and making him an offer of her remaining days for his service. Last of all, she was present at Waterloo, where she was covered with dust and glory, and after the battle she returned to Paris to repair the ravages of her toilet, and to offer to Napoleon, who was then confined at Malmaison, "an heroic and royal counsel; something very generous, grand, and gigantic." What this counsel was, she does not state, but gives us to understand that the great man, whom she found feeble and dejected, had not resolution enough to follow her advice, and on that occasion displayed less courage than a woman. After this most awful crisis, the Contemporaine, finding herself useless in the field of love and glory, devoted herself to the cause of the unfortunate, and to the practice of diplomatic intrigues.

It was under the princess Eliza, the beloved sister of Napoleon, who ruled over Tuscany, like a true Semiramis, that our heroine served her apprenticeship to the difficult trade of the Metternichs and Talleyrands. Profiting by the privileges usually granted to crowned heads, Eliza, though married to the old adjutant Baccioni, and nevertheless lovers by the dozens, and it was to bring back to her the handsome Count Cenesi Albizzi, who had fled from her chains, that our heroine received her first mission to the court of Murat, where the faithless lover had taken refuge, whom she, as she represents, brought back repentant to the feet of the grand duchess. It appears that this successful essay, and the compliments and presents that resulted from it, inspired our Contemporaine with a strong inclination for diplomacy; and, if we may believe her half-official hints, we should suspect her of having had a share in the return of Napoleon from Elba. M. Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, to whom she never ceased to repeat, after the first return of the Bourbons, "Are my attachment and devotion required?—I am ready to devote myself to the cause," had once invited her to a breakfast party, composed of military men, at which politics were most formidably introduced; and "entre la poire et le fromage." Nothing less was talked of

than a change of all the reigning dynasties of Europe; and in all these plans of universal regeneration, an assurance of success was manifest, and a confidence "that overruled my imagination, volcanic as it is by its own nature and constitution. The voice of these brave men resounded like the shout of victory." The champagne, which produced its usual effects, made it plain to our Contemporaine, that the valiant men with whom she breakfasted, were privy to the intentions of Napoleon, and that he only waited for a favourable moment to re-occupy his throne. Being totally devoted to the interests of the hero, "who had loved her for a moment," she scrupled not to promote the designs of Regnault and his friends. Being then a conspirator without knowing it, she set out for the island of Elba. She went ashore there, and "a certain dignity of manner, acquired by mingling largely with the great world, an advantage which the theatrical profession rather increases than diminishes," caused her to be taken for the empress! She visited the man who had loved her for a moment, returned to Paris, and distinguished herself on 20th March by her zeal in favour of her hero. At the close of that day, on which she had displayed such ardour for the Bonapartists, she returned home "harassed with happiness."

The ceremony in the Champ de Mars, during which she was so deeply agitated, that she assures us, that had she possessed the virtues of Iphigenia, she would have consented to be immolated as a victim for the welfare of all, and for the welfare "of one;"—the battle of Waterloo, in which she introduces groups of celebrated soldiers around the emperor: and the second abdication of Napoleon; the death of Murat: and all the particulars of the arrest, trial, condemnation, and execution of Marshal Ney, occupy the last part of the sixth volume.

The memoirs of our Contemporaine have obtained a high degree of success, but that circumstance does not excite our surprise. For we meet in them with several valuable and curious points of information respecting the political history of France, with a great number of particulars of the public and private life of Napoleon, and other conspicuous characters, who have figured away during the revolution, and under the imperial regime. Yet we still indulge the privileges of laughing (a right which we justly claim) at the parade which she makes of her disinterestedness, and her military prowess and achievements; at her extravagant notions, and the air of mystery in which she shrouds several of her personages. However, the *Memoirs of Madame Ida Saint-Elme* (for that is the true name of the Contemporaine), if not the best written, and most instructive, are at least as amusing and interesting as any that have appeared for a considerable time.—She may be as great a falsifier as Madame Genlis; but she has not the vice of hypocrisy.

MONTHLY TABLE, OFFICIAL JOURNAL, 11 MARCH 20, TO 1 FEBRUARY 18.

Day of Week and Month	Thermometer at Noon	Barometer at Noon	Wind	Direction	Force	State of Sky	Remarks
Jan. Sun. 20	72	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Curlew, C. rostratus.
Mon. 21	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Curlew, C. rostratus.
Tues. 22	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto and C. rostratus.
Wed. 23	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	C. rostratus.
Thurs. 24	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Fri. 25	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sat. 26	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sun. 27	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Mon. 28	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Tues. 29	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Wed. 30	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Thurs. 31	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Fri. 1	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sat. 2	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sun. 3	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Mon. 4	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Tues. 5	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Wed. 6	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Thurs. 7	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Fri. 8	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sat. 9	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sun. 10	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Mon. 11	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Tues. 12	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Wed. 13	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Thurs. 14	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Fri. 15	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sat. 16	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Sun. 17	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Mon. 18	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.
Tues. 19	66	30.1	W.	W.	10	Clear	Ditto.

PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	135	Albion .....	500	50
Birmingham .....	17 10	300	Alliance .....	100	10
Coventry .....	100	1200	Ditto Marine .....	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	111 10	Atlas .....	50	5
Grand Junction .....	100	305	British Commercial .....	50	5
Huddersfield .....	67	18	Globe .....	100	150
Kennet and Avon .....	40	29 5	Guardian .....	100	10
Lancaster .....	47	25	Hope .....	50	5
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	392	Imperial .....	500	50
Oxford .....	100	700	Ditto Life .....	100	10
Regent's .....	40	25	Law Life .....	100	10
Rochdale .....	85	100	London .....	25	12 10
Stafford and Worcester .....	110	800	Protector .....	20	2
Trent and Mersey .....	100	820	Rock .....	20	2
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	263	Royal Exchange .....	100	255
Worcester ditto .....	78	54			
DOCKS.			MINES.		
Commercial .....	100	81	Anglo-Mexican .....	100	90
East India .....	100	92	Bolanos .....	300	225
London .....	100	84 5	Brazilian .....	100	20
St Catherine's .....	100	65 5	Colombian .....	100	22 10
West India .....	100	206	Mexican .....	100	23
			Real Del Monte .....	450	410
			United Mexican .....	40	35
WATER WORKS.			MISCELLANEOUS.		
East London .....	100	124	Australian Agricultural Comp. ..	100	14
Grand Junction .....	50	62	British Iron Ditto .....	100	42 10
Keble .....	100	31	Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	10
South London .....	100	90	Colombian ditto ..		5 10
West Middlesex .....	60	67 10	General Steam Navigation ..	100	13
STEAM COMPANIES.			Irish Provincial Bank .....	100	25
City of London .....	100	90	Rio De la Plata Company ..	100	5
Ditto, New .....	100	50	Van Diemen's Land Ditto ..	100	5
Phoenix .....	50	31	Reversionary Interest Society ..	100	70
Imperial .....	50	43 10	Thames Tunnel Company ..	50	46
United General .....	50	22	Waterloo Bridge .....	100	5
Westminster .....	50	53	Vauxhall Bridge .....		

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, *The Americans As They Are*. Exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi; embracing Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c. By the Author of "Austria As It Is."

A new edition of the *Adventures of Naufragus* is in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

In the press, *Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras*; a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland.

In the press, *Observations on Projections, and a Description of a Georama*; by Mr. Delanglard, Member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and Inventor &c. of the Georama there.

Shortly will be published, the *First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry*, including the recent Discoveries and Doctrines of the Science; by Mr. J. S. Forsyth, author of many useful and popular medical works.

On the first of April, in one vol. 12mo. with plates and map, *Private Journal of a Voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and a Residence in the Sandwich Islands during the Years 1822, 1823, 1824, and 1825*, by C. S. Stewart, late American Missionary at the Sandwich, with an Introduction and occasional Notes by the Rev. W. Ellis.

Preparing for publication, and will appear in the course of a few weeks, in 18mo. Too Early, and Too Late; a collection of Poetical Pieces, by Mrs. C. E. Richardson. To be published by subscription, The Life and Travels of the Marchioness de Solari, 3 vols. 8vo.

The new edition of the Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Mac Nish, is announced for publication. It will now extend to more than double the size of the original work.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. with a Map, &c. Researches in South Africa; by the Rev. John Phillip, D. D. Superintendant of the Missions of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, &c.

In the press, Tales for my Young Friends; translated from the French of M. Bouilly. Shortly, Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost.

Nearly ready, A Guide through Belgium and Italy.

An Illustrated Annual, to be edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, and entitled, The New Year's Gift, will, we understand, be published in the course of the ensuing season.

The Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1829, is in preparation, and will appear in November.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing the first of a series of volumes under the title of The Anniversary; or Poetry and Prose for 1829. The work will, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, be illustrated with engravings from the most celebrated pictures of the British school.

A Second Edition of Hamilton's East India Gazetteer, enlarged and improved, and brought down to the end of 1827. In 2 vols. 8vo. with 2 maps.

In the press. A Translation of Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain; from the French of M. de Marlés.

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants, Lodging-House Keepers, and Lodgers; with a Summary of the Law of Distress, &c. will appear in March; by the Author of Plain Instructions for Executors and Administrators.

Mr. Emerson, one of the authors of a Picture of Greece in 1825, has nearly ready for the press, an Historical View of the Greek Revolution from its Origin to the Battle of Navarino, illustrated by maps, plates, and plans of the principal fortresses.

Burghley Papers. We have great pleasure in announcing that from the progress made by the Rev. Dr. Nares in his laborious and highly important Memoirs of the great Lord Treasurer Burghley, as well as from the advanced state of the embellishments, it is probable the work will be ready for publication early in the month.

The Manual of Rank and Nobility, or Key to the Peerage, combining the Origin and History of all the various Titles, Orders and Dignities, Armorial Bearings, Heraldic Emblems, Rights of Inheritance, Degrees of Precedence, Court Etiquette, &c. &c. of the British Nobility, is now nearly ready for publication.

### WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, translated from the Original Sanscrit; together with an Account of the Dramatic System of the Hindus, Notices of their Different Dramas, &c. By H. H. Wilson, Esq. Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c. In 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. boards.

Ad Clericos. Conciones sacre viginti quinque nunquam antea in lucem prolatae, de rebus ad vitam pie sancteque agendam pertinentibus arte Lithographica nitidissime impressae.

First Lessons in Geography, for the Use of the Nursery, and the Junior Classes in Schools. By M. A. Allison. 9d.

The First Volume of The Works of the English and Scottish Reformers, Edited by the Rev. Thomas Russell, A.M. 10s. 6d.

Second Edition of Sermons on various Subjects. By the late Rev. John Hyatt. Edited by his Son, Charles Hyatt. With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. John Morrison, Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton. 10s. 6d.

Darwill on Race Horses. 8vo. 4l. 1s. boards.

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Parkes's History of the Court of Chancery. 15s. boards.

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Annesley on India. 4to. Vol. i. 7l. 7s.

Sketches in Mexico. 2 vols. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

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The first Two Books of the Anabasis of Xenophon, upon the same plan. 12s. boards.

The first Two of Four Volumes of Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. 30s. boards.

The Life of James Lackington: forming Vol. xviii. of Autobiography. 3s. 6d. boards; 6s. royal edition.

## PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(From Jan. 24 to Feb. 22, 1827.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent. ....	210½	207½	208½
3 per Cent. Consols .....	86	84½	81½
3 per Cent. Reduced .....	86½	85½	85½
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Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	42	36	38
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Columbian ditto 1822, ditto .....	22½	18½	21
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto .....	26½	22½	25
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent. ....	62½	61½	61½
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Mexican ditto, 5 per Cent. ....	34½	25	25
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	45½	33½	34½
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	25½	22½	22½
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent. ....	75	71½	75
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto .....	101½	101½	100½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto .....	100½	99½	99½
Russian ditto, ditto .....	94½	93½	93½
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